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JAN 28 1914

The 645220
**BUSINESS
PHILOSOPHER**

The Magazine of
PRACTICAL BUSINESS BUILDING

Arthur Frederick Sheldon
Editor

January
1914



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20 Cents

The Business Man and the Newspapers
By A. F. SHELDON

Eventful Deals at Dover Junction
By AUSTIN WOODWARD

Woman Senator Sets Good Example
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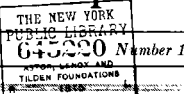
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The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

Volume X

JANUARY, 1914



BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

FROM TIME TO time I have addressed this gathering by the fireplace upon the broader political and economic phases of business building.

At more or less frequent intervals I have remarked in effect that the business interests of every man extended far beyond the four walls of his office, his store, his shop, or his factory.

I have attempted, as I have been given powers of expression, to show you that the political and economic problems of the day affect vitally the profits to be derived from your occupation.

I have lifted a warning hand and, to use an expression from the political platform, asked you to join me in viewing with alarm the turning over to professional politicians of the machinery and policies of government.

I have urged every man to study all problems of a public nature.

I have, so far as my influence and the influence of this magazine extend, counselled an active parti-

cipation in political affairs by business men.

I have urged all this, not on the ground of good citizenship—although I earnestly believe that every man owes it to himself to be a good citizen from altruistic and public-spirited motives rather than any desire for gain.

In these talks on the front porch and by the fire-place, however, my plea has not been for good citizenship directly, but rather for good business.

I have tried to show that there can be no true prosperity except that which is shared by all the people.

The man whose political activities consist principally in seeking the immediate advantages of his own business, or of a particular class of business men to which he belongs, at the expense of the people in general, is short-sighted and aside from any considerations of citizenship or morality, is working against his own best interests.

IN ORDER TO take an intelligent interest in public affairs it is necessary for the business man:

First, to understand thoroughly the principles of the science of economics and their application;

Second, to keep abreast of the times.

It is necessary to know not only the measures proposed but whether such policies, or similar ones, have been tried elsewhere, under what conditions and with what results.

It is also essential to know the characters and records of the men who are proposed for public offices.

THERE ARE three sources of information, generally speaking, on these subjects:

First, books;

Second, newspapers and magazines;

Third, lectures and addresses.

I AM IN receipt of a letter from a reader of *The Business Philosopher* asking me what books to read on the subject of Economics.

There are several schools, so-called, of economists, each believing that it is right in its doctrine and that the others are in various degrees of error.

As to which of these schools is right I have my own personal opinion but I have no right to urge that upon you.

It is your duty to examine carefully the doctrines of each of these schools and to decide for yourself, without prejudice and after as careful observation and logical thought as possible, which set of economic theories you will espouse.

AS A BASIS for all your study I should recommend Adam Smith who in his book "*The Wealth of Nations*" laid the foundation for all economic thought.

The academic system of political economy is perhaps best presented in Jevon's "*Political Economy*;" "*Principles of Economy*" by John Stuart Mill; Walker's "*Political Economy*." This is essentially the political economy taught in our colleges and universities.

"*Progress and Poverty*" by Henry George is the classical text book of the school of economists known as Single Taxers.

Another book on this subject brought down to date and greatly simplified for the purpose of beginners in the science of political economy is "*The Taxation of Land Values*" by Louis F. Post.

Still another is "*Privilege and Democracy*" by Frederick C. Howe.

The socialist school of political economy is represented in the work of Karl Marx. But perhaps the most concise statement of the socialistic doctrine is contained in "*Socialism Summed Up*" by Morris Hilquit.

In addition to these there are many smaller schools, such as the anarchists and the syndacilists. The anarchists are best represented perhaps in "*Essays on Anarchy*" by Emma Goldman, and the syndacilists by articles in current magazines.

There are many other books, some of them of great interest, setting forth the teachings of all of these schools of economic thought,

but there is a limit to the time a business man can spend on the study of this subject and these I have named will be sufficient for at least a beginning.

IN THE STUDY of these books let me urge you to work with an open mind.

It is all too easy for the prejudiced socialists to read the works of academic writers with a spirit of hostility and criticism and to imagine that these writers are actuated by motives of personal advantage or class feeling in preparing their works.

It is equally easy for the ultra-conservative to imagine that all socialists and anarchists are either mentally unsound or criminally inclined.

It is notorious that absurdities and fallacies should be put forth by political and economic agitators and should receive the enthusiastic not to say fanatical support of large numbers of people. But the man who disagrees with you is not necessarily a fanatic.

To the radical oftentimes the conservative appears to be a man unreasonably and obstinately wedded to tradition and the established.

To the conservative oftentimes the radical seems to be a wild, impractical dreamer, theorist and revolutionist.

In forming judgments upon these matters prejudice and illogical thought are the greatest enemies to truth.

Therefore, in the study of books on political and economic subjects, be calm, be tolerant, and, above all,

think deeply rather than feel excitedly.

IF YOU ARE to keep abreast of the thought and activities of the time you must read newspapers and magazines.

WITH REGARD to newspaper reading there are several important considerations for the business man.

It is to be sincerely regretted that this whole matter of newspapers and the public should have in it so many undesirable and hurtful features.

These are some of them the fault of the public. For others the newspapers are to blame.

FIRST, THERE is the business man who never reads the newspapers.

Many men have said to me: "I never read the newspapers. I am not interested in them."

Others have said: "I do not have time to read the newspapers."

The newspapers, with all their faults, furnish us with a daily record, more or less reliable, of events in almost every phase of human activity.

No matter what a man's business or what his position, there is valuable information for him in the newspapers, that is, if he knows how to find it and how to use it.

The merchant or manufacturer must read the newspapers in order to keep step with progress in his own particular line of business, in order to forecast business condi-

tions, in order to observe business opportunities.

The salesman who reads intelligently will find the newspapers a source of many of his most valuable leads.

The employe by a careful reading of newspapers may keep abreast of the best achievements in his particular occupation and by a study of them and the use of his imagination plan improvement in his own work.

All of these and everyone else can keep in touch with humanity all over the world through the newspapers.

IN READING the newspapers for information regarding men and measures in the political world it is unfortunate but true, that you must read more than one newspaper.

Every newspaper, as I shall point out a little further along, is but the reflection of the opinions, desires and ambitions of the man who dominates its policies. And to read but one newspaper is to have all of your news and editorial comment colored by the prejudice—or worse—of the editor.

SECOND THERE is the very large class who spend far too much time in reading the newspapers.

For good or ill, practically all newspapers devote a large part of their space to records of crime, disaster, scandal, discord, strife, and in general what is known as the seamy side.

Most of this is not mental nourishment but actual poison.

I grant that it is necessary to take cognizance of these things.

Unless they were reported to us public sentiment could never be aroused to restrict or put an end to them.

On the other hand, the man who spends a valuable half hour or hour every day in reading the unsavory details of scandals and tragedies is not only wasting time—and usually the most valuable time of the day—but is stunting the healthy and normal growth of his mental faculties.

To pour through the mind every day—and perhaps several times a day if one reads the successive editions—a mass of unrelated and unremembered statements is harmful to the memory and weakens the powers of concentration and logical thought.

THIRD, TOO MANY people believe too much of what they read in the newspapers.

It should be remembered that the majority, if not all, of the newspapers feel impelled by what they call public demand to devote their columns principally to what is sensational.

There is a great deal of truth in the assertion of the newspapers that the man who is honest in business, pays his debts, comports himself modestly and quietly in the sight of his fellow men and is happy and harmonious in his home life, is so common-place and usual an individual that he never gets into the

newspapers. The public would take no interest in any reports as to his business and private affairs.

It reminds me of the old darky preacher's well-known definition of a phenomenon.

He said: "My bredern, if you see a cow, that haint no phenomenon. A thistle haint no phenomenon. And jes a bird haint no phenomenon. But if you see a cow er sittin' on a thistle singing like a bird, dat am a phenomenon."

And so it is the almost universal practice of newspaper writers to twist and distort every occurrence they report, either to make it sensational or to bring out what they consider to be the sensational element in it.

A man might deliver a lecture upon the migratory birds of North America. If in that lecture he were to suggest humorously that the American people were migratory because of something in the climate, it is a fair gamble that the average newspaper would report the lecture in such a way as to give you an impression that the whole address was devoted to the nomadic habits of some of the citizens of the United States.

FOURTH, AS I have already intimated, it is almost impossible to get an unprejudiced account of anything reported in the newspapers.

Just why it is that a man who is sufficiently intelligent to edit a great metropolitan daily should imagine that he can gain anything

permanent by deliberately misleading his readers, is a problem in human nature I cannot solve.

So far as I am able to judge, the editor of a newspaper wants his newspaper to be read by as many people as possible. Unless he is unforgivably shortsighted, he wants people who read his newspaper to have confidence in its statements.

I should suppose from my reading of newspapers that they desire to be influential and powerful in the moulding of public opinion, else why should they go to such length in attempting it.

And yet so far have the newspapers gone in their misleading of the public that "you can't believe anything you read in the newspapers" has become current in the speech of people.

Again and again some man hotly and bitterly opposed by every newspaper in his city has been overwhelmingly elected to an important office in that city.

Too many newspaper editors seem to have forgotten—if they ever knew—that you can't fool all the people all the time.

Like the boy who cried "Wolf! wolf!" too often when there was no wolf, the newspapers end by being contemptuously disbelieved when they do attempt to tell the truth.

THE RECENT newspaper persecution of Mr. Bryan, our present Secretary of State, because of his Chautauqua lectures, admirably illustrates several of the worst faults of our newspapers.

Mr. Bryan has proved himself upon several important occasions

as a man of considerable political power and influence.

There is a large class of people in this country opposed to the political teachings and ambitions of Mr. Bryan, and a great many newspapers represent that class.

I am not discussing here either Mr. Bryan's personality or his political ideas and ideals.

I am not discussing the question as to whether his lecture tours were right or wrong, in good taste or in bad taste, an evidence of good judgment or bad judgment.

The fact is that Mr. Bryan's Chautauqua business was seized upon by his editorial and political enemies, exaggerated out of all proportion to its real importance, distorted and discolored, both editorially and in the news columns.

The truth is that the newspapers really cared very little for the dignity of the office of Secretary of State which they claimed to think Mr. Bryan was degrading. They cared very little whether Mr. Bryan "punched the clock" at the State Department regularly or not.

What they did care for was that Mr. Bryan was powerful politically and was supposed to have political ambitions. They desired to destroy his political power so far as they could and to bring to naught his political ambitions.

Mr. Bryan was therefore pilloried and cartooned as a beggar, as a mountebank, as a circus performer, and in many other ways, intended to bring him into contempt.

SUPPOSE I GRANT for the sake of argument that Mr. Bryan's

behavior was undignified, that he did neglect the duties of his office in order to lecture for money, and that it was in bad taste for him to attempt to excuse himself by saying publicly that his salary was not large enough for him to live on, and that he erred in giving to the public statement of his private finances.

There is every reason, if these things were true, why the newspapers should have called the attention of the people to them and should have criticised him for them.

But there is no reason why reports should be exaggerated and distorted. There is no reason why editorial comment should be rabid and bitter on the one hand or ribald and ludicrous on the other.

HAVE THE newspaper editors never learned that there is that in nearly all people which makes them partisans of a man who is unjustly attacked or punished with a severity out of all proportion to his crime?

I have seen more than one really worthless, dangerous man made a hero by the people as the result of newspaper persecution.

THERE ARE many reasons why the business man is interested in having newspapers clean, wholesome, truthful and reliable:

First, on the principle that the welfare of every one of us is dependent upon the welfare of all of us, it will be a glad day for every legitimate business when the newspapers have by good behavior so

established themselves in the people's confidence that they can give to all their readers truthful and valuable information and so influence them in the direction of sound political, economic, commercial and financial policies and practices.

Second, the business man is interested in having reliable newspapers for his own sake, since he must depend upon them for a great deal of important information.

Third, it is to the interest of every good business man that the newspapers should be held in confidence and esteem by the people because they are important media for advertising.

It is a rule, well attested by experience, that the more fully people believe what they read in the news columns of a periodical, the more weight do they give to the advertisements.

HERE, THEN, IS another thing outside the four walls of your office which you will recognize as an important factor in your business.

What can be done by the business man for the newspapers?

The editors and managers make the claim that their newspapers reflect not their own ideals but "what the public wants."

As one of the public I resent this.

I deny that I want a mess of unsavory details of crime, tragedy and disaster.

I deny that I want intensely partisan reports and special pleading in editorial comments.

I deny that I want oceans of mere petty gossip, foolish talk and slap-stick humor.

I deny that I want all of my facts about current events dished up to me in a garnish of cheap sensationalism so that it is difficult indeed to get at the truth.

And I don't believe that my tastes in this particular are any more discriminating than those of the majority of my fellow countrymen.

FACTS AND FIGURES indicate that the public has been fooled in this matter of newspapers long enough. The people are awake and awakening.

Wherever there is a good newspaper striving to present the facts without bias and without sensationalism, that newspaper is found to lead all others in its territory in circulation and advertising.

One most noticeable example is The Chicago Tribune. I go out of my way to give that newspaper a free and unsolicited advertisement. While it is by no means infallible, since it is the product of human brains, it closely approximates the ideal in the news and editorial service it gives to its readers.

And The Chicago Tribune easily leads all the other newspapers in Chicago in circulation, in advertising, and—I doubt not—in profits.

BUT WHAT CAN you and I do as good business men to bring home to editors the truth that they have misjudged the public appetite, and to raise the standard of newspaper service?

If there is a merchant in your town who conducts the kind of a store you like to patronize and gives the kind of service most pleasing to you, you encourage him to remain in business and to go on improving his store and his service by giving him your patronage.

It is not a matter of boycott at all; it is simply a perfectly natural and logical way of doing your part in the building up in your community of the kind of business that appeals to your needs.

In a similar way, business men and all other good citizens in any community can assist in the building up of the circulation, advertising and prestige of a newspaper that gives good service.

An editor is always pleased with substantial acknowledgments of his good work in the form of subscriptions and advertisements.

But fully as much, if not more, is he pleased, encouraged and inspired by commendatory letters from his readers, by letters of constructive criticism and by other overt acts of a similar nature.

I AM NOT MUCH of a believer in legislation as a panacea.

It is a cheap and cowardly shirking of responsibility in most cases for indignant citizens to memorialize legislatures and congress, seeking to have laws passed prohibiting this and that abuse.

In most cases the people who advocate these laws have in mind their effect upon the other fellow.

The man who, deliberately and for his own profit, murders thousands of babies every year by putting poison in the milk he sells, is quite likely to be the very man who is wildly demanding a law commanding newspapers to tell the truth.

PUBLIC OPINION and the power of example are far more potent than any law.

And, after all, if we want our newspapers to be truthful and fair and incorruptible, the very best way to bring that about is to be truthful and fair and incorruptible ourselves.

That we, as a people, are becoming more honest in our mental attitude, fairer in our dealings and cleaner in our hearts and lives, is evidenced by many changes that have been wrought in the last score of years.

And perhaps one of the most significant of these changes is in the character of our newspapers.

It is true that the so-called "yellow paper" has arrived within the last twenty years.

But the yellow newspaper, notwithstanding all its many faults, is angelic when compared with the filthy, salacious and often criminal newspaper of twenty years ago.

Furthermore, to counter-balance the yellow newspaper we have the clean, reliable and genuinely service-rendering newspaper of to-day.

Eventful Deals at Dover Junction

By AUSTIN WOODWARD

*A Story of Rivalry, Hatred and Triumph
In the Life of a Cub Salesman*

THERE was blood in the sales manager's eye that morning—real blood, due to the fact that he had kicked a bit over the traces the night before.

The occasion was the branch managers' annual dinner. It had been a good many years since he had absorbed such a variety of alcoholic stimulants and smoked so many big, black cigars in the space of a few hours. Time had been when he could have gone through it all without experiencing the least discomfort, but his throbbing head and quivering nerves told him more plainly than any mirror could have, that he was getting old.

At his left, on the big flat-top desk lay a fresh typewritten transcription of the "Ginger Talk" he had outlined on the train two weeks before—the periodical New Year's Bulletin to his ninety-eight salesmen all ready for final "O. K."

The seventh paragraph on the uppermost sheet seemed to stand out, among all the others: "Above all things, taboo liquor. It is the menace of civilization. Don't allow yourself to take the first drink, or——" That was as far as he went.

"A pretty pup I am, to be doping out stuff like that!" he muttered. "It might have gone all right yesterday, but it don't go now—not from me."

THE MORNING AFTER

He made a shaky wave through the offending paragraph with his fountain pen, and roundly cursed the piece of cardboard he had mistaken for a blotter. Then he pushed the chief clerk's button instead of the

office messenger's, and accidentally brushed a freshly lighted cigar into the brass cuspidor as he turned to snarl at Ford, who answered the call.

"McGraw's on a rampage again!" announced the office boy to the new stenographer. "Keep your head cool an' your ears wide open, or he'll get you all rattled up. That's the way he come t' fire Simpson last fall, an' Simpson wasn't t' blame a bit. That's the way he turns on everybody sooner or later—just gets tired of 'em an' scraps! So look out!"

With this consoling bit of advice he put on his cap and mittens and proceeded to carry out the sales manager's injunction, to "Take that copy and run like hell to the printer's!"

McGraw was a splendid specimen of the driver—an erratic, human dynamo. He had won his job more because he was a fighter than from sheer ability, and he held it for the same reason.

Not that he wasn't a good salesman.

He was.

But there were plenty of others who understood the principles of salesmanship just as well as he did, who would never have gotten so high, and all because they lacked that elusive quality which many are prone to mistake for "personality."

In McGraw's case, it was a cross between energy and unadulterated gall.

He was intense, relentless, positive.

It didn't matter whether McGraw's judgment proved right or wrong. What he said "*went*," although in the latter case, if things didn't turn out just as he expected them to, the blame

was pretty sure to fall on someone's else shoulders.

His word was law. He might even choose to call black, white; in which case that settled it—at least, so far as McGraw was concerned.

THE CRITICAL EMERGENCY ARISES

It was precisely 10:25 a. m. when a special delivery messenger boy laid a letter on the narrow ledge of the office gate, and turned away with his signed receipt book. It was just one minute later that McGraw threw two soft, white pudgy hands in the air and let forth a volley of oaths that made cold chills play like forked lightning up and down the spine of Bobbie, the biggest boy in the office.

McGraw spread the ink-stained sheet before him. For the third time his quick eye scanned the lines:

"Dover Junction, Ohio.

"Ideal Manufacturing Co.

Cincinnati, O.

"Gentlemen:

"We regret to inform you that the ten days' trial of your "Ideal" Bottling Machine has proved most unsatisfactory. Instead of bottling CO₂ at forty pounds pressure, as you claim, the carborated water enters bottles flat and lifeless.

"Kindly send men at once, to disconnect and remove same, as the Alliance people are to install their filler on trial, Monday.

"Respectfully,

Consolidated Chemical Co."

"It's a damned lie!" thundered McGraw. "There's something wrong, somewhere! Those Alliance dogs are tricky as hell. They've been knocking us, or bribing somebody. The "Ideal" never fell down before, and I won't see it misrepresented in that way. We'll see about this."

WANTED—A MAN FOR EMERGENCY

McGraw paused and looked at the calendar. Monday was only two days off. Someone must take the next train for Dover Junction, smooth matters over in some way, and persuade the Consolidated Chemical Co. to give the "Ideal" another trial, at any cost. The possibilities were too great to lose, to say nothing of the reputation of the machine. A satis-

factory demonstration of one "Ideal" filler meant thousands of dollars—the immediate sale of at least six machines, and more to follow.

As McGraw ran his eyes hastily down the schedule sheet, his face was the picture of dismay. Not a single man was available. Turner, his nearest man, had just left that morning for St. Louis, on a deal that couldn't be neglected. A special directors' meeting at two that afternoon made it impossible for him to get away, besides, he had to take the midnight express for Boston—the trip was imperative.

McGraw got up and paced the floor several times. "I could send Hogan," he soliloquized, "but the damn fool don't know a bolt from a screw!"

Then he stepped over to the door that led to the general offices, and glared through the Cashier's window, across the broad expanse of desks where thirty-odd girls were clicking as many typewriters, and a score of clerks were bending slavishly over their desks.

THE CUB SALESMAN GETS A CHANCE

Away over in one corner of the big room stood Dwyer, the "cub" salesman, watching a band of structural steel workers place a girder on the tenth story of a sky-scraper across the street.

"Hey, Bobbie—Bobbie! Tell Dwyer I want him!" barked McGraw to the boy at the gate, after he had made two unsuccessful attempts to get Dwyer's attention.

"It's good-bye to you, Dwyer!" said Bobbie in a pessimistic tone. "His nibs wants you in his private office. You know what *that* means!"

Dwyer made no reply, but proceeded to obey orders with all the alacrity consistent with his dignity. It nettled him to think that he had been so absorbed in outside matters, and it was particularly embarrassing to have McGraw aware of the fact.

Dwyer was twenty-one. He had been with the company from the time

he completed his course at the Technical Training School. He was a bright clean-cut chap; had made splendid progress out at the factory, and was regarded by the company as one of their most promising men. They had decided to put him on the road, and hammer and burnish him into a salesman, because he knew the line so well.

There was a sheepish look on Dwyer's face as he entered McGraw's sanctum.

"How long have you been with us, Dwyer?" bellowed McGraw, without glancing up from the time table on the desk.

"A little over two years, sir."

McGraw looked up and pinned his bleary eyes on the young man before him.

"Let's see—if I remember correctly, you've been out for us a number of times without showing signs of any marked brilliancy. How about it, Dwyer?"

"I've made two trips so far, Mr. McGraw. I——"

NO EXCUSES WOULD BE ACCEPTED •

"Never mind the rest! I want you to put on your hat and coat and——"

"Discharged!" thought Dwyer, his heart thumping wildly.

McGraw proceeded—"And take the 1:20 train for Dover Junction. The Consolidated Chemical Co. have turned down our 24-spout Filler. It's up to you to make 'em give it another trial. You've got to do it—your job depends on it. Don't let any reasonable obstacle stand in the way. If it comes to a pinch, offer 'em a thousand dollars forfeit if we fail. That'll make 'em sit up and take notice. We won't take chances on the machine that's there now. I'll have a new one there Wednesday morning, by fast freight, and two men to set it up. Here's fifty dollars. Now hurry—you've got less than an hour. There's no Sunday train to Dover Junction, so that's the last one you can connect on. I'll be at the Boston branch all

day Monday and Tuesday—back here Wednesday noon. Stay on the job till I notify you to come back. Wire me fully, if you need any instructions, and, remember—I won't take any excuses. You've got to see this deal through. It means a whole lot to you! Now go!"

Dwyer had just time enough to throw a few things into his bag, and board the train. When he seated himself in the dining car, in response to the last call for luncheon, it was the first chance he had had to relax since McGraw summoned him. There was a sense of satisfaction and importance about it all, nevertheless he found it difficult to crowd out the tremendous thought—waves of uncertainty that haunted him as to the outcome.

VICTORY IN THE FIRST SKIRMISH

Dwyer's Sunday about the hotel was a restless, tiresome one. Eight o'clock the following morning found him at the office of the Consolidated Chemical Co., but more than an hour passed before his man Chandler, the Vice-President of the Company, arrived. It seemed a day, to Dwyer.

Then followed a tussle of words, long and strenuous. Dwyer remained calm, gently insistent; he met every rebuff pleasantly; hammered in his arguments, then clinched them with the forcefulness of a man who knows exactly what he is talking about.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Chandler wired the Alliance Manufacturing Co. that he had decided to give the Ideal people a final trial. Then he called in his stenographer and dictated a letter of confirmation, letting himself down as gently as possible for changing his mind, supplementing a few of Dwyer's reasons.

The following morning brought the Secretary of the Alliance Co., and one of their field men, but Chandler remained obdurate in his determination to try the "Ideal" once more.

Meanwhile Dwyer had gone to the Bottling Department of the Consoli-

dated Chemical Co., and carefully examined every part of the discarded filling machine. It was in perfect condition except the bronze valves. Away up inside, nearly every compression tube was plugged with metal. In several places the soft, rubber cushions intended to fit around the bottles, bore marks of mutilation—so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, yet sufficient to afford a free vent for carbonic gas during the filling process.

He said nothing, but wired McGraw in code. McGraw replied, instructing him not to fix the valves, but to carefully inspect and install the new machine as soon as it arrived.

WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH SALESMANSHIP?

Tuesday morning, while Dwyer was superintending the crating of the imperfect filling machine, he heard the foreman shouting, a few feet away:

"Well, you're here at last, are you Gregg! And drunk at that. Get out o' here! Go to the office and get your time!"

Dwyer glanced behind him and saw a man moving slowly, dejectedly toward the door, a dinner pail in one hand. He remembered that pail, because it was different from any he had ever seen—of dark blue granite ware, and odd in shape; he remembered the man too.

Only yesterday he had seen a pale, thin, poorly clad little girl bring that very pail to the door and give it to the man. There was something about her sweet, sad face that touched his heart and awakened his sympathy. He had chatted with her a moment, and when no one was looking, had slipped a quarter into the thin little hand and smiled upon her as she skipped coily away.

He saw the man hesitate and return, his hat in his hand. Then he spoke to the foreman:

"Can't you give me just one chance, sir? It won't happen again. It ain't *me* so much, to be considered—it's my

family. Honest, sir, I don't know what'll become of 'em! There ain't no other work I can get."

The foreman stood with folded arms, stern, unrelenting. Then he pointed a finger to the door. The man moved on, passed out.

Dwyer walked over to the foreman and placed one hand on his shoulder.

"Say, Tyson," I don't want to butt in. It's really none of my business, I know, but if you *can* see your way clear to change your mind about that fellow, I'll—I'll consider it a personal favor. I happen to know a little about his family. They need all the help he can give them. My God, man, can't you see what it means? Just give him a chance on their account, now won't you?"

"I didn't know you were a philanthropist, Dwyer," laughed Tyson. "It's a bad precedent to establish." Then he hesitated. "But I'll do it if you insist. He isn't such a bad sort, and that was his first offense."

Dwyer hurried out, overtook his protege, and told him that Tyson had agreed to take him back on condition that he would 'tend to business. The man promised, and went back to his job.

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT

Dwyer had just finished dinner, and was back in his room at the hotel, to await the coming of Tyson, who had accepted his invitation to go to the theatre that evening. It was about seven o'clock when a bell boy came to the door with a card which bore the name, John Gregg, rudely scrawled.

"Gregg—Gregg? I don't know anybody by that name. Must be some mistake. Well, send him up, anyhow!"

When Gregg appeared, a few moments later, Dwyer recognized in him the man whose part he had taken that morning.

"Oh, sir, I was afraid you'd gone! I've got some important information for you, Mr. Dwyer. I heard two men talking in McGee's place, about an hour ago. One of 'em was full and

spoke loud. They're going to break into the freight house late to-night and monkey with the valves of your filling machine—drive metal pins up in the compressure tubes and slit the rubber cushions so the gas can get out. That's what was the matter with the other machine. I heard 'em tell about doing the job one night over at the bottling works, after everybody had gone!"

"Whew! *That's* their game, is it? We'll see! Gregg, I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

Dwyer took a crisp ten-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to Gregg.

"Here, take this old man! I know you didn't come for the money, but I want you to have it. And say! don't blow it in for booze; it doesn't pay. I'm no temperance crank. I'm not lecturing, but—well,—keep away from McGee's, now, *won't* you? There's nothing in it. By the way, have you any idea what time they're going to the freight house?"

"They're going to meet at McGee's again at ten, and drive from there."

Dwyer looked at his watch. It indicated 7:20.

"Good. That's time enough for us. We'll catch 'em red handed. Now you go home to your folks—promise me, will you?"

Gregg promised, and left.

A SELLING COUP

It wasn't quite 9:30 when Dwyer, Tyson and four armed officers, led by the freight agent, entered the freight house through the office and carefully concealed themselves behind a pile of boxes where they could observe anything that might occur, without being apprehended.

In less than an hour afterward, two very much surprised and frightened men were deprived of their immediate belongings and assigned to cells at Police Headquarters. One of them was Dawson, the "star" salesman of the Alliance Manufacturing Co.

WOULD YOU HAVE EXPECTED THIS?

Three weeks later McGraw pressed the button that bore Bobbie's initials.

"Tell Mr. Dwyer to come in here." was all he said.

"Yer fired again, Dwyer! The boss wants t' see yer!" grinned Bobbie.

When Dwyer entered McGraw's office, the latter handed him a letter from the Consolidated Chemical Co. Attached to it was a rush order for six 24-spout "Ideal" Fillers.

"Dwyer, we're going to open a branch in Detroit. I want you to take charge of things over there. Be ready to report on the 15th."

"Very well, sir." Dwyer turned to go.

"And say, Dwyer—from the first of the month your check will be \$200."

*For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear (believe the aged friend),
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love—
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is.*

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Everyday Gratitude

By ARTHUR L. YOUNG

GIVE thanks every day for an untainted birth—for the heritage of a childhood that probably developed amid the beauties of nature—for the noble sacrifice of parentage that gave you such education as to lift you above the common level of life.

Keep fresh in your memory the intrepid pluck of the Pilgrims, who forsook the ease of restricted worship to seek freedom of expression even at the peril of the seas and untrodden land. So try to instill your posterity with the courage that shall endear and perpetuate the Pilgrim spirit to future generations.

Every day let your gratitude for these mighty lessons be reflected in your own actions. Incorporate in your living the best thoughts and mold into your ideal a vision of the real values of life, mindful that only as you aspire and strive for the unattainable will you achieve the richest of the attainable.

Give daily cognizance of the inherent independence of your soul unit and yet ever be considerate of your interdependence as related to the universal good of all—knowing that no personal gain is worth while if obtained at the sacrifice of loyalty to principle or friends—realizing that life holds a plenty for all and that nothing is too good to be true.

Thank God that you live in an age embued with the spirit of betterment for all races—in a day that recognizes the learning of all the ages and forecasts the possible heights for you if you but practise the wisdom of this little sermon: "The value of life or the happiness in living is measured not so much in what you have as in what you are and how you use both what you are and what you possess, for the benefit of all."

Woman Senator Sets Example

By ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

A Lesson for Men and Women in the Achievements of Helen Ring Robinson

THERE are several reasons why I want to tell the readers of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER about State Senator Helen Ring Robinson of Colorado:

First, I want business men to know what an intelligent, upright, public-spirited person can do, without neglecting other duties, in the so-called game of politics.

Second, I want to show both men and women what capable, refined women can do for their own good and for the benefit of society.

Third, I want to suggest to skeptical men and women that broader interests than a few home duties and the conventional and pointless labors of "society" develop a woman's character and capacities — that they even make her still better fit for what is called "woman's sphere."

CURSE OF PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

We have had and are having altogether too much of the professional politician.

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER wants business men and women to look beyond the four walls of their factories, offices and stores.

A business institution is not self-existing. It is not independent. It

is a cell in the social body. Its interests are identical with the interests and welfare of the whole people.

Government, good or bad, has a profound and far reaching effect upon the welfare of the people. Indirectly that affects your business. The character and personnel of our government — municipal, state and national — also affect your business directly. They have more to do in the long run with your profits and mine than whether we make this or that particular deal, whether we secure this or that

patent, or whether we open up this or that particular market.

Political history is like all other human history. It records the swing of a pendulum. First complacency



Senator Helen Ring Robinson

on the part of the "good" people and corruption among those to whom politics is a business. Then agitation among the solid citizens—reform—"turns the rascals out"—more or less civil righteousness.

All too often turning one set of rascals out has meant only placing in power another set sometimes found to be secretly hand in glove with the old gang.

Sometimes these periodical upheavals place honest and upright men in power. Then there is real reform—and progress.

When the honest people have voted into power the men they expect to reform things they promptly forget all about it. They have their "own business" to look after!

Professional politicians, having nothing else to do and being always on the job, soon slip by the unsuspecting people and are again entrenched in power.

Occasionally "thieves fall out."

Then honest men get a nauseating glimpse of the sordidness of professional politics.

There is only one remedy.

Business men must pay their share of attention to the business of government—just as they do to their finances, their production, their collections, or their sales.

WE SHALL HAVE TO SIMPLIFY GOVERNMENT

It is true that professional politicians, for their own purposes, have complicated the machinery of government. To its complications the labyrinthine mazes of professional politics have been added. The task of taking an intelligent part in the ramified proceedings seems utterly hopeless to the average business man.

The only remedy for that is for the business men to study political economy and political science.

Business men have the power, if they will, to devise simple, easily understood and easily operated forms of government to take the place of cum-

bersome and complicated ones, and then to make the substitution. Our age will not much longer tolerate crude methods and wasteful multiplication of parts and functions.

Government will have to yield to the scientific spirit. It will have to be simplified until "even the wayfarer man, though a fool," can understand how to vote for what he really wants.

WHY GOVERNMENT IS INEFFICIENT

I might as well be frank about it. Politics is corrupt and government inefficient because "my business takes all of my time. I can't bother with politics. Besides, politics is in the hands of the bosses and the grafters and an honest man hasn't the ghost of a show."

A WOMAN WHO "HAS TIME"

Let every business man who has ever made this excuse now have the grace to blush.

Here is Helen Ring Robinson, editor, author, teacher, lecturer, as well as competent and efficient wife and mother.

She has time for politics.

As State Senator in Colorado, she has accomplished and is accomplishing much in constructive legislation, also a cleaner and purer atmosphere in the politics of the state.

If she can do all of these things, and do them well, where is the excuse of the average business man?

Just now we are hearing a great deal about conservation—conservation of forests, fields, mines, water power, fisheries, game and raw materials and other forms of wealth.

We are also hearing about conservation of human values—the lives of little children in the slums—the lives of our women workers in factories, in stores,—the mental and physical energies of employees everywhere and in everything.

Yes, there are great and lamentable wastes to be stopped in these values.

But I want to talk to you a little while about another class of wasted values. Perhaps they are even greater than any I have named.

I mean the constructive intellectual and psychical powers of the feminine half of our population.

Women may be and probably are different from men,—but they are more alike than they are different.

Women inherit mental and physical powers fully as much from their fathers as from their mothers.

We send our girls, for the most part, to the same schools as we do our boys.

In many of our great colleges and universities more women graduate than men. It is no secret that the women are not behind the men in scholastic achievement and honors.

But what use do we make of the minds and hearts we have thus inherited and trained?

HOW WE RESTRICT WOMEN'S GROWTH

If we are very, very old-fashioned and conservative we restrict them to two or three rounds of routine duties.

They may cook and wash and scrub and sweep and sew.

They may bear and nurse and train children.

They may pay and receive calls,

give and attend dreary social functions, and scheme and "pull wires" for entré into higher and higher social circles.

These three kinds of activity are not set down here in contempt.

They are all necessary and they all require brains—far more brains than the average woman gives to them.

But let any well - educated, large - minded man confine himself to so narrow a range of duties as these, important though they are. He will either rebel and overleap his boundaries or in due time manifest mental ankylosis.

Many women have intellectual power and grasp, psychical vigor and refinement, education, ambition and a desire for broader social service. They require a legitimate outlet for their abilities. It is true,

indeed, that humanity needs them.

Women who have a latent, but undeveloped, capacity for these things need to be called into wider activities, so that they, their families and we all of us may profit from their development.

Thousands of women in all parts of the world have recognized this mutual need and have been agitating, some wisely and some unwisely, for greater opportunities.



Senator Robinson at Home

But consider the average man!
Does he take this agitation seriously?

Does he think about it?

Does he do his part to aid in obtaining the most desirable results?

He has not.

He has laughed.

It is much easier to laugh than to think.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Women, it is true, have made their way into the business and professional world.

By sheer ability and against indifference, contempt, and hostility, they have demonstrated and made secure their place and the value of their services.

But the great majority of women in business and professional life are unmarried. They regard their work merely as a temporary make-shift pending marriage.

For the most part our married women are either house slaves or parasites upon their husbands, playing the "society" or some other game to kill time.

A WOMAN WHO USES HER TALENTS

State Senator Helen Ring Robinson demonstrates by her own life and work how the incalculable human values contained in the leisure hours of our wives, mothers and sisters may be conserved and utilized for the benefit of humanity.

WOMEN NEED DEVELOPMENT FOR THEIR OWN "SPHERE"

Miss Ida M. Tarbell has written a book entitled "The Business of Being a Woman."

In this book she shows enough room for intellectual and psychical capacity and activity in the duties of the housewife and mother to satisfy the higher ambitions of any woman.

I haven't space here to go into all of her arguments. But in general, she shows how unintelligent, untrained, inefficient, wasteful and often disastrous the household admin-

istration, child-rearing and child-training activities of women are.

I suppose Miss Tarbell is right.

I am inclined to believe that there is just as much need for scientific management in the home and for scientific methods of caring for and training children as there is for scientific management in the factories and stores that men run.

A WOMAN WHO GIVES BRAINS TO HER HOME MAKING

State Senator Helen Ring Robinson has demonstrated that broader interests and activities for women afford mental awakening and mental training that enable them to give more efficient consideration to the affairs of their homes and children.

THE WOMAN AND HER ACHIEVEMENTS

And now let me tell you a little about Senator Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and educated at Wellesley. After her graduation she became a teacher, high school principal and finally a college professor.

While she was teaching she became interested in literary work. She wrote editorials, essays and stories, which were widely published and received much favorable literary and public consideration.

In her literary work and in her travels she became a friend of George Bernard Shaw, Maurice Maeterlink, Marion Crawford, T. P. O'Connor and other people famous in the realms of literature and journalism.

Because of her literary reputation she was invited to lecture. She was so successful in the lecture field that she was soon devoting a large part of her time to it.

Mrs. Robinson was elected to the Colorado State Senate, by both men and women, because of her personal integrity and high character and because of her demonstrated mental capacities.

As a legislator she has won respect by her success in placing upon the statute books of Colorado a minimum wage law for women, a miner's bill and others. She has also done good service in aiding other good legislation and defeating bad.

Senator Robinson does not rise to speak often but when she does she is listened to with respect and her arguments are effective.

We have been told over and over again that to give women a part in the larger affairs of life would rob them of their femininity, make them unwomanly.

STILL A WOMANLY WOMAN

Here is what Senator Robinson says about it, and her friends say that what she says is true:

"I don't believe that anyone East or West has decided that being a Senator has changed my nature. I had been feminine for some time before I became Senator. Indeed, I made my campaign on the strength of the fact that I came before them asking

for the office, not because I was cleverer than the men, not because I was better, not because I knew more about law-making, but because I was different and had a different point of view. There isn't any sex antagonism about it, nor any sex rivalry, as I see it, any more than there is in the home. The State isn't anything but the larger home. Both need in them two direct influences, man's and woman's. I wouldn't think much of my State with the woman out of it. It is better understood now than it used to be that no sphere of activity is to be arbitrarily shut to woman on the ground that she is different from man. That is exactly the reason why she is needed in all spheres. It is the woman's sympathy, the woman's mercy, in addition to man's justice that is needed in legislative halls."

We'll all be better off when we attend to our cities, states, and nations, as well as we do to our homes.

We'll all be better off when we use the abilities of our women in every sphere of human progress.

We'll all be better off when women, developed and broadened by her political and business activities, gives scientific thought and care to her home and children.

Catch him while young, fresh and enthusiastic. Dash cold water on his enthusiasm at every turn. Sneer at his dreams; tear down his ideals. Load him with work. If he hurries in an effort to get it all done, give him some more. Call him away from his work at intervals of from five to ten minutes all day long. It is good for his nerves and conducive to accurate results.

—E. J. DEMARSH.

How Enterprise is Affected by Taxes

By TOTOLENA KATT

*The Second Article in the Interesting
Series of Discussions on "Some Questions
Objections and Protests About Taxation"*

LAST month I told you how Jimmie figured it all up and found he couldn't possibly afford to buy a new car—because of the horrid income tax.

Then I asked you a lot of questions about taxation and finally got myself all excited over an idea that finally came to me.

I was just going to tell you about my idea when Jimmie came with his old car and we went out for just one of the loveliest rides ever.

Jimmie had forgotten all about being mad at me, like the dear good boy he is, and when I explained my idea to him he was very much interested in it and said he thought I might have discovered something really worth while.

But I mustn't get ahead of my story and tell you what Jimmie said and what I said before I tell you about my idea.

You remember, don't you, that I was trying to find out, if I could, some way that people could be taxed so that each one would pay just as near as possible for the real amount of benefit he received from the government?

It seemed to me that would be the only fair and square way to tax people.

Doesn't it seem that way to you?

It seems to me that when you tax people according to the amount of money they have made or are making you are taxing their ability, their resourcefulness, their good management and all that sort of thing instead of taxing them according to what the government does for them.

Isn't that true?

And when people are taxed according to the amount of goods they buy and the most of that tax is paid, not to the government at all, but to other people who never did a thing to earn it, it seems that folks are being taxed according to the kind of goods they buy and how much they buy and not according to the benefit they receive from the government at all.

Doesn't it seem that way to you?

But for a long while I couldn't think just how to find out how much good people do derive from the government.

HOW MUCH BENEFIT DO PEOPLE RECEIVE FROM GOVERNMENT?

Then I got to thinking about the lots Jimmie bought for \$50.00 apiece and sold for \$25,000 apiece. It struck me that Jimmie had done nothing at all to earn that \$24,950; that the government and the people had earned it for him—the government by making occupancy of the land safe and profitable, the people by moving in around the land and making it desirable business property.

When I got that far I'll admit I was stalled.

I couldn't see where there was any practical way of taxing Jimmie.

In the first place, I thought perhaps the government ought to take that \$50,000 from Jimmie, paying him back his original \$100 with compound interest. But I kind of hated to see Jimmie lose the \$50,000 since it meant so much to us—him I mean. Besides, there is lots and lots of land that doesn't rise in value that way. Jimmie had half a dozen lots in Elm

Street that he bought for \$100 apiece.

He kept them for the longest time, and then sold them for just enough to pay back his hundred dollars and pretty low interest.

Then, every piece of land in the country isn't sold every year so that the government could take the increase in value on it for taxes. Daddy has had a piece of property out in California ever since I can remember, but we don't know whether it has gone up in value or not because daddy hasn't sold it or tried to sell it.

So I was all at sea again about taxes. There was Jimmie paying his income tax and mourning because he couldn't buy a new car, and I couldn't see any way to help it.

HOW JIMMIE GOT MONEY FOR A NEW CAR

And then, what do you suppose happened?

You would never guess in a thousand years. But it was the loveliest thing!

One gorgeous afternoon when it seemed that I just couldn't stay in the house another minute, there was the sweetest automobile purr out in the street—quiet and musical, and so strong and efficient sounding—the kind of purr that makes you feel a car could run right up Villard Avenue on the high without puffing a bit.

I ran to the window to see who could possibly be driving such a lovely car on our street. Just then it stopped right in front of our house and there sat Jimmie at the wheel, with a perfect sunburst of a smile all over his face.

Well, it just isn't any use to try to tell you how I raved about that darling new car and all the thousand and one questions that I asked Jimmie about it. If you have ever had a thing like that happen to you or seen it happen to anyone else you probably know just the kind of an emotional scene I created right out there in the street in sight of all the neighbors.

But I don't care.

Jimmie's new six-cylinder, ninety, is just a perfect love. There isn't a handsomer, speedier car in town.

Well, of course, one of the very first things I wanted to know was how Jimmie could afford it, how he had figured it out that he could put up the price. That kind of a car isn't bought for a lullaby, you understand—nor even for an aria from grand opera.

"Well, you see," Jimmie said, "about ten or fifteen years ago I bought three lots right down at the corner of Main and Warburton. That was long before the boom, and I bought the lots for \$500.00 apiece. When the boom came along the lots went up and up and up. I was offered as high as \$50,000 apiece for them. But I kept thinking they would go higher and hung on to them. I never seemed to have just the right kind of financial circumstances to build on the lots myself, so they have always been vacant. You know that vacant corner. Yesterday afternoon I leased those lots to a company who will build a ten-story building on them. They have a ninety-nine year lease for which they will pay me \$15,000 a year,—I got the first \$15,000 yesterday. Well, there was \$15,000 I hadn't figured on at all; so I jumped into my little old "30," hiked right down to New York. I bought a ninety instead of a sixty—it's so much better on these hills. This morning I drove her out. You're my first passenger.

WHOSE MONEY WAS IT?

"And you are going to get \$15,000 a year for the next ninety-nine years just because you paid out \$1,500 for those lots a few years ago?"

"No," said Jimmie, "only for the next ninety-eight years. You see, I have already had one \$15,000 check."

"Smarty! You know what I meant. You needn't try to dodge. My, it is perfectly lovely to have so much money coming in without fail every year, panic years and all."

"Isn't it?" agreed Jimmie, looking

a whole lot of things he knows perfectly well I'd never let him say.

"But, Jimmie," I said, after thinking it over a minute, "you never earned any of that money, you never performed any service for anybody that entitled you to take it."

"Well, we won't worry about that either," said Jimmie in that terribly superior way of his. I could have bitten him.

AN STATESMANLIKE IDEA

I had it just on the tip of my tongue to say something awfully snippy when, bang! An idea popped into my head and I didn't say anything. I don't remember even now what I was going to say.

Why should I waste my time fussing with Jimmie over trifles when I had a perfectly statesmanlike idea in my head?

Lots of people that own land get rent for it. They get rent according to the value of it. The more valuable the government and the people around make the land, the more rent

So why not tax people according to the rent they receive for their land? This would come as near as anything I can think of to taxing each man according to his share of the benefit from the government.

Well, when I thought about so far I told Jimmie about it.

"That wouldn't be fair at all," he said. "What about people who live on their land?"

"Pooh!" I said. "Don't they get benefit out of it? If it's residence property, they would have to pay rent to live in that kind of locality, and if it's business property, they would have to pay rent to do business. If it's farm property, they make money out of it. If they didn't own the farm, they would have to pay rent for one. So they save their rent in all these cases, and it would be easy enough for the government to determine just how much rent it would be."

"Well, then, what about land that isn't occupied at all—vacant lots and

farm property that is being held for a rise?" That stumped me for a minute.

AN EQUITABLE BASIS OF TAXATION

Then I said: "Why, those vacant lots that you have just leased might have been put to some good use all this time if you'd been willing to sell them or if you'd been willing to lease them at a figure that buyers or lessees were willing to pay. It would be a mighty good thing if you'd had to pay taxes on them just the same as if they were rented, computing the rent at a reasonable rate. If you had to pay taxes like that you'd either put up a building and get money from the rent of it to pay your taxes, or you'd lease your land to somebody who would put up a building so you could pay your taxes, or you'd sell to somebody who was willing to put up a building. And you wouldn't sell it for \$150,000 that you hadn't earned, either, if the people who bought it knew that they were going to have to give up most of the rental they would receive on it, in the form of taxes."

"Somehow that doesn't seem right to me," grumbled Jimmie.

"No, I don't suppose it does seem right to you if you think it's all right for you to take for your own use money you never earned yourself, money the people earned and which, according to my notion, rightfully belongs to them."

"But if you did that," complained Jimmie, "you'd discourage individual enterprise."

"Yes," I said, "fine individual enterprise it takes to sit around in a club veranda or smoking room waiting for other people to make land valuable so that you can make a lot of money out of the sale or rent of it! Seems to me it would encourage your individual enterprise a great deal more if you were obliged to get out and hustle around and make that land produce something, so that you could get the money with which to pay your taxes."

HOW TAXES DISCOURAGE ENTERPRISE

"Why, Jimmie, it's the way they tax people now that discourages individual enterprise. What is that horrid income tax but a tax on individual enterprise? What is a tax on factories, stores, office buildings, residences, other improvements and personal property but a tax on individual enterprise? What is your old tariff, charging me twice as much as I ought to pay for my gloves I am enterprising enough to get the money to buy, but a tax on individual enterprise?"

"The kind of tax I am talking about would be a tax—why, a tax on community enterprise and on government enterprise; and since the government and the community receive the tax it would be an encouragement rather than a discouragement.

TAXES AND WAGES

"Besides, if all the land that is now vacant and unused were put to use there'd be a lot more jobs for people who want to work. And if there was a job for every man and every woman, then the working people could ask for more wages and get them, because there wouldn't be any idle people to take their places if they quit."

Jimmie laughed.

"My!" he said, "You're going to revolutionize the whole world with your new idea."

"Well, perhaps the whole world needs revolutionizing," I said. "Anyhow, I think it would be perfectly lovely for everybody to get bigger wages. And I certainly think there ought to be a change in the way people are taxed."

MORE BEEF, BREAD AND BOOTS FOR EVERYBODY

Why, don't you see, goosup, if all the land that's now vacant and all the mines that are not being developed and all the brick-yards that are not being worked and all these things that you men are holding for a rise were actually put to work there would be a lot more money, and not only more money but more wheat and corn and beef and potatoes and clothes and shoes and coal and all the other things that come from the land."

"It certainly looks as if you had struck an idea," said Jimmie, "and it looks reasonable, too. I wonder why no one ever thought of it before."

"Oh, probably lots of people have thought of it," I said. "It's all so simple, it seems that anybody could think of it. The trouble is you men are so much more interested in your business and your sport, in your golf links and your automobiles, than you are in taxes that nobody can ever get you to change the way you are being taxed."

"Well, I guess you're right about that, too," acknowledged Jimmie. "If you'll help me we'll go down in the public library and see what we can find on this subject of taxation."

So nowadays—when it's raining and we can't use the car in the afternoon—we are over at the public library studying.

"That all sounds well, of course," said Jimmie quite seriously, "but where would the money come from to pay wages to all the people who are now idle, and to pay bigger wages to everybody?"

That was a stumper.

But in a minute I had an answer.

When you feel nervous like a pinch hitter with the bases full and two out, take the afternoon and go to the ball game

—THE ARROW

Get Ready for a Vast China Trade

By P. R. WINES

*The Opening of the Panama Canal Offers
Oriental Trade Possibilities for Which the
Nations of the World are Already Preparing*

NOW is the time for study and action on the part of American business men who have vision to see the possibilities ahead when the Panama canal brings the Far East to their very doors.

One of the most extraordinary international events of the Nineteenth century was undoubtedly the rapidity with which the Japanese laid aside their age-old Oriental habits of thought and government, and plunged into western civilization.

But the recent transformation in China is even more remarkable.

If the Japanese were conservative, the Chinese were even more conservative.

If the Japanese were bigoted in their Orientalism, the Chinese were even more bigoted.

If the Japanese hated the foreign devils, the Chinese hated the foreign devils even more bitterly.

Yet, although the Chinese were not at first so ready to accept Western civilization, they have now perhaps accepted it more fully in proclaiming a republic, than their island neighbors, who have at least retained in their monarchy a semblance of their old constitution.

In his recent book, "China Revolutionized," Mr. John Stuart Thomson shows how thoroughly Western ideas of credit, commerce and diplomacy have permeated the leaders of the new republic.

In November, 1911, when Wu Ting Fang, formerly the brilliant, fashionable Chinese Minister at Washington,

declared himself on the side of the republicans, and was appointed foreign minister of the provisional government, he brought a knowledge of the springs of power which proved of inestimable value to his country. He it was who insisted on foreign acknowledgement of the rebel government, and announced that if foreigners advanced money to the imperialists, and the republicans won, the latter would repudiate such loans. This move really won the revolution, for it deprived the Manchus of the power to put down the rebellion.

The man whom Europe and America knows best in connection with the revolution, Dr. Sun Yet Sen, has been for many years doing quiet, but effective, propagandist work amongst the Chinese in British Singapore, England, America and Japan. The Manchus knew this, and his life was in such great and constant danger from them and their yellow and white detectives, that he found it necessary to become a British subject for protection. This status he has since relinquished in favor of his original citizenship.

Dr. Sen preached that the Manchu despots should be ousted from the throne; that a republic should be proclaimed, that friendly intercourse with foreigners, whose property and persons should be amply protected, should be encouraged; that current foreign treaties should be allowed to run their course; that foreign loans, indemnities, and concessions contracted by the Manchus should be recognized.

He was later the Director General of the Chinese Railway Corporation, charged with new lines, and let the new concessions for lines from Canton to Chungking in Szechuan; and from Peking to Lanchow in Kansu, besides smaller lines.

The new democratic government has reduced or abolished many of the excessive taxes formerly imposed on the teeming millions of China, who were in a state of abject poverty and wretchedness. This has given an impetus to trade and commerce which is already being felt.

Nail, needle, glass, silk, and other factories of various kinds are springing up everywhere, and foreign and native capitalists are vying with one another in developing industries of all kinds. If this meant that the workers were receiving their old, incredibly low wages, it might mean a menace to Western workers and industries. But this is not so altogether, for wages and the standard of living are rising all round, and the people are getting into a condition of greater comfort—or rather less wretchedness—than formerly.

Great railway schemes are on foot for opening up and linking together

various parts of the vast empire.

The social condition of the people is gradually improving, particularly that of the women.

The abominable custom of binding the feet is becoming unfashionable, and the women are beginning to take a more independent part in trade, business and society. The relation between husband and wife is pictured in their proverb, "You cannot tell a good husband that his wife has a defect."

Their industrial and commercial methods; their water and shipping routes; their international and internal politics; their public works; educational system; religion, literature and language; their legal practice and crime, are all dealt with in Mr. Thomson's book. Mr. Thomson has accumulated an enormous mass of material and has studied his subject carefully. The illustrations are very well chosen and interesting, and the map which is included is most useful in enabling one to follow, not only the course of the revolution, but also the commercial possibilities which China will, under a progressive government, afford.

*Remember this! There is no merit
in sailing over a smooth sea. The man
who can weather the storm is the man
who counts.*

—ANDREW DEER.

The Swamp: Talking vs. Doing

By FRITZ WEBER

*How a Boy Carried Theory Into Realization
While Others Were Stopped by a Big "If"*

ON Sunday evenings they used to go over their properties, to see how the crops were getting on, and enjoy the prospects of a successful season. Just that day they had passed the place called "The Swamp."

The ground on their farm was not very even. It went up and down, with little hills and little valleys. In some respects this was rather good; but then it had one serious drawback. Right through the fields came a little brook—a mere ditch. There was always just a little water in it, but at times more than what it was meant for.

And it just so happened that it had taken its course where the ground was lowest, winding its way between the little hills. Sometimes, when it suddenly swelled up, it would find its narrow bed too small. That was the reason why that wide field between those hills had received the name of "The Swamp."

Nearly every Spring, and often also during the year, the water would cover that surface. Nothing could be done there. No crop was safe. That field had never produced anything good for as far back as people could remember.

That Sunday they had been looking over these fields. The eldest son had looked at them for a time, and then said: "It's really a pity to have to waste so much land. If that little brook would not pass just here, we could make something jolly good of this bit of land."

Of course everybody knew that something jolly good could be made of that land, if . . . But the brook was there, and those wide fields had right-

ly for years borne the name of "The Swamp."

NEXT DAY THE ORDINARY WORK BEGAN AGAIN

George was the youngest, just over seventeen. He was the one that was different from the others. His brothers and sisters found him too quiet. His parents thought they had to face deception. He did not speak much. He did not even work much. He liked best to sit about with books, or look up in the trees. His help was not much wanted, and so nobody objected seriously to his somewhat strange life.

That morning, however, he was out early. He put some tools on a wheelbarrow. From the kitchen he got some food. He did not say a word to anybody. He did not ask anybody to give him a hand. He simply got hold of the barrow, and went off. Nobody cared much. He had never done anything very wrong, and nobody thought it necessary to inquire what he intended doing.

Nobody saw him that day. Their work did not take them where he had been. When he came home, he was tired, hungry, sleepy. He soon disappeared, and next morning, early, he was out again.

Some days after someone went to have a look. They asked George what he was doing. "Never mind, it's all right."

He worked on, and they let him work. They did not find it worth their while to interfere with one of his fancies.

He worked on for days, for weeks. From early morning till night, he was digging. From time to time somebody happened to go and see what was going on. Out in those far fields he was digging, alone, without help, without company. Every morning saw him back again, and so week after week. They concluded that poor George had gone wrong in his brain.

Weeks passed, and then it started dawning upon them what George's work meant. Little by little they realized it, and hardly could believe it. However, one day, the little brook passed no longer through the swamp. George had directed its course behind

the little hill. "The Swamp" was no more a swamp.

He did not say much. Merely told them that they were now free to make the best use they could of the swamp. The others could not say much. They just woke up to the fact that there was something in that boy. He had done more for their farm in a few weeks than they and their fathers had done in years and decades.

They had talked about how things could be.

He had done it.

There is no Swamp now. But there is the simple little story of a boy who not only talked, and not only thought, but who knew those little words: To do.

To work at a task that is distasteful, to be dissatisfied with dissatisfaction, to be content with a job that is held merely for the salary there is in it, to have in view nothing beyond the Saturday night pay envelope, is dishonesty of the worst sort. The highest philosophy, I believe, teaches but three things—Health, Happiness and Freedom. Beyond that trinity, the earth holds nothing else worthy of attainment.

*The Man Who Understands**By* GERTRUDE CAPEN WHITNEY

He speaks no word when her heart is sad,
 But one touch of his hand;
 And she lifts her eyes, to follow him
 To the uttermost unknown land.
 And as she travels, with him, beside,
 That same touch of his hand;
 Bespeaks, in its embodied love,
 That he does understand.

*The Woman Who Understands**By* GERTRUDE CAPEN WHITNEY

She never makes plans for you to fulfill,
 The woman who understands;
 She never sends unwished grist to your mill,
 The woman who understands.
 'Tis the thought she brings,
 That sings and sings,
 Into the heart of you;
 Till it flows and glows
 And finally grows
 Into visions of dreams come true.

She rests and smiles from her easy chair,
 The woman who understands;
 And as she listens, your plans grow clear,
 The woman who understands.
 She lays no claim,
 For heart or brain,
 To what she has given you;
 'Tis her soul's fine grace,
 Gives you strength for the race,
 The race that makes dreams come true.

Points on Newspaper Advertising

By HERBERT N. CASSON, in the *Baltimore News*

Two Great Advantages of this Important Force in the Merchandising Field

THE two great advantages of newspaper advertising are:

1. A newspaper ad. is timely.
2. A newspaper ad. is local.

Newspaper advertising gives you the time and the place and the ad. Almost any ad. at the right time is better than the most brilliant ad. at the wrong time. A Johnny-on-the-spot ad. is the ad. that pulls.

As every salesman knows, the time to talk to a man is when he wants to hear you, not when he is hungry or cross, or when he wants to go to sleep.

I believe that the most effective of newspaper ads. are those that follow the headlines.

Every great fire in a large city should be followed at once by advertisements of insurance and fireproof building materials.

Every real estate boom should be accompanied by ads. of house furnishings, etc.

Every big crop among the farmers should be followed by ads. of home luxuries, automobiles, pianos, victrolas.

The man who says the thing at the right time is the man who gets it across; and it is only in newspapers that we can get the force and freshness of the present moment.

In the second place, newspaper ads. are local; and, this word "local" is a very important word. Local means where we live. Local means the people we know. Local means our own folk and our own home paper.

Local means me and mine. It means our part of the wide, wide world, and it is remarkable what

power a badly printed, badly edited, badly managed local paper does have over the people who read it.

As an old English ballad says:

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

The best of us are all so self-centered that we really take more pleasure reading our own poorly made local paper, which mentions our names three times a year, than read the brilliant and highly professional publications that come to us from afar.

A newspaper ad. can be localized by having signed to it the name of the local dealer. We have found this to be quite effective, instead of the name of an unknown company which has its headquarters a thousand miles away. A newspaper ad. can be signed by the name of a local man—a man whom everybody knows and whom nearly everybody trades with.

But newspapers are more than timely and local. They are remarkably forceful and efficient for the reason that they are read largely during business hours.

A newspaper is not a play toy. It is not mainly an amusement. A newspaper is first and foremost a publication of business. It represents business. It suggests business. It secures business. When we read our papers our minds are alert. They are geared up to action. They are in the humor to buy and sell.

That is why newspaper advertising brings you customers rather than prospects. This is why newspaper ads. land people—not post cards. This is why newspapers dig up folk who

are in earnest and who want to buy, rather than people who are just shopping or amusing themselves, and who only want a booklet or a catalogue.

There are some people who think that advertising is like the dropping of water upon a stone. They think that the main thing in advertising is to keep on, and keep on, and keep on. This is certainly one way to achieve success. But it is very expensive. It

takes a great deal of money and it takes a great deal of time.

Really efficient advertising requires that every ad. shall move people to action. It requires that every ad. shall make an impression. An advertiser who knows what sort of ads. to use, who makes his ads. timely and flavored with local interest, can get unusually large profits and quick results.

The Moment's Value

By H. ATTWATER

"Great men have always been misers of moments."

THE passing moment is the raw material out of which we make of ourselves whatever we will.

Do not brood over the past or dream of the future. Lay hold of the passing moment and make the most of it.

The man is yet unborn who rightly measures and fully realizes the value of an hour.

The worst of a lost hour is not so much in the wasted time as in the wasted power.

Waste of time means waste of energy, waste of vitality waste of character in dissipation.

It means bad companions, bad habits.

It means the waste of opportunities which will never come back.

A man's character is revealed in the way in which he uses his spare moments.

Time is money. We should not be stingy or mean with it, but we should not throw away an hour any more than we would throw away a dollar bill.

A Chapter on Stopping Store Leaks

By A. M. BURROUGHS, in *A Better Day's Profits*

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"If you had a barrel of molasses out in the warehouse which was leaking, when would you want to know about it, the first day, or at the end of the year?"

OVER-WEIGHT AND OVER-MEASURE

FOOD Inspector Ottesen of Iowa, while checking weights and measures at Waterloo, Iowa, found five grocers whose scales gave over-weight.

These five pairs of scales, Ottesen said, "long weighed" each of these grocers out of hundreds of dollars every year.

One grocer was selling about 50 lbs. of lard a day, at $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce over-weight. This one leak, on one kind of goods, aggregated about \$40 a year.

BAD BUYING

The average retailer is a poor buyer. Ninety per cent. of all retail stores over-buy. The biggest store leak is in the failure of the retailer to turn his capital often.

He should keep accurate records, through the use of duplicate sales slips, or other means, of all sales. Then he will not be likely to duplicate the mistake, even if he doesn't prevent it the first time.

A jobber's discount of 50% from list price is a loss if the goods will not sell. The retailer must not buy for the *extra discount*, but for the *profit*.

INCOMPETENT HELP

Every employee in the retail store should be put on a merit basis. The clerk who isn't able to sell goods at a profit is incompetent and unprofitable to the store. Keeping him is like letting the faucet remain open in the *vinegar barrel*—only it is *profits* and not *vinegar* which are leaking.

LOSS OF GOODS FROM STOCK

A big New York store, doing a business of \$10,000,000 a year, estimates that 2% of its sales, or \$200,000, is stolen from the store every year. If this same proportion of goods is stolen from the average retail store, then the store doing a business of \$50,000 a year would loose \$1,000 through theft of goods from stock.

FAILURE TO CHARGE GOODS SOLD ON CREDIT

When a sale is made on credit and no record is made of it, the retailer stands to lose the profit he should make on the sale; the time which has been invested in the buying; the time invested in the selling of the goods; the cost of the labor of handling the goods; the cost of keeping them on the shelves, and several other losses, including the big loss which the carelessness will cause in other work.

WASTEFUL BOOKKEEPING

It costs more money sometimes to keep incomplete records in an unsystematic way, than it would cost to keep complete records in the right way.

The bookkeeping system should be up-to-date. It should be carefully worked out by experts. It should be especially designed for the store. It should give the exact information needed, as economically as possible.

ERRORS IN ADDING FIGURES

The amount of money lost in the average store every year through mistakes in figures is enormous.

A customer gets his bill. It is a little *less* than he expected, but he thinks possibly he made a mistake. He pays on your figures.

If it happens to be a little *more* than he expected he asks you about it, and *you* spend some *valuable time* finding the error and correcting it.

If you make a mistake in your figures you are sure to lose, whether it is against you or against the other fellow.

FIGURING PROFITS WRONG

A recent investigation conducted by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, showed that fully 75% of all retailers figure profits on a basis which gives them 3% to 8% less than they think they are getting, often figuring themselves out of any profit.

This is the vital end of a business. What is the use to sell goods, if profit, the whole purpose of selling, is lost in bad methods of figuring prices.

FAILURE TO CHARGE ALL EXPENSES

All expenses are going to come out of the gross profits whether they are put down as a part of the cost of doing business or not.

If a man pays out \$20 a month for rent, he will not find it to his credit in the bank at the end of the year, even if he doesn't charge it into the expense of doing business.

The same applies to every kind of expense in the business. Every one of the leaks mentioned in this chapter is an expense, whether you charge it as such or not.

It is better to err on the side of too liberal charging of expenses and find an unaccounted-for balance in the bank, than to find a puzzling deficit caused by not charging all your expenses. The deficit may disable you just when failure to pay a big bill means bankruptcy.

FAILURE TO DISCOUNT BELLS

If a retailer turns his capital every week and discounts all his bills at 2%, the clean profit from this source alone amounts in a year to a sum greater

than his capital — 52 times 2% is 104%. If he doesn't take the discount, he loses it, of course.

UNSYSTEMATIC DELIVERY

A grocer in a New England town was maintaining nine delivery wagons at a cost of about \$200 a week.

By applying better methods to his delivery, he was able to cut the number of wagons from nine to three, stopping a leak of \$125 a week — \$6,500 a year.

WRONG DELIVERIES

It costs from five to ten cents to deliver every order sold. If from ten to fifty mistakes are made every day in deliveries, a leak of from \$200 to \$1,000 a year will result. The loss in customers may increase this sum enormously.

PRESENTS, DONATIONS, ETC.

Possibly some of this is necessary. Some retailers make it a matter of considerable expense. It is a leak which should be carefully watched.

If a retailer gives away an amount equal to only 1% of his gross sales in that way, he stands to lose \$500 a year on every \$50,000 a year of gross business.

WASTED TIME

A grocer hired a man capable of selling \$200 worth of goods a week. Bad management wasted half his time and he only sold \$100 worth a week. The grocer lost the profits on a gross annual business of \$5,200 — \$100 a week.

When you hire a clerk, you simply buy a certain amount of his time, to be used as you direct. If you direct wrong, or he wastes part of his time, you lose.

Time can be wasted in a thousand ways. Most of these are under the control of the employer.

Most of the waste of time is caused by bad methods controlled by the owner of the store.

THE REDUCED-PRICE LEAK

When goods are marked to sell at \$1.00 and it is necessary for any rea-

son to cut off 10%, the reduction from the marked price represents a loss.

If the cut is necessary to make the goods sell, it is a loss due to bad buying. It also produces another loss by giving customers the impression that the original price allowed an enormous profit.

WASTEFUL ADVERTISING

One retailer used space two columns, ten inches deep, in his weekly paper to run a poorly worded and poorly arranged announcement. It cost him \$200 a year and produced almost nothing.

A competitor used half as much space and changed his advertisement every week, using strong selling arguments. He doubled his business in two years.

Advertising, properly directed, is one of the most productive expenditures of the modern retail store, but misdirected advertising can be very wasteful, or even harmful.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIGHTING

One retailer cut the cost of his lighting in half and at least doubled the efficiency of his lighting system by studying the arrangement of his lights. The proper lighting system puts just the right amount of light where it is needed.

ARRANGEMENT OF STORE

In a certain store each clerk had to walk all over the store to wait on customers. A re-arrangement of the store stopped this and cut out about two hours wasted efforts for each clerk each day—about \$600 worth of time in a year, considering the several clerks. This time, which cost money, was profitably used.

ARRANGEMENT OF GOODS

A stationer was making a big display of scratch pads for school children the day before school opened. When he came in from lunch he stopped to look in the window, and noticed the absence of pencils. Im-

mediately he went in and caused a pencil to be placed alongside each pad.

This suggested the connection between other goods. On investigation he found that scores of items were not in their proper places in the store. He had them placed where the customer who bought one item would see many others that he might need in the same line. This saved much walking for the clerks and helped each kind of goods to sell others.

STORE ALTERATIONS

Special sales, special displays of goods, the rearrangement of departments and offices, repairs, etc., cause numerous little carpenter jobs in the store.

These little jobs are the source of a considerable leak.

Some carpenters can put a lot of time on a little job, and, if the changes are not properly timed, employees of the store are often compelled to waste much of their time, paid for by the store.

EXTRAVAGANT USE OF SUPPLIES

Sales books, report blanks, office stationery, statement forms, blank books and pens, ink, pencils, etc., cost a neat little sum in a year. A big saving can be effected by proper care and a leak is pretty apt to follow lax methods.

CARELESS PACKING OF GOODS

Goods which have to be delivered to customers require care in packing. Much merchandise is damaged or entirely spoiled by poor packing. Some money is wasted in the course of a year through the use of bigger boxes than is necessary and through the waste of time in packing—time which is paid for with good money and which, if saved, could be used for other work.

LOST CONTAINERS

Baskets, boxes, egg crates, etc., used in delivering goods, cost money.

The number lost during the year usually amounts to a serious leak.

WASTED TWINE, PAPER BAGS, ETC.

Even in little stores the cost of wrapping paper, twine, paper bags, boxes, etc., amounts in a year to a neat sum. A careless employee can easily cut a big slice off the profits by a wasteful use of these supplies.

CLERKS' MISTAKES

Clerks, working at small salaries, are usually careless, inefficient and thoughtless. They make enough mistakes any time, but when tired they make more.

Unless they work under the direction of a system which makes their work pretty near mechanical, and a close check is kept on their mistakes, they will likely do as much harm as good.

DISSATISFIED CUSTOMERS

A regular customer is worth from \$10 to \$50 a year to the average retail store. Some customers are worth a great deal more, some a great deal less.

It is very easy to drive customers away. Often it is hard to get them. It is easy to lose a big amount of money through the careless handling of customers.

BREAKAGE AND SPOILAGE OF MERCHANDISE

A careless employee will spoil a very large amount of merchandise in a year, cutting deep into the profits. Even a careful employee is pretty sure to spoil some.

DEPRECIATION OF MERCHANDISE

Certain goods shrink in weight; others in size. These facts must be taken into consideration both in buy-

ing and in selling. Don't buy too much. Be sure the selling price covers the loss of shrinkage.

BAD ACCOUNTS

To be sure of collections, the merchant must have accurate and complete records. The slow-pay customer may not remind you if you forget his bill.

If he asks you for a statement some day, when he has the money, and you can't give him the exact figures at once, then it's your loss if he spends the money for a vacation trip.

LEAKS IN YOUR BUSINESS

The leaks suggested here, apply to your business. Some of them may cause you only a little loss. Some may be swallowing about all your profits.

A retailer, who is not now in business (we'll call him Smith) fooled himself, for a time, into thinking that he wasn't losing anything through leaks in his store. He refused to see the leaks.

"I watch things pretty close," he said, "and I know just what it costs me to run my business. Jones, down the street, is a crank on digging out expenses to charge up against his business. Not for me!"

Jones has the exclusive business for his section now, and is a very prosperous retailer. The sheriff closed out Smith's business over a year ago.

Remember this: All leaks and other expenses in your business have to be paid at their full face value, whether you see them or not.

If the sheriff gets your business, don't let it be said that he got you because you *guessed* at your expenses.

Half-way knowledge is all right if you want to go half-way to the goal of success.

—W. C. HOLMAN.

Life-Lessons from an Aged Cripple

By HAL RIVIERE

The Story of a Wonderful Life and How a Noble Character Worked out His Destiny

HE was an old man, fat, puffy and blowy. His hands were knotted and his feet almost useless from rheumatism, so it was with difficulty he hobbled about his little store and served his customers.

As I looked at him he seemed the very antithesis of usefulness and I began to wonder what such a man had gotten out of life and what good he had done in the world. It seemed so improbable that he had ever accomplished anything worth while, that he became to me a type of that great part of humanity that just drifts, content to take what of joy or sorrow each day turns up, making no effort toward self improvement or toward the betterment of conditions among which they live.

After repeated visits to his place of business, I learned some of his history and came to see in his life one that was well spent in the faithful performance of duty, a life of quiet, unassuming heroism, a life of conformity to the eternal fitness of things. When he shall lay it down, its effect will go down the ages through the influence it had over those who worked with him.

This man had started life as a laborer on a railroad and came to be a section foreman, one who keeps the track in condition to bear the heavy trains that pass over it carrying the world's business and those who transact it. Not a lofty vocation as many will say, but one that required steady, untiring labor and watchfulness that the safety of lives and property might be preserved.

THE REAL NOBILITY

As I thought of his years of faithfulness to duty through the heat of summer and the cold, rain and snow of winter, I came to realize that here was a life of usefulness.

It is just such lives as this that go to make up the greatness of a nation.

To just the extent that all the people are true and faithful, will the nation be prosperous; for no nation ever becomes greater than its average citizen.

A few great men cannot of themselves make a great nation. They may point the way and may labor faithfully, but unless there is back of them a loyal and intelligent people, their work will come to naught.

Men grow discouraged and say, "What's the use? I am only one man. What can I do and what does it amount to if I do, or do not, thus and so?"

Ah, it amounts to much.

No man lives to himself alone, so his actions cannot be hid. As every man has his influence, his good or bad deeds will live after him in the lives he influenced.

Every man's work is important.

It may appear at first an extravagant statement, but it is true nevertheless, that the whole world's progress depends upon how each man daily does his duty.

A failure to perform properly some task, small though it may seem, always impedes some other man in the performance of his duty.

Such is the interdependence of men that no one can injure himself without injuring mankind; nor can he in-

jure another without suffering from the injustice done his neighbor.

HOW SHALL I MEET MY DESTINY?

Knowing this then, that the uplift of humanity depends upon me, my actions, my intelligence, my knowledge, shall I sit supinely content with myself and do every day just as little as will give me the necessities of life?

Shall I let my conscience find a false content in the indolence and lack of ambition I see in those about me?

Shall I make no effort toward increasing my knowledge and usefulness (and thereby help in the progress of the world) by study, by thought, by meditation, by utilizing every spare moment in some helpful occupation?

Because I am unpleasantly employed, shall I growl against my employer and cheat him of his due?

If he be hard and unappreciative shall I serve him the less, or shall I use the opportunity in learning patience, faithfulness, thoroughness, and my spare time in studying some other more agreeable and appealing line of work?

Poverty and obscurity and unpleasant employment more often than not, furnish the incentive to strive for better things.

UNIVERSAL REIGN OF BEAUTY, GOODNESS AND TRUTH

In thinking over the life of this old man, I came to realize the wisdom of the scriptural injunction, "Judge not."

We see the lives of others so imperfectly and we bring such faulty knowledge of their motives and desires into our judgments, that we are always unjust when we judge them according to our standard.

Somewhere in every life there is a vein of beauty; there is a streak of nobility.

If we could only dig under the great mass of corruption and ignorance of the vilest man; if we could penetrate his reserve and come to know his heart, we would pity instead of condemn; for we should find that his badness consists in misdirected energy and ignorance of the right application of his soul forces. He is really a sick man mentally and morally and as such needs our sympathy.

So, from this old man I learned that there is a beauty in the performance of duty; that the performance of duty bears its own reward; that the educative and disciplinary effect of doing the work we have to do to the best of our ability regardless of any gain or praise, is so great that he who fails in his duty is cheating himself of much that is beautiful and profitable and satisfying to his soul; that the doing of small, though unpleasant things well, makes us proficient and fit candidates for higher things. I believe this is what Christ meant when He said for us to be faithful over a few things and we should become rulers over many things.

"When a fellow has half-knowledge of a subject, he generally finds it's the other half which would really come in handy."

—E. A. POTTER.

Hitting the High Spots

By ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

Positive and Negative Thought in Employment

ABOUT four years ago I made a very careful study of a publishing house.

The building in which this concern had its offices and factory had been a beautiful one. But everywhere, both inside and out, it showed evidences of neglect and abuse.

Seldom in my experience have I come into contact with an organization so honeycombed and riddled with jealousy, inharmony and mutual distrust as was this one.

I found every head of a department ready and eager to inform me confidentially that all the other heads of departments were "nice enough fellows, but —."

This spirit was found in even the office boys, stock boys and printer's devils.

Every man, woman and child in the place seemed, figuratively and almost literally, to be glancing over his shoulder for fear someone else would slip up behind him and thrust cold steel between his shoulder blades, so general was this feeling of suspicion.

At first I could not account for such an amazing state of affairs in an organization which otherwise seemed to have considerable ambition and efficiency.

But when the proprietor and president returned from a business trip and I met him for the first time the situation was clear. There is no need of my describing his personality any further. I have already described it as it was reflected in the character of the organization he had built.

A BETTER MAN—A BETTER INSTITUTION

By way of contrast and to take the taste out of my mouth, I was privileged to study another publishing house not long afterwards.

Here I found a building far less beautiful originally than the first one but so well cared for, so orderly, so clean that it was a sight to bless one's eyes.

Every worker had a smile, not only for us but for his fellows.

Throughout the organization I found an intense spirit of loyalty, of mutual confidence, respect and of quiet harmony.

The entire force was something of a mutual admiration society. Not once during my entire experience with that plant did we hear a "knock."

It was easy to determine the reason for this state of affairs also. The general manager was a gentleman. His appearance, conversation and behavior indicated mental and psychic harmony and happiness. In all his dealings he manifested that perfect fearlessness which is born of love.

WHERE YOUR BUSINESS GETS ITS CHARACTER

Business deals very largely with material things but the essence of business is mental and psychical, not material.

Just as every invention and every other step forward in the progress of the race existed first of all in the mind of man, so every business and every phase of business exists first of all in the minds of men.

Materials, equipment, and even men and women are but the materials with which mind deals.

Since business organizations and business methods originate in the minds of those who develop and manage them, it is inevitable that these organizations, policies and methods should reflect the character of the minds and hearts in which they are born.

If any business has its source of authority and responsibility with a number of men, then the character of that business will be a composite of the characters of those men.

If any organization is a one-man concern it will be found to be a reflection of the personality of the man who dominates it, having his virtues and his faults in an exaggerated degree.

HOW ONE GOSSIP INFECTED AN ENTIRE TOWN

The two incidents with which this chapter opens are typical. I could multiply them from my own experiences. You probably could add to them many of your own observations to the same effect.

An extreme case is that of an organization where the man standing next in authority to the general manager was an inveterate meddler and gossip. He seemed to take puerile pleasure in prying into the personal affairs of even his lowliest employees. No one was safe from his curious, prying eyes and inquisitive nose.

In addition to this, he was an incorrigible "knocker." He seemed to have absolutely no conception of the spirit of loyalty or of friendship. Not one of his associates, subordinates or superiors escaped the sting of his back-biting.

In this case, also, as might be expected, the whole organization was infected with his personality. Indeed, this vicious spirit of prying, gossip and back-biting overflowed the factory walls and corrupted the

entire little town where the institution was located.

No one could come into contact with this spirit in the place without feeling demoralized, less self-respecting, less efficient and less happy.

It is small wonder that this institution became so inefficient that only a drastic reorganization and substitution of the old management with new saved it from utter ruin.

Since, therefore, every business organization expresses in its character, policies and methods the mental and physical characteristics of the man or men who dominate it, it is a prime essential of success in every organization that the proprietor or directors and management should set free or radiate the right kind of thought forces.

EFFECTS OF POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE THOUGHT

It is not necessary that you should be a disciple of New Thought or of any other cult in order to understand that some thoughts and feelings are destructive or tend toward disintegration, while others are constructive and tend toward organization, up-building and progress.

It requires only the most casual observation to see that the man who is afraid does not build. He digs a hole.

The man who is full of suspicion, jealousy, hatred and revenge does nothing constructive. Either literally or figuratively, he lurks in the shadows with a rock tied up in a towel, his one purpose being to destroy.

The man who is anxious, worried, grieved, despairing does nothing constructive. He hasn't the spirit.

Everybody knows that the man who builds and builds well, the man who goes forward, the man of initiative and originality, is the man who is harmonious within himself, full of courage, cheerfulness, enthusiasm, confidence, calmness, love and happiness.

The incidents I have related and many which will come to the reader's

mind are demonstrations of this truth.

The organization in which destructive thought and feeling predominate deteriorates, falls behind in competition and finally fails.

When destructive and constructive forces in an organization balance each other there is no advance. We have seen thousands of such concerns in all parts of the country, standing in one place, marking time year after year.

They may not retreat but in the meantime the great army of progress sweeps on by them, leaving them hopelessly in the rear.

When there is more constructive thought and feeling in an institution than destructive, then you find a successful, progressive, up-to-date, prospering and growing business enterprise.

WHAT EVERY BUSINESS NEEDS

What every institution most needs, therefore, though all too many of them do not know this, is the *constructive thought of all of the units in it.*

If you are an employer you are not buying of your employees so many foot pounds of energy or muscular power; you are purchasing thought and its expression.

When you hire a man who hates his work, who is in a state of rebellion against organized industry and society, you are putting mental bombs and powder magazines into your business.

The man who has taken normal human beings and so treated them as the result of his own mental character that they have changed from

constructive to destructive human agents has committed a crime against himself and against society.

And yet this very calamity is bound to occur and does occur inevitably when men are treated like machines or as mere numbers, where they are subject to the irresponsible whims of ignorant and bad-tempered foremen, where they are chosen for their work absolutely without reference to their fitness for it, where they are assigned to superiors of such a character that they mutually irritate and enrage each other.

Men grow discontented, bitter and destructive when they are compelled to work to the point of exhaustion for a bare living, when they toil in the midst of hard conditions and congenial surroundings with no hope of anything better, when their efforts are misdirected and their efficiency is lowered by incompetent and unskillful superiors, when they are given no knowledge of the purpose of the work they are doing and no inspiration in its accomplishment, when they are thrown into a position and given no opportunity ever to learn how to do anything but the one operation.

And yet this is the way that the vast majority of employees in our industries today are treated. And it is because of this that we are facing problems of unrest, increased cost of living, strife between employer and employee, political and economic disturbances and other evidences of the effect of the destructive principle.

The ideal in employment is so to select, assign and train employees that they will express in their work their best positive, constructive thought and feelings.

"There is more lost by indecision than by wrong decision."

How to Read Newspapers

By E. N. FERDON, in the *Business Builder*

Points on Selecting the Information You Need from the Daily Paper

“**N**EWSPAPERS are made in a hurry and should be read in the same way.”

That is the way a friend put it to me coming in on the car the other day—and it would be hard to sum up an idea in better or terse form.

The right kind of newspapers have done a fine work in the education of the masses. Surely I for one would rather find a man perusing a good newspaper than never reading anything at all. Every man and woman should keep in touch with affairs in general—local, national and worldwide, and the newspaper offers a means to this end. But to make it a point to read everything in a newspaper, to spend over its columns all the time or even a major part of the time one may have free for reading, that is carrying the newspaper habit too far.

As my friend said—a newspaper is gotten up in a hurry and it should therefore be read in a hurry, while a greater amount of time and attention should be given the perusal of books or periodicals that were not made up in a hurry and the contents of which, therefore, are apt to be more worth assimilating.

Get on a street car in any fair sized city between the hours of 5:30 and 6:30, when the great mass of workers are homeward bound and notice the men whose noses are buried in the sporting extra of the evening paper. A fair share of them read it through, column by column; and when the extra is exhausted they turn to the sporting section of the regular edition. I have seen men get on a street car when I did, turn to the sporting

section of their newspaper, and keep their eyes glued there as long as I was on the car, a matter of a good three-quarters of an hour. Such a one would certainly pass *suma cum laude*, as some of the universities put it, if he were to take an examination on batting averages, club standings, and the relative merit of different twirlers—but just what good will that ever do him in life? I guess most red blooded Americans enjoy a good, scrappy base ball game occasionally, and most of us look instinctively to see how the home team came out today—but life's too short to spend three-quarters or a half hour a day keeping up with the base ball dope sheet or any other sheet like it.

When there are so many really worth while things that we can read about—things that will help develop our minds, our souls, our efficiency in life and business—why spend much time over those ephemeral things that constitute 99 per cent. of newspaper news?

Let's read our newspapers for the news, merely catching the headlines, going deep into what is worth knowing, skipping entirely all the yellow stuff and then let's pull out of our pocket some little book—and read it.

If you have the newspaper habit badly, try cutting off a few minutes each day until you get down to where you can run through a newspaper hurriedly, and yet come out with everything worth while. It doesn't take long, not over ten minutes.

Then turn to something worth while—something solid, brain building and thought provoking. And take as much time to it as you like.

Only *hurry* through the newspaper.

How to Treat the Customer

By E. ST. ELMO LEWIS

A Strong Business Lesson on "How to Treat the Man on the Other Side of the Counter"

THE personality of an employee may be either an asset or a liability to the company that employs him. The proprietor of a store may be reflected in a hundred ways—through his ads, his store atmosphere, his show windows, and most of all, his employees.

The employee soon adopts the attitude of the management—the public-be-damned company never has public-pleased employees.

The consequences are vital to the company's money drawer.

THE PUBLIC-BE-DAMNED WAY

Mrs. Jones goes into the public office of a gas company for instance. She walks up to the New Business desk and says:

"I am about to move into my new house in the north-end district. I find by some oversight on the part of some one that the gas heater has not been put in. Isn't there some way by which I can have this done by tomorrow night?"

Percy Pinhead is behind the counter.

He says: "The charge is five dollars."

Mind you that five dollar charge is flung in the customer's face the first crack out of the box.

She flashes back, following the lead of Pinhead.

"I don't see why you have to charge for it now when you have to put it in anyhow."

To which Percy makes the illuminating reply:

"That's our regular charge, madam," and examines his well-manicured finger nails to see if Florence has put on the tint.

"I suppose I shall have to pay it, but I think it is an outrage," grumbles Mrs. Jones.

Percy has created another liability for the Gas Company.

If the manager sees only the figures of his business, he looks only at the balance sheet. When he sees that five dollars to the credit of the Service Department, he thinks, "Good service department! Fine service department!"

Mrs. Jones, of course, reads the service advertisements with a sweet smile of hearty approval, and the advertising department has a fine chance to sell her a gas heater for the sun parlor, hasn't it?

Who's the fault?

Let us look on the other side of the picture.

Mrs. Jones enters the service department of the New-Kind-of-a-Gas-Company. She makes the same statement to the clerk behind the counter.

"We are very glad to do that as a special favor to you, madam," replies the new-kind-of-a-clerk.

"What is your name and address? You are going to move in tomorrow morning? Of course, that rushes us a good deal but I think we can manage it for you."

Mrs. Jones is beaming.

"Can't the men get in tonight?" asks the clerk.

"Yes, I will arrange so that they can," replies Mrs. Jones.

"All right. We shall have to send a special crew of service men over there. They will have to work overtime, for which we will have to pay

them extra, as they have to come from another section of the city. We make a small charge of three dollars for the special service. You needn't pay now. I'll just put it on your monthly statement."

I leave it to your common sense and experience which clerk is an asset of his company.

They both get the money. Doesn't it make any difference how they get it?

I say it makes all the difference in the world. How do you insure that kind of attention to your customer? Do you get it by sending out beautifully printed notices to all the depart-

ments that all the employees must be polite?

No.

You get it by thinking the-public-be-pleased thoughts—by training—by giving your people directions on how to handle the public, by making them understand that the way they treat your customers—their employers—you will treat them.

A little understanding of the man on the other side of the counter, though he may be wrong or misinformed, he is always a human being—will work wonders in making any company an asset of the community and the community an asset of the company.

LIFE, at its simplest, is complex and difficult. We occasionally touch one another in the hurrying crowds, but it is only a brief and imperfect contact.

For the most part, every human soul is alone with its problems.

Sympathy and the common heritage urge us to hold out helping hands. But, all too often, we misunderstand. We hinder where we would aid. And, worst of all, we try to make others over according to our own patterns.

The best we can do is to live up to our own ideals as nearly as possible, let the light of our lives shine out in courageous self-expression, and cease worrying about results. We are too finite and shortsighted to judge results, anyhow.

But, when a ray of the light we strive to keep burning does reach some fellow traveler, does show him, a little more clearly, his own way, and we catch a note of his happier singing—then we know pure joy, all the sweeter because unexpected.

We get our pay for good work in the satisfaction of having done our best. To get response from one who has been helped is an added bonus.

—Arthur W. Newcomb

Inefficient Plans Handicap Business

By GEORGE H. EBERHARD

How Guess Work Methods Produce Lack of Efficiency in Many Businesses

THE extraordinary thing about business, it has well been said, is not the great number of men or enterprises that fail but rather the surprisingly large number that succeed.

It is soon found by the practical students who make inquiry into the internal affairs of the average enterprise that each shows a comparatively large number of what can be called preventable fundamental mistakes lived down or the effect overcome at the cost of great effort or large expenditure of money.

"How does the average concern manage to survive" is the eternal question before the investigator. Or, to put it another way, how do they manage to make such senseless and costly mistakes in this present day of known and largely recorded business experience, theory and practice?

What in its very nature may be termed the primary costly mistake usually found in retail, wholesale and even manufacturing plants, is the lack of an efficient arrangement of floor space and equipment.

BADLY PLANNED BUILDING

Upon inquiry it is generally explained that it was not deemed necessary to build a working model to scale, showing the location of each department, each machine, each desk, each counter or fixture, each case, chair and above all, each worker. It was too much to determine units to show clearly the result of the day's output.

No graphic study was made of the plan, allowing each department chief or worker with responsibility to move

under expert guidance. Distances were not measured. Each portion of the work was not considered in relation to the business as a whole. No attempt at a scientific apportionment of space for future growth and expansion was worked out.

In most every case, even those of the so-called model plants buildings, stores, hotels, etc., there was only a general plan, supplemented with a lot of added guesses, desires or wishes of those in control, outlined for the architect's third assistant draughtsman. Perhaps there was a later view of the blue prints. Some may have been changed to care for the strikingly obvious needs.

Often times, as a result, there is a fixed and permanent overhead charge on the enterprise in the shape of lost motion and wasted time in conducting the business because simple working needs were overlooked.

The average architect is pathetically weak from a practical viewpoint. The windows, elevators, stairs and toilets are often located inefficiently.

Hardware that calls for continual polishing, partitions that cut off needed light, woodwork that shows wear, toilets that nauseate or disgust on account of poor location, are part of the burden most firms carry through their entire business history.

BADLY ARRANGED STOCK

Recently a large wholesale firm moved into a beautiful, five-story, reinforced concrete structure where all the freight had to be brought in via the basement through sidewalk elevators, or the beautiful entrance and

display floor could not be used as laid out.

A large brick building was placed so that all the loaded teams with local deliveries had to pull up-grade some four feet in about sixty to get to the street level.

In a retail store, the office was built across the rear, so as to cut off the rear light, when it could have been located on a balcony in the center, and properly reflected light from front and rear windows would light both the store and the office bright as day.

In another instance, offices for the use of the executives who should have quiet, were placed on the noisy street side of a big factory covering a block of ground. Nervous force expended needlessly on the part of highly paid engineers and similar workers means a big price to pay for a car-line street office entrance sign as the years go by.

A wholesale grocer's goods that moved every day on almost every order, had to be trucked from the rear because slow moving goods were stored near the front. The whole mistake necessitated re-piling thousands of cases and barrels.

We can all recall instances where at great cost advertising campaigns had to be fitted by the expert to the business, or the business adjusted to fit in with the advertising so as to save money or increase the net return on money spent. The reason is lack of plans authorizing, in a graphic way, all the factors involved.

Sometimes we find the advertising department located in noisy, dark or cramped quarters to allow for seldom used space on the part of directors and officials not active every day in the direction of the enterprise.

BAD PLANS CAUSE WASTE IN ADVERTISING

Another phase of the lack of planning is the refusal of business men or department heads to recognize changed methods of doing business or the following of the lead of some competitor on the wrong track. These

mistakes are at the bottom of some of the big losses successful business firms have lived down, which could be avoided if money were regularly expended on carefully planned study, investigation and counsel.

The production of cut-outs, window displays, banners, newspaper cuts, lantern slides and all the rest of the so-called dealer's selling helps, without a carefully analyzed and tested plan of distribution to insure their use by the trade is a generally accepted way of wasting money in advertising.

A seventy-five per cent. waste of display material is not unusual.

One of the primary causes is the poor packing of individual pieces to insure their reaching the dealer in perfect condition. It is false economy usually ordered by one who does not analyze the situation.

Another neglected factor is to have an intelligent and experienced worker spend the time and money to insure the right display material or electros reaching each dealer. A department store in San Francisco receives at least \$1500 worth of useless electros each year.

BADLY PLANNED LABELS AND TRADE MARKS

One of the simplest demonstrations of the lack of counsel, study and analysis is to look at the labels, designs and color schemes, trade names and trade marks of the average small manufacturer or jobber, and see what a drag it is to carry them along and do enough business to make a profit, so that the enterprise can grow.

How many retailers or manufacturers—or jobbers for that matter—realize the cost of prominently featuring or displaying the slow selling, highly profitable goods out of proper proportion to the easily sold, readily consumed lines?

How many firms can show a chart and accumulated data demonstrating that new lines added are the profit makers they believe them to be?

The average business man is usually working against, not with economic conditions, because he cannot intelligently study comparative and fundamental statistics of crops, building records, real estate values, failures, commodity prices, bank clearings, security values, labor and social conditions, etc. He disdains paying for a competent service of an expert organization until too late.

How many business men use a skeleton diagram of policy, purpose and reasonable expectancy to build on, except in the department of sales? Rightly prepared, such a diagram is the source of guidance and a safety valve as a protection against fool moves or conclusions.

UNANALYZED IMITATION

Enterprises that succeed, if one is permitted to analyze them and to review their history, are most interesting. In every department that had to do with the finance, facilities, buying, selling or advertising, it will be found that the unnecessary expenditures on account of the usual hurried, empirical methods were a dozen to a hundred times more costly than a thorough study or consultation and the same use of working models, test campaigns, investigations or writ-

ten or charted analysis and summaries could possibly have been.

Willingness to accept the procedure of one man or enterprise as an outgrowth of motives directed to ends similar to their own, is a costly tendency on the part of many executives. The uncritical and unreflective mode of following competitors and the costly mistakes resulting from misinterpretation of the motive or object of a competitor explains more than one costly error grafted into an otherwise healthy business.

Too many business conclusions depend on the presumptions of the imagination, not on convictions of the intellect of the men at the helm.

Reaching out for temporary gain or advantage, allowing sentiment to rule instead of justice, partial or incomplete organization compelling the thinker or executive to be a routine doer, are other phases indicating a lack of abstract reviewing in many enterprises.

It can be safely said that few, if any, business enterprises are so well planned, systematized and organized on a commonsense efficiency basis, that a competent business counselor cannot show simple and direct ways of eliminating waste or lost motion.

THE first requisite of a good citizen . . . is that he shall be able and willing to pull his own weight; that he shall not be a mere passenger, but shall do his share in the work that each generation of us finds ready to hand; and furthermore, that in doing his work, he shall show not only the capacity for sturdy self-help, but also self-respecting regard for the rights of others."

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Retailer's Power and Responsibility

By MARC N. GOODNOW

*A Forceful Exposition of the New Law of
Business Ethics that Affects the Health and
Welfare of Every Person in the Land*

WE had entered a stationer's shop to buy comic valentines of the old-fashioned variety that are perhaps more expressive than delicate.

"We don't carry that kind any more," said the stationer. "Nothing that has a sting in it or a derogatory reference."

"You mean that you can't get them?" I inquired in some surprise.

"I mean that we don't buy them," he smiled, and there was a significant twinkle in his eye which was full of explanation.

The incident recalled vividly to my mind the fact that during the Christmas holidays I had inquired at a confectioner's for several pounds of what is generally known as "mixed" candy—mostly sugar, I had supposed—of different shapes and various colors—which sold for from five to ten cents a pound and was dished up out of great barrels. It occurred to me that the children to whom I intended presenting it would be delighted with almost anything provided it was sweet.

Imagine my mortification, then, when the confectioner told me:

"I never handle any such candy as that. It has to be sold so cheap that the manufacturer can't afford to put even a decent grade of sugar in it. There is no telling what kind of stuff goes into the most of it. I really wouldn't feed it to my pigs."

And I had been about to buy five pounds of it!

Shortly after this, I called with a friend at a drug store where he desired to buy a well-known, much-ad-

vertised patent medicine. I was relieved to hear the druggist say:

"I'm sorry, but we don't carry that in stock any more."

"What's the reason for that?" was my friend's inquiry.

"Because I've found that it isn't a good remedy. It doesn't do what it is advertised to do. There are certain chemicals in it which are distinctly injurious. I can make up a preparation for your trouble or fill a prescription, but I haven't anything 'just as good' as the remedy you ask for."

"But when your patrons demand a remedy, isn't it up to you to furnish it for them?"

NOT ALWAYS "WHAT THE PUBLIC
WANTS"

The druggist looked at him amusedly, and asked in reply:

"Suppose my patrons demanded milk shakes of ice cream mixed with corrosive sublimate and were willing to pay twenty-five cents apiece for them? Do you think it would pay me to sell such a mixture—from either a business or a moral standpoint?"

There was no answer.

"You are the first druggist I ever knew," I put in, "who advised one of his customers not to buy a certain patent medicine because it was harmful, and furthermore did not handle the medicine."

"In the first place," this retailer began, "it is bad business to try to sell people poison—especially under some other name. Laying aside all considerations of morals, decency,

duty to the public and the like, I doubt if a business could run very long that relied upon such sales. The people will find it out after a few of them had been murdered and they wouldn't come back. Besides, public indignation would probably get in a state of excitement.

"In the second and more important place, the retailer has the power in his own hands practically to throttle the sale of any sort of injurious product—whether it is patent medicine, canned goods, glucose candy, bad meats or anything else. The nub of the trouble, you will find, is that retailers are afraid to exercise an arbitrary function in buying their stock.

"Yet, their experience and knowledge give them a perfect right to be arbitrary. They always succumb to the old, worn-out adage of 'Give people what they want.'

"I tell you that half—yes, more than half—the people don't know what they want. The present efficiency of salesmanship today proves that to my mind. You can sell them almost anything. Make them want something that will be of benefit to them and in which they get full value, is what I say."

In that fashion this retailer summed up the salient features of a rather vital situation in present-day business. But it is clearly a situation which few business men seem to recognize.

LOW PRICE LOW QUALITY

The power of the retailer to require that his public be given justice in the food it buys or the clothes it wears or the sweets it munches is an enormous one, but how often does he exercise it?

Of course, the fundamental of business is profit. That is why the retailer is in business. Consequently, the profit must not be obscured by these far-fetched theories on the morals of retailing.

But there is seldom nowadays a refutation of the saying that "Honesty

is the best policy." It is universally accepted.

Then why, one may well ask, does a twentieth century merchant allow another moral no less true as applied to business to frighten him into a panic?

I asked a merchant how much he would lose every year by refusing to buy as well as sell certain goods which he positively knew were either shoddy, not-worth the money asked or physically injurious.

"We shouldn't lose anything by it, I am sure. We'd simply sell the public something else, just as good or even better, to take the place of the old stuff.

"A great many articles of merchandise are adulterated because they can be sold for less in that form and thousands of people are looking for cheap purchases or bargains. Well, when you buy a bargain, it's a bargain. You can generally be quite certain that you are getting no more than you pay for. Now people are beginning to realize this and they are more willing to listen to the retailer's constant harangue that the 'best is always the cheapest'."

COMPENSATION FOR THE RETAILER

"But suppose," I persisted, "that your business did show a loss in sales or profit following the institution of such a high moral plane?"

"What we lost in profit, we should more than make up in other ways—other goods and better goods or in our reputation, our good will.

"I've run my business on the theory that the people ought to have what they want and what they are able to pay for, provided the goods are worth the money and not a positive injury. But I am cutting down my stock and exercising a larger, more discretionary, more arbitrary judgment, if you please, in selection than ever before. Very shortly I shall establish the tacit policy of giving the public what I think it ought to have.

"I mean to use my twenty years' experience in protecting the public

from frauds and injuries they haven't time to know about.

"Every grocer, for example, knows the kind of canned stuff he buys. He knows its general reputation and that of the house. If he is at all observant—and grocers have to be to be successful—he generally knows which of his goods have preservatives—benzoate of soda and the like—in them, which of his so-called fig cakes are made of a paste with nothing in it but apple butter and millet seed. It doesn't take long to get on to these little deceptions; some of them are common talk about a grocery store. Even the pure food law doesn't catch them all.

"Now, many of them are perfectly harmless. As far as I know, apple butter and millet seed are harmless. But I use that merely as an illustration. There are other and larger deceptions very well known in the grocery, dry goods and almost every other retail business that really are harmful and fraudulent.

"Now, I maintain, the retailer himself can do more to keep these deceptions from harming the public than the law or even the public itself.

"In most places where reforms have come the public has had to move first by boycotting merchants who sold fraudulent goods and by enacting local laws. Those same merchants, of course, lost by the agitation, whereas, really, they might have gained immeasurably by making capital, publicly, of their determination to throw away or refuse to sell such contraband. All of which in the public eye would have been a shrewd stroke of good business."

HOW RETAILERS DODGE RESPONSIBILITY

Which is a very simple proposition, though to be sure it is seldom taken advantage of. But the retailers themselves have not as a class adopted such a policy. That is not to say that the personnel of the retailing business lacks moral tone. It merely lacks

information as to what has been done in isolated cases and what might be done. Perhaps it is more of an indication of the lack of thought concerning the moral obligation to the public under which the retailer operates his business.

The commonly accepted theory is that people who do not find what they want in one store will go to another. It is therefore the first law of latter-day competition to carry the things in stock that people want; not the same things that the competitor carries but another brand of the same thing or things that are "just as good." It is in following out that principle of competition that so many retailers have allied themselves with the manufacturers of impure, adulterated and fraudulent goods. In this respect, competition has resolved itself into the questionable practice of imitation.

But will the customer take his trade to a competitor when he knows—when, in fact, he has his grocer's word and reputation for it—that the thing he seeks is harmful and fraudulent?

WHY NOT TRUST YOUR RETAILER?

Suppose that you desire a can of tomatoes. You ask your grocer for the Tom Fool brand; he says he doesn't carry that in stock, but he has the Humpty Dumpty, which he tells you is practically the same thing. Do you walk out of his store and on down two or three blocks rather to find a can of Tom Fool tomatoes, especially since you may have traded with this grocer for years and know that he and whatever he says are perfectly reliable? Don't you, instead, accept your grocer's word for it, decide to give the new brand a trial at least and probably ever after use the Humpty Dumpty brand of canned tomatoes?

Now, suppose that your lifelong grocer told you that the Tom Fool brand of canned tomatoes was preserved with benzoate of soda or some

other injurious chemical and that the Humpty Dumpty brand was not.

What would be the effect?

Would you still be inclined to hunt up the Tom Fool brand in spite of your grocer's advice? If you did that, wouldn't it be a strange refutation of the confidence you have for years placed in a man who might easily sell you bad eggs, rancid butter, skippery cheese, wormy prunes or short measure,—but all of which he doesn't do.

Briefly, how much reliance do you place in your retailer? How much of your confidence does he have? Don't you trust him at all? And how much of a retailer will he actually be unless he has some small share of public trust in the community where he does business?

You might say to yourself, as I have heard people say:

"Oh, yes; Jones wants me to buy Humpty Dumpty tomatoes because he makes a bigger profit per can on them than on the Tom Fool."

And isn't Jones morally entitled to a fraction higher profit if he is absolutely trustworthy in everything he sells? Isn't half a cent or two cents a pretty reasonable premium for one's insurance against the agony of ptomaine and the payment of a physician's fee?

But suppose Jones carried both brands in stock. And suppose he said to you:

"Now, I advise you to buy Humpty Dumpty brand. The Tom Fool tomatoes are preserved with an injurious chemical and might give you ptomaine poisoning. I have both brands."

Wouldn't you be apt. to say, in effect:

Well, why in the dickens do you carry Tom Fool tomatoes? You are perfectly frank and honest in telling me about harmful preservatives, but the fact that you handle goods containing them makes me so suspicious of your entire stock that I think I will go elsewhere."

And what does the retailer say? Generally this:

"Well, if I 'talk' one brand as against another, people call me a crook and say that I'm trying to get rich quick at the expense of my customers. If I should tell people the stuff I handle has benzoate of soda or bugs or something else in it, they'd call me a criminal. So what's the use, anyway? I'm going to sell what I can make a profit on and keep my mouth shut; the public and the pure food law be damned."

"NOT MY LOOKOUT" IS NO EXCUSE

I have heard retailers say: "Well, whose look-out is it? Certainly not mine. The stuff is here. If people want it, it's their's to buy; if not, they can leave it alone."

But is that, after all the merchant's advertising and sales efforts to get business, a proper discharge of the moral obligation?

Is it good business?

Isn't it, rather, not only bad business and sordid lack of charity, but gross and utter selfishness as well?

We have all heard the same kind of retailer say: "There are plenty other people in town who will buy the goods."

Yes, but are there plenty of others?

What is public opinion?

What is the Doorstep Gazette? the Back Fence News? the After-Dinner Gossip? And who is Mrs. Grundy?

Many a merchant, particularly in the smaller cities, has wished that these great combinations "in restraint of trade" had never existed.

In other words, can the retailer bite the hand that feeds him and still continue to feed from that hand? And isn't that precisely the thing the retailer does and expects to do when he fails or refuses to warn his patrons of fraudulent goods or when he palms off preserved or shoddy goods and thus debases himself merely for the sake of a few pennies?

RETRIBUTION NEARLY COMES HOME

A relative of mine owned a large merchandise store in a town of nearly 4,000, in which I had the privilege of learning some of the fundamental ins and out of retailing. We worked off the over-stock of canned stuff that was likely to spoil on a bargain counter, sometimes making it a "leader" to attract people into the store.

One day a gross of cans of baked pork and beans were set out to sell at 4 cents a can, the regular 10 and 15 cent size. It was getting warm and we were afraid to carry them very far into the summer. The 4 cents was principally loss, but it was an attraction.

About four o'clock that day the proprietor was summoned to his home in the greatest haste. There he found his ten-year-old son writhing on a bed of agony with what the doctor called ptomaine poisoning. When the boy finally gained sufficient relief to talk coherently, he said that he and three other boys had bought two cans of pork and beans from that bargain counter and with two cents' worth of crackers had made a mid-afternoon feast. As it happened, none of the other boys were affected.

But that incident marked the beginning of a thorough revolution in that store. There were no more such bargains; the over-stock was tested absolutely before it was sold and destroyed if the least bit suspicious. It was a lesson which probably saved this merchant hundreds of dollars in actual cash and prevented him from the loss of prestige and good will which sometimes is incaluable in terms of dollars and cents. I know personally how often he actually winced when he thought of the possible results of that incident and the amount and degree of derogatory advertising and boycotting that might easily have been his lot.

This moral obligation under which the retailer operates to protect his patrons is a new status which many retailers have not yet come to recog-

nize or to understand. Very slowly, indeed, are we reconstructing or re-interpreting the phrase: "Business is business."

In this connection, it is easy to see that sometimes business is not business, but plain murder.

But the moral side of business is very little discussed.

As a business man the retailer recognizes his position in the community easily enough. As a force in local politics or government or in the church his status is clear to himself and to the public. But how seldom he ignores his moral obligation to the community as a merchant—as a retailer!

CAN YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION?

A small town merchant of my acquaintance was brought face to face with this moral side of his business and his duty to the lives within his field in a very forcible manner one day by a young man, well under age. This boy had asked for a package of cigarettes, but his youth was so apparent that the merchant felt immediately the wrong of selling them to him. And he could not resist a fatherly impulse to dissuade the boy from his purpose.

"My boy," he began, don't you know that you are much too young to be smoking cigarettes? Why, they'll stunt your growth and dull your mind and ruin your health before you're twenty-one. You ought not smoke."

The boy looked up at the merchant a moment and then asked:

"Why do you sell them, then?"

The question staggered the retailer and so impressed him with his own culpability and complicity that he at once disposed of his tobacco stock and swore never to sell another ounce of it.

IT REEKS WITH ANCIENT SOPHISTRY

Naturally, that age-old argument always rises up to combat a question of that sort:

"If I don't sell it, some other fellow will."

Saloonkeepers have always excused themselves on that basis. I have even known of saloonkeepers and their bartenders who never drank a drop of the poison they sold and looked to the community for praise for their abstinence.

But did their abstinence make the crime or sin any the less heinous?

Neither does a druggist drink his patent medicines, perhaps, or a physician the potions he concocts for the benefit of others.

There is an old story of a restaurant keeper who went across the street to the hotel to get his meals.

The argument that you might as well sell it as the other fellow does

not carry any more weight nowadays than the total abstinence theory of public support or sympathy on the part of the liquor dealer. Each is a subterfuge or an attempt to escape the real argument.

So far from looking solely to the public for certain beneficial changes in retailing, the public has a right to look to the retailer. For there is a contract between the two: Here is my money, so much of it daily and my constant patronage and good will. In return for this I must have full value and protection. You are better acquainted with possible frauds than I could ever hope to be; it is your business to be so informed, and if you expect my business you must be willing to see that I have justice and proper value for my money.

Honesty is a quality that is much misunderstood. It does not mean the mere paying of debts or the mere giving of value received. It is a word that commercialism has appropriated without right, and it doesn't belong there at all. The most dishonest men of all are those who are honest in their dealings with others, but not honest with themselves.

—BERT MOSES.

Find Sales Knowledge *in the Shop*

By EARL WELBORN

There are Profitable Ideas for Sales and Advertising to be found Among Your Employees

WHO in your organization can put the best selling talk into a letter? Who can bring out a verbal selling point most forcibly?

If yours is a manufacturing organization, ten to one it's the man who designs the product.

Not that he knows it—if you asked him to write a sales argument for you he would turn out something as formal as a blue print, and as lifeless. What I mean is his ordinary everyday letters, his explanations of features of the product, the homely stories he will tell, in his hours of ease, of the struggles he has been through in perfecting every little detail of the machine. Points that had seemed merely dead steel and bronze take on an air of romance as he tells of their development, of his battles for the best. These things contain the vital spark that interest and convince the prospective buyer.

TO WHAT CLASS SHOULD YOUR ADS APPEAL?

And that interest and conviction is the whole object of your advertising and sales campaigns, whether you operate a business by mail, or through salesmen.

If only writers of advertising would cease caring so much about what other advertising men say about their style of argument, if only they would keep in closer touch with designing and manufacturing, if only they would spend weeks where they now spend hours talking with prospective buyers of the product, there would be an increase of fifty per cent. in advertising efficiency.

THE MAN WHO OBJECTS A MINE OF INSPIRATION

Note that I say "prospective buyers of the product." It is my observation that most advertising men who are trying to get pointers for their advertising interview users of their product. They do it because that's the easiest way.

It's easier to talk to a user on a friendly basis if you have a satisfactory product than it is to go after the man who is not a user.

Here's the danger of talking to a user: if he is satisfied with your product, he probably is a steady reader of your advertising, and has listened carefully to what your salesmen have told him, in order to have pointers to use in conversation with others. So that if you ask him for good points in the product he'll simply repeat some of your own dope, which makes you feel that it is good stuff, and starts the fatal bee of self satisfaction buzzing around your head.

But if, on the other hand, you go to a man who ought to be a user, but who for some reason has not bought, you'll get your eyes opened.

For example, suppose you are writing advertising for a six-cylinder motor car with cylinders cast en bloc; you have printed all sorts of arguments favoring your clean design, simplicity, etc.

But when old man Schmidt informs you he wouldn't have one as a gift because five years ago one of his friends bought a four-cylinder cast en bloc motor which froze up and cracked, and he had to buy a whole new set of cylinders, you'll begin to

see that the man with the cast in pairs cylinders, or single unit cylinders on his car has some field of argument as well as you.

Now then, if in verbal debate with Schmidt you can convince him that the good points of your engine off-set any chance he might take in buying one, then you have the basis for a real sales talk that will convince thousands of Schmidts.

USE LANGUAGE YOUR PROSPECTS UNDERSTAND

Don't assume that the public knows much about your product when you are writing advertisements or sales talks. It doesn't—particularly if you're selling a mechanical product. I had this driven home to me one night last winter.

I dropped off the train at a little town in Northern Mississippi just at dusk. There wasn't such a thing as a street light, there wasn't a sidewalk, there didn't seem to be anything in that town but mud and niggers. But I had the name of a man who ought to buy an automobile. The roads were too muddy to get my demonstrator there, so I was to make a catalog demonstration. If you've ever tried it, you'll know how cheerful I was. I found him all right, but he wasn't exactly tickled to death to see me. Said a competitor was already on the ground, *with a car*. His boss hadn't been so stingy as mine and had let him ship it in. He also told me that a clothing merchant across the street was going to buy the same car he bought, and they had practically decided upon the competing car.

His Southern courtesy caused him to grant me an interview for eight that evening in the plantation store, the merchant promising to come also. Meantime, I planned harder than ever before on a sales campaign.

First, I called on my competitor to congratulate him and to size him up. I found him well versed in car construction, but inclined to talk technically. For instance, in explaining the motor to a bystander he talked of

"cubic feet of piston displacement," which made the listener look foolish. Taking my cue from that, I prepared my argument for the evening.

Being an old N. C. R. man, I had to have a blackboard. We made that by taking a roll of ordinary wrapping paper and hanging it up on a smooth wall, so I could pull it out as we went along. I got some colored crayons from a school boy. When we were at last settled, I didn't talk my car at all—simply by sketches showed how gasoline enters the cylinders, how it explodes and forces down the pistons, how power is transmitted through the crank shaft, and then gradually to the rear wheels. They understood every word, and both men gave me their order that night without mentioning the competing car.

Afterward, I found the merchant had told my competitor that our car had a better motor, a better clutch, a better rear axle, and in fact was better all the way through.

THE DESIGNER KNEW THE BEST SELLING ARGUMENT

Of course lots of cars are sold to men who have already owned cars, and such detail is unnecessary, but lots of cars would be sold to men who have never bought them if they understood them better.

And to an unmechanical man you've got to use kindergarten methods.

But let's go back to the matter of getting your pointers from the designer. I saw this well illustrated a couple of years ago.

A new concern, manufacturing electrical apparatus for use on automobiles had perfected a new device on which it had staked every cent it had or could borrow. The management hoped to sell only one big firm the first year. Success in that sale meant everything.

The sales manager was too smart to tackle it alone. He took along the inventor of the apparatus, and arranged for an interview with the

Company's officials and engineers. The engineers were extremely afraid to put the new apparatus on the car. They stated their objection and as they did the sales manager wrote every one down on a blackboard.

After all had finished, the inventor arose, and beginning at the first answered every objection. He wouldn't leave one until they admitted he had answered it to their satisfaction.

When it was all over there was nothing to do but sign the order. It meant a three million dollar contract.

Furthermore, the sales manager had a report of the whole proceedings and used the inventor's argument as buy your stuff, if it's right.

the basis of his advertising and sales campaigns to such effect that the factory doubles itself every year.

Think it over, you men who are spending the money for advertising.

Your responsibility is not to write an ad. that pleases your artistic sense, or that will bring praise from your brother ad. men.

Your responsibility to the stockholders of your company is to bring in many dollars for every one your department spends.

Don't look up to the sky for your inspiration; get out in the shops. Keep close to the men who *produce*. Then your language will be that of the man who wants to buy, and he'll

If we love our neighbors as ourselves; if in our riches we are poor in spirit, and in our poverty we are rich in grace; if our charity vaunteth not itself, but suffereth long and is kind; if when our brother asks a loaf we give ourselves instead; if each day draws in opportunity and sets in achievement however small; then each day is Christ's day and we are in his presence.

—JAMES WALLINGFORD.

A Rosary for the New Year

By MARY L. KNISKERN

In the day when doubts assail,
In the night when fears prevail,
When your faith begins to fail,
Hope on;

Write upon the open scroll,
Of the parchment of your soul,
Hope on! Hope on! Hope on!

Then continue to affirm,
With resolve that's high and stern,
Till the thought begins to burn,
I can;

Till its echos roll and roll,
'Cross the parchment of the soul,
I can! I can! I can!

Are you pushed against the wall,
And the wall about to fall?
And there's nothing else at all?
Strive on;

Have you scrawled a-down the scroll,
That you have a weakling's soul?
Strive on! Strive on! Strive on!

No man knows what he can do,
Till he's forced to put it through,
Courage, then, my hand to you;
Fight on!

Courage, comrade, clear the scroll!
Use the stuff that's in your soul,
Fight on! Fight on! Fight on!

When the heart is faint with strife,
In the storm and rush of life,
And the sorrows that art ripe,
Be calm;

On the heights above the dole,
There is refuge for the soul,
Be calm! Be calm! Be calm!

When the roses bloom in June,
And the world is all in tune,
When your hopes beat high at noon,
Keep calm;

On life's summit then enroll,
In the secret of your soul,
Keep calm! Keep calm! Keep
calm!

When no danger's lurking near,
When the heart is free from fear,
When the skies are blue and clear,
Sail on;

Then, with glory in your soul,
O'er life's sparkling ocean roll,
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

When the lights along the shore,
Faintly glimmer, low'r and low'r,
Till their feeble flicker's o'er,
Fare on;

Mind your rudder, keep control,
Be the captain of your soul,
Fare on! Fare on! Fare on!

Brave the wide and surging seas,
Shun the reef of Slothful Ease,
Through the gates of Hercules,
Push on;

Round the fearful treach'rous shoals,
That have wrecked a million souls,
Push on! Push on! Push on!

Ever tow'rd the harbor bar,
Where your hopes and treasures are,
Though above you—not a star,
Pull on;

By the lamp within your soul,
You must see and make the goal,
Pull on! Pull on! Pull on!

When, with joy you press the shore,
With the toil and hazard o'er,
As you rest your trusty oar,
Smile on;

Then, with vict'ry in your soul,
Hang this banner on the scroll,
Smile on! Smile on! Smile on!

When the last hard pull is won,
And the last gay song is sung,
As the evening bells are rung,
Trust on;

With your ros'ry in your soul,
Breathe this password on the scroll,
Trust on! Trust on! Trust on!

Practical Business Suggestions

By EDWIN A. FERDON in *The Business Builder*

The Business Value of the Kept Promise and How it Will Better Your Business

AS we hurried to catch the suburban train the other evening my assistant remarked in no merry tone of voice: "If there's one thing I hate, it's to have a dry cleaner promise to get a suit to me on a certain date and then disappoint me. I sent a suit out to be cleaned two days ago and they told me they'd deliver it to-day sure. I dismissed the matter from my mind and never thought of it till five minutes ago, too late to call them up. Here I'm due at a little party tonight and I'll have to wear a seedy looking suit. Why don't some of these fellows start a system by which they can keep track of their promises?"

I'll admit I've often asked the same question myself. And really, why isn't it possible for any establishment that aims to build up a clientele of satisfied customers, to arrange a system for keeping track of promises made and seeing that they are fulfilled to the letter?

Naturally this would be more difficult of accomplishment in some lines of industry than others—but it is really not an insurmountable obstacle in any business.

Just as a basis to work from, suppose we take the business of the dry cleaner against which my assistant inveighed. When the suit was turned over to the proprietor or to one of his clerks or his driver (which party makes no difference) and the promise of delivery on a certain day was given, the representative of that establishment made the promise either (1) because he knew delivery could be made, (2) because he thought de-

livery could be made, or (3) although he knew delivery could not be made.

PROMISES KEPT—A KEY NOTE

Any merchant or business man who makes promises or allows his assistants to make promises to customers knowing that it will be impossible to fulfill such agreements, is merely taking a deliberate step to kill trade. For a habit of that sort grows fast, while the customers who get in its way are apt to go fast.

The only possible reason for adopting such a method can be found in the fear that some business will be lost, because a customer's demand can't be met to the letter.

The fact of the matter is that most customers never do give the date when they need the goods, but put the date much earlier, for fear that otherwise they won't get delivery *when* they do actually need the goods. In other words, customers have been educated to believe that the merchant seldom keeps his promises; hence they try to play safe.

If I were the proprietor of the dry cleaning establishment in question, I believe I would make the keynote of my campaign for business the fact that I made deliveries when promised. I'd put this in my advertising—and then live up to the demands it made on the business.

This could be accomplished by first having it plainly understood that no representative of the business had a right to make any promise of delivery that he was not positive could be kept. If it were a case of accommodating a customer with a particularly quick delivery, then it would be up to the

management to say yes or no. If the answer were yes, the promise would be binding.

HOW TO KEEP PROMISES

Having established an understanding that promises of delivery are made to be kept, not broken, I should install a tickler system in the office and every time an order came in, a card would go into that file giving name, article and date of delivery promised. The cards in this file would go by dates and each morning a clerk would take out every card bearing a date of delivery promise for that day. Every such order would have to be out of the shop before closing time.

Of course, the best laid schemes sometimes go wrong. If, then, for any reason beyond control I found that an order could not be delivered the day promised, someone who possessed tact and good temper would be delegated to call up the party in question and inform him or her of our backsliding. That might cause a bad ten minutes and very occasionally it might cause the loss of a customer—but at least it would indicate that we had some concern in the matter, and that we knew that the promise had been made.

Now, that's my outline of what I think I'd do under the circumstances, if I were running a dry cleaning establishment—and the same method would seem applicable with slight variations to most any line of business.

At any rate, I wouldn't advertise as does a dry cleaner I know of, "Goods called for and delivered in three days," and then fail regularly to live up to my advertisement. Better say six days and deliver in five, than say three and deliver in four.

TRANSLATED STARS OFTEN UNPROFITABLE

There are two ways of getting the right men to fill responsible positions that open up from time to

time in any business. One method is to raise them in your business, the other is to hire them from the outside.

Sometimes it is absolutely necessary to go into the open and find just the man needed to fill a position of importance, because of the lack of material at hand; but often it happens that employers go outside the business and pay big prices to bring men in when a careful analysis of the available timber within the business would disclose the right man for the place.

Go outside and bring in a stranger to fill an important position and you take nothing less than a gamble in the majority of cases. Hire a man from your competitor and you've got to pay him more than he's worth to that competitor. Hence you start him out in your establishment under the necessity of paying dividends, in service rendered, on a certain amount of watered stock, over and above his inventoried worth. He may be able to meet the demands made on him from the very start, in which case he has "made good."

More likely it will take an appreciable length of time for him to get acclimated to your way of doing business, to start the ball rolling nicely—and in the meantime his salary goes on.

In that case perhaps he'll "make good" anyway, if you don't fire him before he gets well started. It takes a real business man to be willing to wait for a fellow to make or break himself—and pay the bills in the meantime.

ADVANTAGES OF YOUR OWN MAN

Find an employe right in your business who seems to have the elements of character and ability necessary to master the job in question—and how much less of a gamble you take! In the first place, he knows your business and products, he is familiar with your policies, he has been steeped in your ideals. The time the other man spends getting acclimated, this em-

ployee can spend in learning the new work. He may require more help, more teaching, more guidance, but the difference between his salary at the start and the salary you would have to pay the man from the outside, leaves his service cheaper in the end.

It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks—but the young fellow you raise in your business who works under your eyes or in the shadow of your methods, is apt to do things in the way you want them done.

New blood means new life, to be sure, and for that reason some contend that it is better to bring in a few outsiders, just to keep the business up to the times. However, it is as easy to keep up with the times from within a business as without—if we mix with men, keep our eyes and ears open and are never quite satisfied with what we've done.

One of the best writers of business letters with a pull in them is a young man down in the Arizona State Prison—sent up for life. He markets the products of the other prisoners through a follow-up system of letters that is truly marvelous. He is able to keep up with the times behind the prison bars merely because he makes a point of doing so.

Time after time I have seen men brought into a business from the outside, paid a big salary for a season or so, and then dropped by the way. They came with a reputation for big things, they went away with no particular reputation save that for failure.

Many of these men made their original reputation with some concern where they grew up, advancing from the bottom rung to responsible places. Because they did good work for this parent concern, some other house conceived the idea of employing them and reaping wonderful results, but the results were not forthcoming.

WHY MEN SUCCEED

I firmly believe that many a man who holds a high position with his

house and fills it admirably and to the envy of certain competitors, does so, not solely because of his personal ability, but because he has grown up with the house and is in absolute sympathy with its policies, ideals and methods, and in harmony with his environment and his fellow workers. To do our best work we need to be in perfect tune with everything about us.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS

On the other hand I have known many an employe who was shoved up into a position for which he seemed ill-fitted to all but the boss. His experience along the line needed had been little—but he had a mind open to suggestions, an ambition to succeed, an average amount of ability and an absolute knowledge of those little things about the business which seem so unimportant except when one doesn't know them. He had to be taught much, scolded a little, praised occasionally—but he got there in the long run.

Too many employers are blinded by the apparent brilliancy of some shining light on a competitor's staff, and overlook the fact that among their own employes is some young fellow with just as great possibilities within him, if only he were given a fair chance to grow up to them.

He who looks only to the open market outside to fill the responsible positions in his business, not only pays high for what he gets, but he sadly weakens the esprit de corps of those within his business and quenches the ambition of capable employes who might be made of far greater use to the business if allowed to step higher and make or break themselves.

Surely thus to sing, robin,
Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the showers,
And dawn beyond the night.
Would thy faith were mine, robin!
Then, though night were long,
All its silent hours should melt
Their sorrows into song.

The Science of Service

By THE EDITOR

BEING fully convinced that the science of business is the science of service and that he profits most who serves best, I naturally want to be of the greatest possible service to you.

I earnestly recommend, therefore, that you commit to memory some thought. Ten or fifteen minutes of concentration at the time you receive it will accomplish this.

A good thought planted in good mental soil may be likened to a good seed planted in the soil of the earth. Properly cultivated it will grow and bear the grain of valuable ideas.

I take it for granted that the mental soil in which these seed thoughts are being planted is *good* soil. The first requisite for good mental soil is receptivity, or willingness to accept truth. Some one has defined genius as receptivity.

The fact that you are a student of *The Business Philosopher* justifies me in the belief that you do not come in that class of people who imagine that they know it all.

Some one has said that the ocean of truth is so large that all any of us can do in a lifetime is to get our feet wet on the shore of it.

If you are an employe, I want you to know that I speak to you as if you were my brother or my sister who had come to me asking my advice on the success problem.

It has been my business for many years to study the problem of business in all its phases.

I have studied thousands of men and institutions.

I have studied many books and journals.

I find personally that I can learn something from everyone I meet or whose writings I read.

I learn more from some than from others, but I learn something from each.

I cannot help you unless you believe that I can be helpful to you by passing along to you some of that which I have learned as a result of my study and observation.

Furthermore, I cannot help you unless you believe the truth, which is that *I want to help you.*

But you will believe both of these truths, and then we can help each other.

You will find *The Business Philosopher* brim-full of basic truths and helpful hints, with articles by successful men and women who are fighting life's battle on the winning side.

In your daily life you get your own experiences. Add to these through the study habit the experiences of others, and growth is rapid.

Someone has well said that the cheapest experience anyone ever gets is the experience of others.

Our motto for this month is this:

*Success in life commercially hinges on
Business Building—
the power to make permanent
and profitable patrons.*

A patron is one who buys something.

Everybody engaged in useful effort has a patron or patrons.

The employer is a patron of the employe, because the employer buys the services of the employe.

The client is a patron of the lawyer.

The patient is a patron of the physician.

The customer is a patron of the store.

And everybody's success in life, as far as money can make success, depends upon his power to make permanent and profitable patrons.

It is rule or law in the sale of things, be those things services or merchandise or anything else under the sun, that the price obtained, on the average, depends upon the *quality* and the *quantity* of goods delivered.

And so this, then, is the basic thought I want you to think about this month.

Success in life commercially hinges on Business Building—the power to make permanent and profitable patrons.

If you are a salesman or saleswoman, do your best to remember the faces and names of every patron whom you serve during the month, and treat them so well that they will come again and keep on coming and tell their friends to come and buy all their goods at the store in whose service you are engaged.

Your success commercially depends upon this, because as you make more permanent and profitable patrons for your employer you increase the quality and quantity of goods you are delivering to him, which goods are, of course, your services.

If you are doing work in any other department than the sales department, remember that you too have much to do with the making of permanent and profitable patrons for your house.

Confidence is the basis of trade, and every thought that you think and every word that you speak and every act that you perform either adds to the sum of the confidence that the buying public has in your institution or subtracts in some degree from it.

A well written letter tends to build confidence on the part of those who receive it.

Neat, rapid, and accurate bookkeeping means correct invoices and statements—and these help to gain confidence.

A courteous, tactful, and alert office boy can win trade.

James Whitcomb Riley

Some Reminiscences and Contemporaneous Facts about the beloved Hoosier Poet

HAD the poetic genius of James Whitcomb Riley not forged its way to the front, overcoming all other ideals, the famous American poet would undoubtedly been known as a great actor. Such was his earliest ambition, and even to this day, despite the fame that has come to him as a writer of verse, he is still enamored of the theater and frankly confesses that he is just as "stage struck" as he was during his youthful days in the little town of Greenfield, Ind., when he had a prominent place on the program of every little entertainment and in the cast of every home talent production.

Like every boy, young Riley turned to a dozen vocations which for the time being he firmly believed he would make his life work, but the most serious of these was to be an actor, an artist or a writer. His ability as an artist was not so marked, though for several years he earned his living as an artistic sign-painter; but it is generally believed that had he adopted the stage as a profession, his name would have adorned the electric signs of the Rialto, just as to-day it adorns the title pages of many exquisite books of poetry.

It was not the stage life, however, that made first appeal to the youthful Riley, but an older form of amusement—the circus. He would be a clown, and the funniest clown in all the world. Of course, according to his day dreams, he would have to go away from home and travel "all over," but then he would come back some day, and that would be the great day. All painted

white and wearing his baggy clothes and a funny little cap, he would take his place in the ring where the lady rode the fiery horse, and he would play jokes on the handsome man with the whip. All the people would be just "ticked to death," and then he would let 'em know who he was, and wouldn't they be surprised!

In preparation for this he and the "fellers" organized opera and circus troupes, and with an old piece of carpet for a tent, gave shows where the price of admission was twenty pins, and the audience was composed of the small girls of the neighborhood who "minded" the smaller brothers who had not yet reached the age when they could be performers.

Later in life, when he grew sick and tired of the law books his father insisted he must study, James Whitcomb Riley suddenly took his departure from Greenfield with a patent medicine doctor's "Highly Entertaining and Instructive Musical and Specialty Aggregation." Throughout an entire season he toured the country with this organization, playing the drum in the band, lecturing, reciting poems and giving imitations. Hungry sometimes, wet and shelterless, soon as threadbare as the rest, he endured all sorts of hardships, but it has never been recorded that his enthusiasm for the histrionic art ever abated or that he ever complained because the ghost failed to walk with regularity. He stuck it out until the season closed, and then, managing to get hold of a new coat and a little money to jingle in his pocket, he made his way home, thoroughly satisfied with himself and the world.

Mr. Riley has enjoyed the personal friendship of many famous actors, among whom may be mentioned Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Irving always considered it a special treat to hear James Whitcomb Riley read his own poems and once remarked that "the American stage lost its greatest actor when Mr. Riley refused to take the boards seriously as a life work."

The announcement of the publication of the first complete collection of the works of James Whitcomb Riley brings to light the fact that within the last year, while the edition has been in the course of preparation, the editors have collected more than four hundred poems by the Hoosier poet which have never appeared in book form. Of this number Riley has definitely suppressed 180 while the remaining 220 poems will appear in complete form in the Biographical Edition, the title by which the complete works will be known.

In addition all of Riley's prose works will be included, as well as a sketch, largely in the poet's own words, of his life and literary career; elaborate notes giving the circumstances attending the composition of the poems, their first publication and subsequent history; a bibliography of all the books of Riley poems previously issued and all articles in print about him; indexes by titles, subjects, and first lines and refrains, and many interesting photographs of the author, his most notable manuscripts and scenes of his boyhood in and about Greenfield, Ind., his birthplace.

RILEY ACTIVE IN PREPARATION OF EDITION

Mr. Riley, himself, has taken an active part in the preparation of the complete edition of his works. He has read every proof and supervised the work of his editors, chief of which is his nephew, Edmund H. Eitel, who has acted as the poet's secretary for several years and has followed his work closely.

The Biographical Edition sheds a new light on Riley's life. In it one may actually see the development of the poet, as all of the poems are arranged in the exact order of their composition, the dates having been fixed after the most diligent research and with the assistance of the poet. The biographical sketch relates incidents in the poet's life which previously he had never disclosed.

Riley reviews his own life, his career, his associations, from the time of his childhood to the present in the sketch. The rare photographs add an interest which is seldom found in a work of the kind.

In the notes are some very early verses that were found among the poet's papers and have never been published. The first poem which Riley ever sanctioned for publication is included in the notes. It is a pun written about a Greenfield friend.

The prose works are likewise presented with the greatest care. In them may be found a sketch entitled "A Caller From Boone," in which Mr. Riley tells of an imaginary meeting with the creation of his fancy, "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone." It was under this nom de plume that the Hoosier poet submitted his finest poetry for publication in the *Indianapolis Journal*. One of the most famous of this collection is "The Old Swimm'n' Hole."

One manuscript reproduced is one of trilogy published in the *Reader Magazine* for the first time in October, 1905, under the general heading of "Some Imitations." In these three poems Riley sought to imitate the style of three contemporaries with whom he had formed a fast friendship. "Ef Uncle Remus Please Ter 'Scuse Me," facsimile of which is produced for the first time, is an imitation of the style of Joel Chandler Harris. Another of the poems is the "Passing of a Zephyr," written in imitation of the style of his friend, Sydney Lanier. The third is called

"Pomona," in which he mimics the poetry of Madison Cawein.

SEARCH FOR LOST POEMS

In searching for the lost poems of Riley, the editors examined the files of several Indianapolis papers to which he contributed, but which have long since discontinued publication. Among them were *The Mirror*, for which Riley wrote back in the early '70's; *The People*, which printed some of his verses at a later date; *The Herald*, which used some of his earlier poems; the *Journal* and the *Sentinel*, which suspended publication some nine or ten years ago; *The Press*, which was published for a short time, as well as *The Sun*, the *Star* and the *News*, which still flourish.

From Connecticut to the state of Washington letters came in offering information concerning poems which the poet still recalled, but could not find. Some original manuscripts were sent in by friends. A number of very rare editions — old paper-bound copies — of which only a few still exist, were found in out-of-the-way book shops. Riley's first scrap book of verse in which appeared poems written prior to 1897 was found in a trunk at the home of Mrs. Henry Eitel on North Meridian street. Mrs. Eitel is Mr. Riley's sister.

VALUABLE FIND IN OLD FILES

The files of the old *Anderson Democrat*, which were believed to have been destroyed in a fire, were found in the bottom of a desk in the Madison county recorder's office at Anderson. Several poems were located in Kokomo. *The New York Sun* and

The New York World both furnished poems which had been contributed by Riley, but had never appeared in book form.

Because of the fact that Riley's compositions were scattered far and wide over the land, the task of collecting them was a most arduous one. However, the editors are now satisfied that they have every bit of poetry and prose that is still in existence and that the Biographical Edition is absolutely complete and definite up to the present.

That the work of compiling the collection should have been done while Mr. Riley could assist in the work is notable, for it has enabled him to revise and edit all of his works and put them down in the form in which he would have them go down to posterity.

The publication of the Biographical Edition of Riley's works is looked upon as one of the important events of recent years in the literary world, and the happiest, no doubt, to the enormous and ever-increasing public who delight in the Hoosier poet and have so long hoped that this work would be done. Every effort is being made to make it a most scholarly and valuable edition, one that will reflect the Riley personality.

The publication is attracting world-wide attention, for James Whitcomb Riley has achieved an international reputation. By all odds the most popular of all American poets, England and the continent of Europe have recognized him as well, and wherever poetry is read the works of James Whitcomb Riley, the American poet laureate, may be found.

"Preparedness is ever the practical secret of success. Without it, opportunity means little"

Wage Earners and Peace Movement

By CHARLES PATRICK NEILL

United States Commissioner of Labor

*The Vital Bearing of the Present Status of the Peace
Movement on the Future Welfare of the Wage Earner*

IT is, of course, a historical platitude that in every great social movement there are two equally important periods.

The first, usually a long and frequently a more or less discouraging one, must be given over to agitation or education—call it whichever you will—during which the energy of the propagandist has to expend itself either in awakening a dormant or apathetic public sentiment, or what is still harder, in breaking down an adverse sentiment and building up in its place a sympathetic one.

In the second period the task is to crystallize the sentiment thus built up in a vast group of individuals, and through some effective form of organization render it articulate, and give it direction and concrete force.

The movement for international arbitration has emerged from the first of these periods; but is now confronted by the entirely different kind of problem that the second period presents.

It is plain that the movement for the arbitration of international disputes has less than half succeeded, in spite of the fact that probably a majority of the citizens of the most important nations have been mentally converted to that principle.

It remains to transform these converts from passive philosophers to aggressive propagandists, who shall see to it that their theory is translated into an institution.

What is now wanted is organized effort that will convert war into a blessed memory and arbitration into a living practice.

And the first suggestion I wish to venture is that the most effective form of organization for the realizing of this aim, is not an organization that attempts to enroll in its membership the great mass of individuals who are believers in arbitration, but one that would set out to bring together existing organizations of various kinds into some suitable and efficient form of federation.

In furthering the cause of international arbitration through a federation of existing organizations, as suggested above, the labor movement, both because of its character and of its extent, would furnish one of the strongest elements.

I am not unmindful that to very many people the mere term "labor union" conjures up visions of strikes, along with some of the violent and unfortunate concomitants that too frequently accompany this form of industrial warfare. Of course, those who know of labor organizations mainly through such manifestations see only their more militant aspects; and to them these organizations, naturally, seem planned and conducted primarily for purposes of belligerency, and hardly available material out of which to build up any kind of peace sentiment.

It is unnecessary for the purpose of this paper to go into any discussion here of the nature and functions of labor unions; of their importance or their necessity in our existing industrial order; or of the part they have played and are still playing in the evolution of the civilization of democracy.

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Let me concede that labor unions—like other kinds of organizations—have left undone things they ought to have done, and have done things they ought not to have done; and yet, speaking after exceptional opportunity for close observation of them, and from a rather intimate knowledge of their aims and practices—and possibly realizing their weaknesses and their faults as clearly as their most unfriendly critics—I believe firmly that in the labor union is to be found one of the strongest, most intelligent, and most effective allies in the movement for the cause of international peace.

In the first place, any plan to substitute peace for war appeals to the army of manual toilers in a material and a selfish way more directly, perhaps, than it does to those other groups of society more happily situated economically. For it is upon the manual toilers who form the unions that the burdens of war really bear most directly and most heavily.

In every armed struggle between nations it is from their ranks that is drawn a large proportion of the victims who are offered up as sacrifice to the insatiable God of War; who go down in droves into unnamed graves; who endure all the grimness and the horror of war and reap little of its rewards or its glories.

So, too, it is upon the manual workers, the majority of whose incomes are small and barely suffice for the fuller needs of life, that the regular taxes levied to maintain a military equipment in time of peace, and the exceptional taxes levied to meet the drains of war fall most heavily. Not that they necessarily pay the largest share, but because every dollar drawn from the resources of the man with little income represents in reality a heavier burden, is a more real sacrifice, than perhaps ten or twenty times as much taken from the income of one who is better off.

Up to the present the demands for social legislation and for the undertaking of schemes of social better-

ment that involve heavy governmental outlay have been much more common in foreign countries than in our own. This has been partly because so far there has been more imperative need there than here for invoking governmental action to remedy industrial evils; partly because the more centralized governments are better equipped for these functions than our decentralized system; and partly because by temperament and tradition foreign peoples turn more naturally than we do to what we term "paternalism." But this contrast is less true to-day than it was yesterday; it will be less true to-morrow than it is to-day.

The necessity for social legislation is daily becoming more evident in the United States. Our problems are rapidly reaching a point where governmental activity in a larger degree will become inevitable, and whether for good or for ill, the popular tendency to look to the Government for a remedy for industrial and social maladjustments is rapidly increasing in the United States.

One argument constantly made in opposition to demands for legislation for the betterment of the condition of working men and women is the great expenditure such legislation frequently involves; and the reiteration of this argument cannot fail to force on the wage-earner the conviction that large public expenditures for the maintenance of armies and navies in time of peace, for interest and for sinking funds necessitated by the indebtedness incurred in war—stand squarely in the way of many sorely needed laws for his social betterment.

Again, even the return of peace after a protracted war, usually brings with it a certain form of temporary disaster to the wage-earner.

The very bane of existence to the man who works with his hands for a daily wage, the specter that haunts him through all the days of his working life, is the fear of *unemployment*. This "economic insecurity" of the

wage-earner is, in fact, one of the most serious defects of our social system to-day.

When a war ends that has drawn heavily from the ranks of the wage-earners, there is always a period required for industry to readjust itself to a normal basis. In the defeated country, especially, the recovery of industry is slow; and along with this, a large number of troops is suddenly released from military service and added to the ranks of those seeking employment, and the struggle for work then takes on one of its saddest and most tragic aspects.

These considerations merely indicate the extent of the burden that the working men and women of a country bear as a result of war and the preparedness for war, and accentuate the extent to which the purely material and selfish interests of the workman naturally—and properly—incline him to peace rather than to war.

But it is not merely material and selfish consideration that render organizations of toilers sympathetic adherents of the propaganda for international arbitration.

It is upon the manual toilers, upon those who literally eat their bread in the sweat of their face, that the burdens of our modern industrial system and of our largely commercialized civilization bear the heaviest. They realize the inequalities of that system more keenly than those who have fared better economically. They come face to face with the concrete shortcomings of that civilization; they realize in their own daily lives of poorly requited toil how far that civilization is from its ideals.

All this fosters discontent; but it is not necessarily a discontent, pessimistic, hopeless, despairing, sullen.

It is the discontent that stimulates to struggle, that turns one's mind and thought from the mere contemplation of the failures of our system of civilization to its ideals and its unrealized possibilities.

And for this reason the seeming paradox is true, that amongst those who are held down closest to the struggle for the mere necessities of life, who enjoy least of the material and the intellectual fruits of our civilization, who live most in its toil, its smoke, and its grime, and least in its leisure and its sunshine—that amongst these one finds most frequently the optimist and the idealist.

It is among my own leisured acquaintances, my intellectual and professional friends, my college and university brethren, that I find most frequently the pessimist, the political sceptic, the social cynic.

For your idealists, for those to whom the dream of the arbitrament of reason in place of the arbitrament of the sword will particularly appeal; whose hearts it will enthuse, and whose efforts toward practical realization it will arouse—you may look confidently to the great rank and file of the regiments of industrial toilers, the hosts of the army of peace and production, who are already marshaled in the organized labor movement.

Suffering a common hardship, like facing a common danger or fighting a common foe, creates the spirit of comradeship, begets the sense of brotherhood; and it is this that has begotten in the working classes of the *different nations* a sense of common brotherhood that is probably not found in the same degree in any other social class.

The age-long struggle for the attainment of the ideals of democracy is going on to-day in practically all the countries of the world. In some countries where the fruits of political democracy have already been obtained, the struggle is for more equality of opportunity in the industrial and economic realm; in other countries the struggle is still for the very beginnings of political democracy; in still other countries the struggle reflects in turn the whole gamut be-

tween these two stages. But everywhere it is the working classes that are most in evidence in this struggle.

The similarity of the burdens under which they chafe, irrespective of country, and the identity of the aims and aspirations under the stimulus of which they are carrying on their struggle, has begotten in a marvelously marked degree a spirit of class consciousness amongst manual workers that takes less and less heed of geographical or political boundary lines, and that grows more and more oblivious of differences in nationality, race, and speech.

This consciousness of class was in some degree an inevitable outgrowth of our industrial development, but it has been sedulously fostered and developed for his own purposes by the Social propagandist until it is one of the most remarkable social phenomena of to-day.

We are, of course, familiar with the extent to which it characterizes Socialism. It is at once the basis and the battle cry of the Socialist propaganda. But this sense of class solidarity—though it reflects itself in a different form of activity, and is not accompanied by the same bitterness and hate toward other social classes—is almost as strong in that part of the labor movement that opposes Socialism, as it is in that part that espouses Socialism. It is what gives rise to the labor movement, and what gives it vitality and endurance. And it is this class consciousness, this sense of brotherhood, begotten of a common burden, that is obliterating political boundaries and diversity of language, of nationality, and of race.

On the basis of sentiment and of idealism, therefore, as well as on material grounds, the abolition of wars between nations and the substitution therefor of the peaceful methods of international arbitration appeals most strongly to the wage-earners of every country.

The tendency of Socialism toward "internationalism" and its frequently

declared opposition to wars between nations are well known; and in this respect the Socialist attitude may be taken as a reflection in a fair degree of the attitude of the majority of wage-earners.

In many European countries the Socialist movement has so largely won over the working classes that its principles may be taken as a thoroughly representative expression of their beliefs and aims. And even in the United States, in certain respects and within certain limits, it reflects views that are common alike to wage-earners within and without the ranks of Socialism.

There are hundreds of thousands of American workingmen who refuse to follow the errors of Socialism; who are actively opposed to the Socialist propaganda; but who are in hearty sympathy with the Socialist in his sense of solidarity and brotherhood, and who share his feeling of kinship with fellow toilers who happen to bear allegiance to other political sovereignties.

To sum up in a word—the sentiment of the working class, whether reflected in the movement for Socialism or reflected in the more conservative movement of the trade unions, is everywhere sympathetic with the movement for peace rather than war, for the arbitrament of reason rather than of the sword.

The labor movement extends the length and breadth of the United States. There is hardly a city of consequence where this movement is not organized, and its total numbers reach into millions. Here then is a movement organized and ready to be utilized as an ally for the cause of peace; and which would be a powerful ally in the effort to make articulate the growing feeling for the arbitration of international disputes; a movement peculiarly in harmony with the sentiment that war has no place amongst the institutions of the Christian civilization which we profess to be struggling to build up.

The Philosopher Among His Books

Business Psychology—In the Sunlight of Health—The Price of Inefficiency—Human Progress—What a Salesman Should Know—The Farmer and His Finances—Problems in Retail Selling, Analyzed.

BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY. By T. Sharper Knowlson, 215 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

Fundamentally, business is a coördination and co-relation of mental processes, more or less supplemented by material things.

Some business operations are wholly mental, and no material things are involved, as, for example, the trading in imaginary stocks and imaginary carloads of grain.

The man who can think more effectively and with greater originality, remember more reliably and accurately, and determine more unwaveringly than those around him wins a greater business success than they.

The man who understands most thoroughly the mental processes of others and how to induce in others most successfully states of mind favorable to his plans is most likely to advance to prosperity and power in the business world.

Just as a man who wishes to rise to the top in the electrical world must learn the laws and principles governing the action of electricity, so the man who wishes to rise to the top in the business world must learn the laws and principles governing the action of the human mind.

Until recently, psychology, the science of the mind, has been a subject for specialization, theory, hypothesis, and abstruse technicalities. It has been studied and understood only by university professors and a few of their students. But with the realization of the fact that psychology is preëminently a science for the business man has come a demand for some practical treatise on the fundamental laws underlying the development, operation, and responsiveness of the mental faculties of men and women.

This demand is met by Mr. Knowlson's book.

Mr. Knowlson is known on both sides of the Atlantic as an authority in practical psychology. In this work he has set forth briefly and comprehensively, and in clear, simple language, free from technicalities, the fundamental principles of psychology as applied in business.

Making practical application to the everyday affairs of business, he throws the light of science on the development of mental forces, concentration, imagination, originality, memory, will power, mental hygiene, and business ethics.

This book should prove to be to the business man, whether at the head of a big corporation or just beginning his business career, a valuable handbook on the forces he uses in his daily work.

IN THE SUNLIGHT OF HEALTH. By Charles Brodies Patterson, author of "Dominion and Power," "Living Waters," "The Measure of a Man," "The Will to Be Well," etc. 12mo. Cloth. Price \$1.20, net; by mail, \$1.30. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, Publishers.

The author dedicates this book to the reader, and proceeds in a somewhat intimate fashion, to discuss with or for him or her the underlying things of life, comprehended in The Living Substance; Divine Energy in Motion; The Coming Race; The Living Way; Scientific Living; True and False Heredity; Conformity to Ideals; Mind and Body; Regeneration; Self-Healing; and kindred topics. The book is not intended to fill the minds of its readers with ideals that can never be realized, but rather is it intended to help people who really desire to be helped. It is a means for helping people to help themselves.

THE PRICE OF INEFFICIENCY. By Frank Koester, Author of "Hydroelectric Developments and Engineering," etc. 8vo. Cloth. \$2.00 net. Sturgis & Walton Company, 31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

This book lays bare in searching analysis and startling deductions, national ills and weaknesses due to inefficiency, Governmental or non-Governmental, and largely responsible for the high cost of living and other harsh conditions. It stands also for specific remedies for the staggering cost, admittedly amounting to millions annually, of avoidable waste.

The author, an engineer of international reputation, and now an American citizen, writes, not as an outsider, but as one who has cast in his lot here. His treatment shows the analytical mind of the scientist and the philosophical breadth of the thinker. Comparisons with the methods and results of other countries give force and point to both his constructive and destructive criticism.

The more optimistic reader will take exception to some of the most drastic strictures upon our methods—but perhaps a little

exaggeration is needed to arouse the average self-satisfied and unteachable proprietor or manager.

HUMAN PROGRESS — A STUDY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION — A HANDBOOK OF EIGHT LECTURES. By Edward Howard Griggs. 25c net. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

Any business man, professional man, student, thinker, writer, reformer or anyone else interested in culture, progress or humanity would do well to familiarize himself with the works of Edward Howard Griggs. Mr. Griggs brings to the study of current events and current problems a keen, analytical mind, singularly free from bias, narrowness and extremism, a broad spirit of humanity and wonderfully clear and forcible powers of expression.

This book in a few brief pages epitomizes the fundamentals in the history of human progress and applies sane, common sense to the fundamentals in the problems we now face. There are topics for discussion and study supplied with the outline of each lecture, and a complete bibliography.

WHAT A SALESMAN SHOULD KNOW. By Henry C. Taylor. Browne & Howell Co., Chicago.

This little hand-book is intensely practical, definite, specific and concrete. Therein lies its highest value. Mr. Taylor has been a successful salesman himself and understands the details of the profession of salesmanship. He not only understands them but he writes about them in such a way as to make his readers understand them.

In his book he treats of such subjects as Approaching a Customer, Entertaining Customers, the Use of the Expense Account, Writing the Firm, Mileage Books, Excess Baggage, Tipping, Improving Spare Time, Keeping Records, and Concentration.

The book is well worth careful study by any young salesman. Nor will an old salesman find it a waste of time to read it carefully.

THE FARMER AND HIS FINANCES. By J. C. Caldwell, President of the First National Bank, Lakefield, Minnesota. Price, 60c. Published by the author.

During a few months of last year, the Editor of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER talked to his readers "On the Front Porch and by the Fire-place" about "Efficiency of Distribution."

In these talks he made the statement that producers and consumers were successfully co-operating in many parts of the world, entirely eliminating the middleman.

Now I know perfectly well that there are plenty of readers of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER who will scoff at the notion of co-operation. And I'll tell you how I know: I used to scoff at it myself.

In the course of several years interested study of economics I had gone into this matter of co-operation pretty thoroughly. I had studied at first-hand and in books the history of a number of co-operative communities and movements, and in every case I found that human selfishness and greed had brought to ruin every co-operative movement that came under my notice.

So I came to the conclusion that human beings weren't fit to co-operate, and dropped the study of co-operation altogether.

Since, then, however, developments have compelled me to pursue my investigations further. I find that enlightened selfishness is causing people to scramble out of the hell-fire of unrestricted competition and to take refuge in more or less complete co-operation in many parts of the world.

This book, small as it is, gives some mighty interesting facts and figures about the successful and mutually profitable attempt of a community of farmers to co-operate in the ownership and operation of a bank, an elevator, a creamery and a general store.

It is written by the president of the bank, who is also an active force in the other co-operative institutions.

PROBLEMS IN RETAIL SELLING, ANALYZED. By William Thomas Goffe. Published by the Western Printing and Lithographing Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

Advises and suggestions in regard to the selling profession, that is: the successful distribution of the goods of commerce; and the "how" of efficiently accomplishing this, has sometimes seemed disproportionately directed towards "the salesman on the road"; and to that extent lacking the quality of "the gentle dew from heaven," which Portia extolled for its impartiality. The thought of many writers, when fulminating upon the subject of Salesmanship, do appear confined to the needs and requirements of the wholesale salesman. We presume this is true because most writers on the work of selling, are in the manufacturing or wholesale field; and they take the line of least resistance naturally. But now here comes a writer who thinks and writes for the retail salesman and woman. A writer who sees some of the retail salesman's blood-red problems and difficulties, and puts them into words, and then thoroughly analyzes them. "Problems in Retail Selling, analyzed," is the name of a new book, by William Thomas Goffe, Area, Illinois. The author helps one to realize that after all, it is to the Retail Salesperson, that commerce and trade must turn; as everything, as a last analysis, depends upon the single transaction, or series of single transactions, between the individual retail seller and the individual retail buyer.

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

Volume X

FEBRUARY, 1914

Number 2

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

THIS time the fireplace is not Sheldonhurst. It is in Scotland. I am in Glasgow, opening a branch of our School here.

Scotland is a most interesting country. Its people are most worthy. I shall never forget my first meeting with them. Mr. Sears, our manager here, had arranged for me to meet some of the leading citizens of Glasgow, including several men of title. They listened to my exposition of Business Science with evident relish, not unmingled, however, in some cases, with scepticism as to the possibility of a science of ethics in business coming along from America—especially from America.

The usual vote of thanks was given, and one good man said, in seconding the vote of thanks, that he was glad to think that ethics was to be imported into Scotland from America, although, to be frank about it, he did not know that we had any in America.

He also commented upon my statement that Confidence is the basis of trade the world over, and begged to inform me that in Scotland the motto was: "In God we trust: everybody else pays cash."

The Scotsman has much delicious humour under that stolid exterior. The positive quality of economy is too well known to need comment upon as a national characteristic in any editorial from me. Someone has said that the Scotsman keeps the Sabbath, and everything else! He is both a money-maker and a money saver.

There are many jokes on the American, many jokes on the Irishman, the Englishman, and the Scotsman; but it seems to me that the Scotsman rather enjoys the joke directed against himself. It was a Scotsman who told me this, for instance:

He said that if three men, an Irishman, and an Englishman, and a Scotsman, were traveling in the same railway carriage, the Irish-

man would be the first to leave on the arrival of the train at its destination, and that he would not even take a look around to see whether he had left his umbrella or anything else, and the chances are that he would be quite likely to leave his umbrella if he had one. The Englishman would be the second to leave the car, but before leaving he would look very carefully to see whether he had left anything. The Scotsman would be the last to leave, and he would look carefully to see whether or not either he or anybody else had left anything.

In spite of all the stories told of Scotch economics and inquisitiveness, it is a mistake to think that the Scotsman will not spend money in order to make money. When a Scotsman once sees clearly the law that there is no just selling unless it is just as much to the interest of the buyer to buy as it is to the seller to sell, when he comes to see clearly that Service is the cause of Satisfaction, Confidence, and sustained Favourable Attention, Interest, Desire, and Repeated Action, there is no man in the world who will more readily spend money, or rather, invest it in order to increase the service-rendering power of his business house.

The Scotsman is a great reasoner. His reception to the seller may give every indication of there being no possibility of purchase on his part. But his logical mind is open to truth, and very keen in its appreciation of it.

From what little I have seen thus far, I should say that the

salesman who tries to trick the Scotsman, or who would lie in order to sell goods, would speedily meet the fate he merits.

Angus Watson—he who made “Skipper” sardines famous—told me a good story the other day. His “governor”—as they call him here—in America he is the individual commonly referred to as “the boss”—had asked Angus to go to Norway on an important mission. Angus had fitted himself out with silk hat and frock coat at his own expense, and was ready to start. The governor, in bidding him good bye, said: “Now, Angus if ye see any opportunity tae make a big showing on a small expenditure, dinna hauld yersel’ in!”

Later Mr. Watson went into business for himself. He had travelled much. He had been to America for Lever, selling soap, and he had studied big broad methods, backed by universal principles. Among other things, he adopted the policy of “Money back if not satisfied.”

A Scottish friend, in fact I think the very man for whom he had travelled in Norway, heard of this seemingly reckless policy, and came to him and asked if it could be true. Mr. Watson told him Yes, it was really true. “Then,” said the Scotsman, “take tha money, lad, and throw it into the Tyne. Ye will at least know then where it is.”

These anecdotes illustrate the Scottish mind before it is awakened to the commercial value of service. In Edinburgh the other day I met a Scotsman who is fully awakened

to the commercial soundness of the Service idea. He is one of the most liberal men I have ever met. He tells me that he often spends 30/- where he might skim through on 20/-,—I am speaking merely of proportions: he expends large amounts as well as small.

He is making good in a big way. I refer to Mr. R. J. Thomson, Managing Director of the Craigmillar Creamery Co., Ltd. He has favoured me with a brief history of his company, together with a sample of his advertising. I am going to work this up into a special article a little later, possibly for the next issue of *The Business Philosopher*.

Mr. Thomson is doing something worth while. He is a man from whom we can learn lessons in human efficiency.

The United Kingdom is a great country. I have not yet had the pleasure of studying Ireland, but I am learning much from the study of England and Scotland. It is a mistake to believe that the Mother Country is not open minded, nor keeping step with the march of progress. It is true that her efficiency in manufacture is developed to a higher degree than her efficiency in distribution, or salesmanship, broadly speaking. It is true that the Mother Country is conservative. She moves less quickly than the people of some nations, but she moves exceedingly sure when she does move. The average Englishman or Scotsman takes more time to form his judgments, but when once formed, his judgments are rooted in a

deeper conviction and are more permanent.

It may surprise some of our American readers to know that the most noted hat company in London has no telephone at its place of business, and will not permit one there. The greatest cutlery firm in Sheffield has neither a telephone nor a typewriter. All its letters are still written by hand; and yet its goods are sold in every country in the world. They look so well to Quality, that they have succeeded thus far in holding a wide patronage, in spite of their deep-rooted Conservatism making them indifferent to all modern methods.

These, however, are exceptions to the rule. Gradually but certainly the nation is awakening to the fact of the value of efficiency methods; and once awakened, any given firm goes in for doing work along that line more thoroughly even than does the average American firm. Thoroughness is one great virtue of both the English and the Scottish mind.

I know of no business concern in America more efficient and more alive to all modern methods than is the firm of Lever Bros. Ltd., the famous manufacturers of soap. I know of no gas industry in the States more thoroughly efficient than is the London Gas Light & Coke Co.

Advertising is making great strides. The advertising men are not nearly as thoroughly organized as they are in America. The Kingdom needs many advertising clubs. London is well awakened

in this regard, and the provinces are awakening. Advertising men are beginning to organize in various parts of the Kingdom. The Rotary Club is making splendid headway on this side of the pond. It is flourishing right here in Glasgow, and also in Edinburgh.

I believe the branch in Glasgow has some 200 members.

An organization known as "The Optimists" is also flourishing, or beginning to do so.

The Optimists organization was started in London by Charles Higham, one of the leading advertising men in London. Branches are now being started in various cities throughout the Kingdom. Its object is, I believe, to bring about betterments in business in general. It specially endeavors to help its members to eliminate waste of time in business, and to foster closer and better relationships between employer and employee.

All such organizations are praiseworthy, and are doing much to hasten the evolution of business to a higher and better plane. They further brotherhood among men, and hasten the day when the solidarity of the race will be seen as a reality—the brotherhood of man made real.

The Rotarians and the Optimists have been very kind to Ye Editor. They make the stranger within the gates of a foreign city feel more at home.

Paul Harris builded better even than he knew, perhaps, when he started the Rotarian movement. He is one of the seers and prophets

of our modern times, a man whose spiritual evolution has not been hampered by reason of his splendid intellectual development. Mrs. Paul Harris, by the way, was born in Edinburgh.

Mr. Harris, as I presume you know, is a Chicago lawyer. If you have not a Rotary club in your town, why not start one? If you do, you will start something worth while if you do it aright.

Write to Chesley R. Perry, International Secretary of the Rotary Club association, 812 Fort Dearborn Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., and he will tell you how to do it.

What has all this to do with an editorial in a business magazine? Never mind now, John. Don't be a pessimist. Be an optimist. Go ahead and do it, and you will find out. Business efficiency will never reach a very high plane as long as business men are sufficient unto themselves, and selfishly seeking of ways and means of perfecting their own business alone.

Men must mix more. The Rotary Club or Optimists Club, or any good organization of that kind is a good mixing bowl, a fine melting pot for the minds of men. The real workers in such clubs—those who live the motto of Service, not Self—prove it. They soon find that learning and love are queer things in one way. The more one gives the more one has.

To my mind, organizations like those I have mentioned are doing much towards the evolution of the race to a higher plane of consciousness. They hasten the evolution of the Monistic idea.

It was my pleasure, when in the States recently, to attend the International Convention of Rotary Clubs at Buffalo. At this meeting Mr. Allen D. Albert, a prominent journalist of Minneapolis, read a paper, the title of which was, "The True Meaning, Purpose and Opportunity of Rotary." It was so good that I want to pass it along. Here it is:

The true meaning, purpose and opportunity of Rotary by Allen D. Albert, member Rotary Club of Minneapolis. An address delivered before the convention of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, at Buffalo, August 19, 1913.

The wheel of Rotary has ever turned modestly. We who are the cogs of the wheel have had delight in the music of its turning. But we have never been unmindful of our responsibility to the power which revolves it and which interlocks our lives in 83 cities with those of a brotherhood still more wide.

Rotary is an expression of the faith of the modern man in himself, of his realization that he can be true to himself only when he is true to his neighbor, of his high aspiration that with however many wheels of contact his own life may impinge, the direction of his turning will be toward kindly judgment, efficient sympathy and neighborliness.

We have all come to realize that our age is transitional. Here in America we have announced an ideal of splendid self-reliance. The expression of that ideal required of us, first, the organization of a government based upon individual self-reliance and then the upbuilding of an industrial life in which self-reliance should obtain the greatest possible reward; and in the upbuilding of that which has been called industrial self-reliance we have permitted a wholesome plant to grow rank with selfishness. The Republic has now come to a third major stage in its progress.

Self-reliance and self-interest are in our time reaching their higher fulfillment in a

consciousness of our responsibility for others and our interdependence upon others. We are now learning—and with us the men of all the English-speaking world are learning—that there can be no freedom for the individual which does not include also freedom for the group.

Every change in society is the product of an interplay of forces. As men rarely act from single motives, so likewise, do social forces rarely express themselves in single movements.

Rotary is one of several important expressions of man's larger regard for his brother. It is probably not the chief of them. Assuredly it is not the only material one amongst them. But we believe that to those to whom the ministrations of Rotary are vouchsafed its spirit may prove an exceptionally potential expression of our regard for these, our brothers.

The movement to guard the citizen of tomorrow in the child of today, the movement to make our children strong in body while we make them strong in mind, the movement to protect the poor in their right to sunlight, the movement to make government more full of care for the weak while not unresponsive to the right of the strong, the movements which have produced playgrounds, bathing beaches, vocational schools, good government clubs, non-partisan municipal politics, wherever these movements have gained momentum and have expressed themselves in a richer community life, there has that spirit asserted itself which has produced the Rotary Club. There, also, is the field ripe for the sowing of the seed of the Rotarian ideal; and if the organizers of new Rotary Clubs in such communities show forth the true spirit of Rotary, the wheel of which you and I are co-ordinate cogs will engage these communities and turn them all in the direction of an efficient and kindlier judgment and a broader good for all mankind.

This is the meaning of Rotary. To make it workable, to make it articulate, the experience of eight short years has developed a few principles, a very few, which are manifestly helpful to its growth and apparently fundamental to its life.

The first of these principles is that for the present at least the organization shall be secure against the spirit of competition. To that end its organizers have limited the right of membership to men actively engaged in business and to one firm only as the representative of each kind of business. Rotary has no room for drones. And among the men of our cities active in their work, business rivalry is still too keen not to make the coming together of business competitors in such an organization—for several years to come at least—a danger rather than a help.

Such a limitation quite naturally arouses question. It has been the subject of such misunderstanding. But the experience of our young life has justified it and the present usefulness of Rotary clubs, their influence in expanding the lives of their members, does not now warrant any playing with the fire of competition.

Our limitation of membership to a single representative of each kind of business has, moreover, worked several distinctive advantages. It has made our membership representative of all phases of modern business life probably beyond any other organization among business men. Rotary is a cross section of the productive agencies in each of 83 important urban centers. The frequent contact thus afforded to each member with practically every other reputable kind of business in his community has proven educational and broadening in the highest degree. No one calling can ever be strong enough numerically to dominate Rotary. This limitation, furthermore, makes each member a representative of a trade and puts upon him the responsibility of representing that trade with dignity and thoroughness. Finally it requires of men who are by nature inclined to follow and not to lead a measure of assertion amongst their fellows which in the experience of every one of our clubs has tended to enlarge the personal capability of these men.

Inevitably Rotary clubs are clubs of picked men. A true regard for the ideals of the organization makes extremely doubtful any general campaigns for new members. Instead, the representative of

each calling should be chosen according to the gauge of professional standing, personal character and companionability and according to that gauge alone. It has operated to unify in our membership a personnel of almost limitless capability for good. It is an indication of the vast possibilities of Rotary that in more than one of our clubs our membership represents a per capita business equipment in excess of \$85,000. It is another and better indication that in one city a state wide movement to further settlement upon farms, and in another a movement to reconstruct great highways, and in a third movement to re-establish an orphan asylum should all have found leadership and prevailing support among men whose natural interest in such causes as good citizens had been fostered in Rotary clubs.

Our freedom from the spirit of competition, though it has become a clear reality in many particulars, is not yet altogether free from danger. We have not yet evolved a means of choosing our officers either in those clubs which are the units of this Association or in this Association itself which is secure against embarrassment. The Rotary ideal of candidacy for office would be that no man should seek election and that the friends of no man should attempt any campaign in his behalf save a calm and unemotional statement of his capabilities to serve us. In Rotary, influence must always be more desired than office.

The organization of Rotary clubs upon a distinctive basis soon evolved out of the mist of apparently confused interests certain concerns which were fundamental to the whole body of members. And the first of those fundamentals proved to be service. So it has come about that service is more than an ideal in Rotary—it is a responsibility of membership. It soon becomes a working principle in the life of a Rotarian that the only trustworthy means of obtaining trade is to deserve it. Now the qualities of service are generally the same. That which can obtain trade for the manufacturer can nearly always be adapted to the business of the lawyer. Hence meetings of Rotary clubs have everywhere become market-places for the

exchange of methods of service or laboratories where the teachings of the experience of many are crystallized for the up-building of each.

With such training continued it would be surprising indeed if the members of Rotary clubs did not fit themselves specially, each in his own sphere, for the conduct of business upon an ever widening scale. Service in the dictionary of Rotary is service in the most worthy and complete sense. Conscious of his own ideal in his own life the Rotarian turns readily to his brother in the organization to obtain service of the same quality. And this alone is the sense in which the trade of Rotarians is directed to Rotarians.

No member of any Rotary club is ever justified in asking patronage from his associates on the basis of his membership. If he be not ready to provide a larger service under given conditions than any competitor not within the ranks of Rotary, he has failed essentially either to catch the spirit of the organization or to illustrate that spirit in his business. An attempt to limit the trade of Rotarians by artificial restriction to other Rotarians is an attempt to compound selfishness. Individual selfishness is wretched enough; organized selfishness is utterly repugnant to every impulse in Rotary. Men make real progress in business along the broad highways of open dealing, not through the alleys of unearned preferment.

So much every visitor to every Rotary club session can be made to understand. What is not so readily comprehended is that this is the smaller side of Rotary. Members of every one of our clubs, whether new or old, come soon to realize that Rotary as a trade organization is subordinate to Rotary as an organization for the development of spiritual strength. This is the working out of an ideal which no man can put on—a stimulus to be realized rather than spoken. It grows within the breasts of men. Without it the life of Rotary is inevitably short and its appeal to those whom we represent an empty and hollow sound.

A first manifestation of the Rotary spirit is the making of friends. Men meet

in Rotary for the joy of the meeting. Here men who have been business acquaintances simply come soon to call each other by their first names, come soon to a deep and personal interest in the welfare of their neighbors within the organization and beyond it, come soon to use the word "brother" without embarrassment.

The ordered round of a business day not unfrequently produces its friendships. To be sure, they grow with difficulty in an atmosphere charged with considerations of gain, not unfrequently clouded with strife and sometimes made bitter by rivalry. Gain in the meaning of Rotary is gain in the largest and best sense, a gain which distinguishes between self-interest and selfishness; and as long as the conditions of admission remain substantially as they are, the air of Rotary sessions is gratefully secure against rivalry and strife.

The men who have caught the spirit of "Service not Self," men who have for their motto that "He profits most who serves best," men who reach out their hands to each other confident in the same ideals of business and spirit, come naturally to express to their brothers of such a company their highest and best selves. And the gospel which underlies this expression, though it is essentially a gospel of hard work and whole-hearted sympathy, is also a gospel of happiness. Normal men are happy men. The fun, the good fellowship, the ready laughter, of Rotary meetings are known wherever the organization is known. The grown boy in every one of us finds the same easy overflowing nowhere else, save only in the home, and sometimes not even there. Where one's neighbors are always his brothers, the nervousness, the over tension, the exasperations of our modern six-cylinder life become the wretchedly little things they really are. Yet it should be said that any member has failed disastrously to realize the true spirit of his club who would enliven its sessions with unworthy jokes or in addition to the exhilaration of spirit which Rotary provides would introduce into its gatherings the cheating exhilaration of intoxicants. Our fun is that humor which Thackeray defined as wit and love combined.

One of the clearest expressions of the Rotary spirit is the general expectation in every club that in everything, failure and success alike, each member does his best. As the passer-by in the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" lifted a threadbare and spiritually impoverished little community out of its poorer into its richer life, merely by assuming that each of its members was moved by his own kindly ideals, so the whole body of Rotarians keeps each member more nearly true to his ideals by counting confidently that each member is striving to fulfill his ideals. Character among men has appealed to us of the Rotary club somewhat as a weave of strength and spirit; the shoddy of selfishness, of corruption, and of meanness, finds its way very rarely to the loom while the workman's fellows stand by to help him keep the weave clean. In Rotary, as in the Talmud, a light for one is a light for a hundred.

The upbuilding of efficiency and the reinforcement of character—this is at once the true meaning and the true purpose of Rotary. It would strengthen men to meet the largest responsibilities of their lives. It would make them fit for service in business, in civics, in the home.

Surely this is task enough. Rotary can make progress toward performing it better if it applies itself to this task exclusively. It should not attempt to become an executive organization in behalf of movements, however meritorious, which are chiefly commercial or chiefly political. Its function is rather to prepare men to choose the right course and give them strength to pursue that course than to organize them into good government clubs or civic and commerce organizations. Rotary is essentially a training school. By a process somewhat like natural selection, its members should find themselves on the generous side, the far-seeing side, the side earnest for good citizenship in every contest.

But as an institution Rotary has too much at stake to risk taking part in controversies where the issue is not so clearly drawn between right and wrong as to leave no substantial difference of opinion

among men moved by a common purpose upward to a common ideal.

After all, the only privilege which Rotary confers is the privilege of duty. Yet so inherently responsive to duty are the English-speaking men of today that under our very eyes the call of Rotary is answered in this convention by the English-speaking men of two continents. An organization without vows, without a secret ritual, which merely yokes men together with an inspiring purpose, moves one company of brothers in the British Isles to quote to another company of the American prairies these wistful words of our American poet, Whittier:

The Golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good.
When closer strand shall lean to strand
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags
The lion of our motherland.

What one amongst us has not been profoundly thankful in a century of peace between British and American brothers of the blood? What one of us is not thrilled as he contemplates that long border line to the north of 4,000 miles unshadowed by a single gun, unpatrolled by a single man of war? What one of us, in this presence, does not feel himself consecrated to set his face resolutely against the waste, the degradation, the sickening sacrifice of precious human life, in war?

The call of Rotary sounds around the world. Whether it be in response to the tragic need of sufferers through flood and whirlwind or to the demand for the quiet offices of seemingly humdrum fidelity to the highest standards of citizenship, Rotary—as long as she is true to her spirit—is destined to make her voice heard in every council for the good of men. This is her true opportunity.

Yet this is, in very truth, the critical period in Rotary. The Japanese have a saying:

The bottom of the lighthouse is very dark.

Ideals are only phrases if they are not lived. Rotary is only a clanking skeleton

if it does not find its expression in you, and you, and you, and me. We—

All are parts of one tremendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul.

It has been said that the real test of Rotary is in the local clubs. The test reaches deeper than that. It reaches to every single man in every local club. The only merit in Rotary is personal merit. As we shall emphasize these principles of Rotary in all our lives, as we shall exact them of every group which seeks to establish a new club, as we shall hold them before us like the cross of the Crusader, so and in no other way shall we make sure the realization of that spirit which has brought us here today and made brothers of us all.

We are warriors, you and I, under a banner which has been put into our hands by Him who made the sea and whose hands prepared the dry land, by Him in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night. We have been blessed by Him in being called to leadership in an age when His teaching of universal brotherhood, when the sacrifice of his Son for the love of man, seem about to bear their fruit.

We go forward humbly yet happily. We make no claim to having found a new religion. We are enlisted in the cause of putting His age-old religion to work in a new sense. And that religion, my brothers—because, however we turn, in whatever direction we cogs may face, whatever other lives we touch, we hold ourselves true to the spirit we have from Him—we call that religion when we apply it to business: Rotary.

If you have mentally masticated and digested the foregoing mental meal by Mr. Albert, you will probably feel the impulse to start something along this line in your city. Yield to this impulse. Do the right thing, right, right now.

I am going to ask Mr. Higham, the founder of the Optimists Club in London, to prepare an article about the Optimist movement, its plans and purpose, and shall publish that later. I am not quite certain whether there are Optimists Clubs in America or not. If not, there should be.

The business man of today has to read, yes, and study and go to the roots of many things, that he may avoid the pitfalls which surround business upon every side.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Man and His Relation to Machinery

By E. H. CLARK

*Greatest Efficiency of the Machine
May be Obtained only by Greater
Efficiency of the Man in Control*

THE tie that binds them together can never be broken. The relationship is so closely cemented that, separated, either one is absolutely useless—nothing more or less than junk.

Modern machinery is born of the fertile and inventive mind of man, and, before it can be used for the purpose intended, before it can become efficient, it is imperative that it revert to its source of inception.

The most wonderful piece of machinery ever invented, for whatever purpose, might just as well be back in the raw material stage as to be without a human operator.

In a strictly literal sense, there is no such thing as automatic machinery. It may be partially such after power and brains are supplied.

A machine may do the work of several men, but it must be directed and controlled by a master machinist!

Man, by the exercise of three great functions, conception, execution and control, insures a continuous advancement of the world's business.

In this relationship arises the most important factor in the manufacturing industries of the world—the value of a *good* man in charge of these implements of industry!

A machinist operator who is sober, intelligent and honest is indeed a treasure to his employer. His labor and skill are always worth *more* and *never less* than his present wage, to the concern which employs him.

One of the worst things which can befall an establishment is to give a "get-your-time" order to one of this class of men just to appease the sudden anger of a fiery foreman, infraction of rules or other offense by employee being imaginative in a great many cases on the part of a fanciful "over" man. At any rate, in the event of some trivial offense, ponder long and well before you let him go—and then *don't* do it!

This thing of trading a certainty for an uncertainty is sure to reduce the revenue of any business.

The operator who keeps his machine at its maximum earning capacity is the man you've got to have on the job! If it takes an increase in wages to retain him, give it.

You don't need to study about it. There is only one way. A great many times a little *volunteer* service along this line adds to an atmosphere of appreciation which is mutually beneficial.

A real, living administration of the golden rule is the chiefest asset of any business, and its dominant feature should be charity in thought, word and deed, to its employees.

The man who fits into the place, the man of responsibility, of the highest efficiency—that man belongs on your permanent list.

A congenial spirit among employer and employees *reduces operating expenses!*

Do you get me?

How Joe Won a Raise in Pay

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

*In Which a Young Man Finds
the Difference Between Asking
for a Raise and Earning a Raise*

JOE MASON entered the private office of his employer, John Corliss, commonly called "The Old Grouch," with trembling limbs and a rapidly beating heart.

Corliss was intently studying a pile of drawings spread out on his desk. He paused a moment, held his finger on a paper and looked up:

"Well, Joe, what is it," he asked, as if he thought he could dismiss the matter with a word and then resume his work. His voice was rough, but not unkindly.

Joe drew up a chair and sat down so he could look Corliss directly in the face. He moistened his lips and tried to speak, but his parched tongue refused to obey and his heart beat like a small engine.

"Well, speak up, Joe. What is it? I am very busy and can't wait all day."

Thereupon Joe exploded.

"Mr. Corliss, I want more pay, or I want to know the reason why."

Corliss stopped and looked at Joe searchingly.

"More pay, eh?"

"Yes, sir, more pay."

A POSER

"What are you doing to make yourself worth more than you're getting now?"

By this time Joe's heart did not beat quite so violently, and he was able to think and speak coherently. The question, however, was disconcerting. It was new. He had not expected it.

"I have always been on time, and

frequently have worked late to keep things in shape. I don't have any bad habits, and I do everything I am told to do."

"That is what you are paid for now, isn't it?"

"You raised the pay of Geo. Brooks in the contract department; and that of Dan Morgan in the advertising department, and I don't think you should be partial to them. Neither has been with you as long as I have. If faithful service counts then I ought to have a raise. Besides," Joe continued with a slight droop of his eyes, and a little hesitation, "I am engaged and want to get married."

"Oh, ho. Engaged, eh," exclaimed Corliss with sudden interest and a genial and knowing smile that nearly upset Joe, for Corliss was not known as a man of smiles.

"Yes sir, I am engaged, and she says she will set the day as soon as I get a raise."

"So, that's it. Say, Joe, did she make you come, or did you come of your own accord to see me?"

"Well, to be honest, Mr. Corliss, I guess she made me."

"Ah, ha. Now I understand. Say, Joe," he went on, a little smile playing about the corners of his mouth. "Who did the proposing?"

"I did, sir," was the emphatic and indignant reply.

"There now, Joe, don't get excited. You have always been so backward and bashful that I have been wondering how you got up the courage to do it. By the way, what's her name. Maybe I know her."

"Yes sir, I think you do. Her name is Edna Sanborn, and she is stenographer for Fisk & Sawyer, your lawyers."

"The deuce you say? Why I know that girl. She is a jewel. But how you ever got her beats me. She'll make you a good wife, and I think she will also make a different man of you."

Joe's hopes were rising, and he waited for the Old Grouch to give his blessing an announce the coveted raise in pay.

HOW TO EARN AND GET MORE PAY

"Now, about the raise in pay," Corliss suddenly reverted to the question uppermost in Joe's mind. "You declared you would have a raise or know the reason why. Now, I am not going to give you a raise, and I'll tell you why. You have been an assistant book-keeper, for several years, and yet during that time you have not made a single suggestion that would enable me to cut down expenses or increase business. You have been content to go along doing what you have been told to do, and no more, and you are getting about all you are worth."

It was hard for Joe to take the blow. Hot indignation swelled in his heart, and a quick retort came to his lips, but he checked himself, and merely exclaimed:

"I didn't realize that I was expected to do anything more than what I was told to do. It is your place to make the plans for running the business."

"That is the reason I am running it. Maybe if you learned how to make plans you would not remain a book-keeper long. I raised the pay of George Brooks because he discovered where new buildings were about to be erected and helped me land valuable contracts. Dan Morgan worked out a system of shipping that greatly reduced expenses, and the shipping department is not in his line either. These men earned more and made more money for the firm by using their brains. Now you set your

brains to work and when you show me that you have an idea that will bring new business or save expenses then you will get a raise without asking for it."

MORE DETAILS ABOUT RISING IN THE WORLD

Joe's mind was in a tumult. Something within told him that Corliss was right, and with this feeling came the exultant hope that he could solve some money making ideas. But he did not know how to start.

"What opportunity is there for a book-keeper," he exclaimed, "It is all routine work."

"Study the entire contracting business. Learn about building materials, their origin, cost, and how they are handled. Read books and magazines on business. Above all, learn how to develop ideas. Mix printer's ink with your brains. That is the way men get ahead in the world. Stop being merely an adding machine. Fill your head with information about business, and in a little while you will have a lot of ideas of your own, and ideas make fortunes."

Joe left Corliss with his head in a whirl. He felt as if he had been rudely shaken out of a dream. He had failed to get the coveted raise, but he had learned the reason and that gave him new hope, for he felt confident that he could develop the ability required.

He began his studies at once. Without explaining his purpose to his associates, he denied himself to games and common amusements and devoted his time to magazines, books, and periodicals that dealt with the contracting business. He sought information from every possible source, and in his eagerness he sometimes incurred the wrath of the rough and ready foreman who he persistently questioned.

MUSCLES, FISTS, AND COURAGE WIN RESPECT

One afternoon he visited the new court house, a massive structure, un-

der construction by the Corliss Co., in which Corliss took great pride. Joe wanted to see how some of the finishing work was done.

During his tour of inspection he became so absorbed that he did not notice where he was going, and he got in the way of Pete Mulligan, and a gang who were carrying out some scaffolding.

"Git out o' there, y' lazy front office dude," yelled Mulligan angrily, "G' long back where you b'long, and stop spyin' round here."

"I am not spying and I am not a dude," retorted Joe defiantly. "I'm learning the business."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Tryin' to get solid wid th' boss, eh? Well, hike along before y' git some dirt on y'r pretty clothes."

Mulligan brushed against him, and then Joe turned:

"Say, you infernal Mick, I have a notion to break your face for that. Did you hear me?" He raised his hand as if to strike Mulligan.

"Well, I'll be blowed, ef th' little office dude isn't goin' to fight," and Mulligan grinned maliciously first at Joe and then at the men who were looking on, wondering what was going to happen next.

"If you call me a dude again, I'll slap your face."

"Ye little wart, y'r worse than a dude. Y' couldn't slap me little finger."

"Look out, Mulligan," exclaimed a man, "he is going to hit you."

There was a rush of something through the air and before Mulligan could raise a hand in self defense, Joe had slapped him on each cheek and then knocked him down and was at the throat of the amazed Irishman.

The men stood and laughed. Not one raised a hand to help the fallen tormentor.

With superhuman fury Joe clutched Mulligan's throat, held him down and sat on him while the Irishman writhed and gasped for breath.

"Say I'm not a dude and I'll let you up." He tightened his grip while Mulligan continued to struggle.

"You're no dude, Joe," gasped the Irishman. "I was just foolin'. Can't y' take a joke?"

"All right then, get up, and don't try any more jokes on me."

Mulligan rose and went on with his gang.

Joe turned and much to his chagrin caught sight of John Corliss, in a side corridor.

Corliss was laughing.

"You did a good job, Joe," he exclaimed, "I saw it all. I guess Mulligan will treat you with more respect after this."

"It's about time," was Joe's reply.

"So you are learning the business, are you?" continued Corliss. "If you keep on I am sure you will succeed, for an important part of it is to know how to manage men, and I see you know how to knock a man down without much ceremony."

Corliss turned down the main corridor and went away, still chuckling.

The news of Joe's encounter with Mulligan soon spread, and thereafter he was treated with great consideration by all the men connected with the concern. As for Mulligan, he was chaffed unmercifully, but he always took it good naturedly, for he knew the joke was on him. He got out gracefully by saying:

"Joe's some man, after all, but I tell ye it tuk Mulligan to bring it out of 'im."

MAKING GOOD AT A THANKLESS TASK

Joe was indeed "learning the contracting business," and incidentally he was becoming familiar with the great principles that govern all business. An article in a magazine devoted to business methods impressed him deeply. The writer went on to say: "The four cardinal principles of modern business are to get the orders, deliver the goods, keep down expenses and collect your bills."

"He doesn't say anything about paying your own bills," commented Joe, "but I guess he is leaving that to the other fellow. Let's see what there is in this bit of advice for me. I have it. Office collections. I'll try out the plan on our fine assortment of delinquents."

The next day he amazed the well oiled Dawson, chief clerk, with this singular request:

"Mr. Dawson, you know we have a good many accounts to collect and I wish you would let me try my skill in collecting some of the bad bills."

"Why, Joe," replied Dawson, as he lifted his eyebrows and pursed his lips, "that is the meanest and most thankless job in the office. I usually have to look after it because none of the clerks are able to half do it. I would be delighted to let you try, but I want to warn you that it will not mean an increase in salary."

The accounts were turned over to Joe who classified them as "good," "medium," and "bad." He found old bills running back for five years. Acting on hints obtained from the magazine, and using ideas of his own that were beginning to grow in his brain, he wrote personal letters to all the old creditors in the name of John Corliss. His letters were more like sympathetic inquiries than "duns," asking about the welfare of the creditor, including a line of "jolly," and a bit of information of interest to each one, and at last an incidental statement of account. In a short time he began to get results, and by the end of the month some old customers who were considered almost hopeless had paid up, and were writing about new business. When Corliss mentioned the big increase in collections in an office conference with Dawson, the latter gentleman forgot to mention the fact that Joe was the one who had brought about the improvement in collections. He did not lie. He did not say anything. He merely allowed Corliss to believe that he, Dawson, was a won-

derfully successful collector, and Corliss did not indicate that he knew otherwise.

THE PROBLEM OF THE LIONS

Hot weather came on apace and with it the announcement that the new court house would be publicly accepted on the Fourth of July as part of a great city and county celebration. All that remained to be done was to place the big stone lions on their pedestals at the front entrance.

One morning Joe's attention was attracted by a hurried visit of Superintendent O'Brien to the office of Corliss. Later Joe learned that Mulligan, the Irish foreman who had called him a dude, had made a serious blunder in placing the stone lions. They were massive figures of carved granite weighing two tons each. The gang detailed to set them in place had slid the great stone figures along on heavy timbers, and then placed jack screws under the lions and removed the timbers. The next thing was to get the jack screws out. The stone figures had to be handled with great care, lest they be injured by a sudden jolt. They were finely carved, and were the pride of the commissioners who were about to accept the new court house from the contractor. Mulligan explained his blunder by saying that he "thought th' boss 'ad a derrick somewhere, so he could lift th' lions and take out th' jacks."

At noon Joe hurried through his lunch and then went over to the court house to investigate. There the lions were high in the air, looking still higher because of the jack screws on which they rested.

"They can be raised only by a big crane, and there is not one within a hundred miles," commented Joe to his companions, as he tried to devise some plan by which the jack screws could be removed.

THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

On the way back to the office, Joe passed a little grocery kept by his

friend, Peters, where he occasionally bought fruit. Peters was outside in the broiling sun taking boxes into his store on a truck.

Joe stopped to chat for a few moments.

"I've got it. By Jove, I've got it," exclaimed Joe excitedly.

"Got what?" exclaimed Peters.

"Never mind. Nothing but an idea."

"What's that?" asked Peters. "Something good to eat?"

"Yes, if you know how," replied Joe, as he hurried away.

Five minutes later Joe rushed into the office of Corliss, whom he found trying to work out a plan by which the lions could be lowered to their pedestals.

"Say, Mr. Corliss," Joe exclaimed breathlessly, "I can get those jack screws out without killing the lions if you will let me use my own plans."

"What is your plan?"

"If it is all the same to you, Mr. Corliss, I would rather not give the details just now."

"Well, tell me how much it will cost."

"About a dollar—practically nothing. Let me have a team and wagon and two men, and I'll agree not to spend more than a dollar."

Corliss pondered for some time, as he studied Joe carefully. Then he said with a sigh:

"It's a desperate case, Joe, and you are asking me to risk a great deal, but you seem to be so confident of your plan that I am going to let you try it. Go ahead, take a hundred teams if you need them, but remember that the standing of the company is at stake in this affair. A fellow who can lick Mulligan ought to have something in him. This is your chance to do something big, so go along."

The word soon ran through the office and the works where materials were prepared for buildings, that Joe Mason had declared he would lower

the stone lions without a derrick, and singular as it may seem, many of his associates believed he could do it because he had whipped Mulligan. Therefore, they were all at the new court house at the appointed time.

HOW EASY!—WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

Joe arrived perched on the seat with the driver of the team and wagon that he had asked Mr. Corliss to furnish. Without stopping to explain anything, Joe turned to the men and began giving directions. They pulled burlap off the wagon, exposing a collection of small blocks of ice, all the same size. The ice was carefully placed beneath the corners of the stone lions, and the jack screws quickly removed.

"Dead easy, isn't it," exclaimed Joe. "Watch the ice melt and see the lions get down where they belong." Even as he spoke the intense heat of the broiling sun had started to melt the ice, and a tiny stream trickled down the side of the pedestals. Soon other streams began to flow on all sides and the stone lions gradually sank into place.

Mulligan came up and held out his hand.

"Joe, y'r no dude. I was a dom liar when I said it. Y'r a rale man." Joe shook Mulligan's hand warmly while everybody laughed and applauded.

UP THE LADDER

Half an hour later Joe sat in the private office of John Corliss. "I have been watching you for some time," Corliss was saying. "A man who can collect dead accounts, win a girl like Edna Sanborn, lick Mulligan, and do what you did today is somebody, and I need just such a fellow right here with me at the head of things. How would you like to be assistant manager at \$200 a month? Surprised are you? I know all about how you can collect bad accounts. Some of my old customers told me. Here's a check for \$500, and you can take a month off for a honeymoon."

Joe was too amazed to say much. He forgot all about the speech he had prepared with which to back up his demand for more pay.

"Now, Joe," said Corliss in conclusion, "I want you to tell me a little secret."

"What is that?" asked Joe wonderingly.

"How did you come to hit upon your scheme?"

"Oh, just stumbled on to it yesterday noon. I saw a box sitting on a cake of ice in front of Peter's grocery and observed that the ice was melting under it. Then I made some deductions and applied them to the stone lions."

"There is more back of it yet," observed Corliss. "The girl gave you a shove and I gave you a swift kick and between us we made a man of you."

A light of new understanding entered Joe's mind.

"So when you have the wedding," added Corliss, "don't forget to invite your friend, the Old Grouch."

Corliss touched a button.

Dawson entered.

"Mr. Dawson, I have appointed Mr. Mason my assistant. Fix up the room adjoining mine as his office. He will tell you what he wants. When I am not here he is boss."

America's Responsibility in Peace

By SIR EDWIN GREY

SIR EDWARD GREY recently made some very significant statements in regard to Anglo-American friendship and international peace. In a speech of welcome to Mr. Walter Hines Page he said: "If Mr. Page comes to us with proposals arising from the desire of his government to find some way of making more remote the appeal to blind force between nations he will find in this country and from the British Government a ready response. Of all great Powers in the world the United States is most fortunately placed for taking such an initiative. It is beyond the reach of menace or aggression from any neighbor on the American continent. The idea of menace or aggression on land towards the United States is both physically impossible and intellectually unthinkable. And on either side they enjoy the protection not of a channel but of an ocean. And, after all, with all those natural advantages they have also, we know, the capacity and the resources, if they desired it, to create both a military and a naval force

greater than anything the world has ever seen. Now if, from such a quarter, peace proposals come, they come beyond the suspicion of having been inspired by any feeling of pusillanimity, by any national necessity, or by any desire to secure an advantage in disarming or placing at a disadvantage any other nation who can injure them. In other words, if there are to be proposals to make war between other nations more remote, it is from the United States most certainly that these proposals could be made in the world at large with full dignity and with a good faith which is beyond suspicion. One thought more. Great as is the friendly feeling between the United States and Great Britain today, it is a friendly feeling which I trust will still grow and develop; but to whatever degree it develops and however strong it becomes, I believe it is their wish, and I am sure that it is ours, that that friendly feeling between the two countries, though it may serve as an example to all nations, should never be a menace to any."

The Handling of the Petty Cash

By E. ST. ELMO LEWIS

Of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company

*An Article Showing the Importance
of Watching the Small Things*

ONE day long ago a lawyer of some note had a call from a man unknown to him. The caller stealthily closed the door and pulled up a chair.

"I am running a quiet little card game near by," he said, "but I run my place on the square. I won't have any man getting away with stolen money if I know it.

"You are attorney for the Blank Manufacturing Company, I believe; and I have come to tell you that one of their trusted clerks frequents my place, and loses heavily of money I am convinced is not his. You can act in the matter as you see fit."

With this he left.

Now the lawyer knew the clerk was regarded as a trustworthy young man, and at first was inclined to discredit the gambler's story. But as he thought it all over he recalled certain extravagances of the clerk's, and concluded that it was his duty to lay the facts before the company. He accordingly asked them to meet him at their office on a Sunday morning.

Like hundreds of other concerns, they believed that their methods and bookkeeping were watertight. There might be small difficulties once in a while in the factory and yard, leaks which soon were discovered and stopped up.

But to have a serious leak in their office methods, under their very eyes, seemed impossible. After some discussion they complied with their attorney's request.

Being assembled he asked them if anything about their earnings had

ever seemed out of proportion to other known things about the business, and if they had looked for the cause.

They replied that they had often wondered why the net profit had appeared so small considering the large volume of business done. But they had never thought of laying it to poor bookkeeping or loose working methods.

They knew their accounts showed certain things, but that they gave the true condition of affairs they never doubted.

Then the lawyer told them the gambler's story. They were dumfounded over the report and at first would not believe there was any truth in it.

But when certain facts concerning the life and habits of the trusted clerk were pointed out, facts which in the rush of business they had not noticed or cared anything about, they were forced to admit that something was loose.

"Does this clerk handle any money?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "he has the paying of petty expense items, all small amounts, such as freight, express, cartage, postage, and the like."

"May I see some of the entries for such expenditures?" he then asked.

The petty cash book was placed before him, when he picked out three or four such items at random covering the period of a month.

"Now let me see the vouchers for these entries," he demanded.

"There is very little use in that," said the manager, "one item here is only eighteen dollars, another seven fifty, while this one is only one-fifty."

These are entered correctly and no one could have gotten away with them."

"Let me see them anyway," quietly insisted the lawyer. He believed that he was on the right track to discover the loss.

After some delay the original vouchers were found in the files and placed before them. Imagine their surprise and chagrin to discover that the actual amounts were six dollars, two fifty and fifty cents, in each case.

These men spent the entire day right there going through the whole petty cash covering seven years, and at night found that the total stealings amounted to almost sixty thousand dollars.

The leak had been reducing their resources for a period of more than five years, and eventually would have bankrupted them. It was growing larger all the time.

The clerk had used a simple system of charging off the freight bills at exactly three times their actual amount, and pocketed the difference. He knew his employers had every confidence in him, and that the chance of discovery was very remote.

In this case the business was growing steadily, and the increasing expense account due to false entries was covered by the general average of higher costs of operation.

With the help of their lawyer they made their cash accounts—the vulnerable points—and their methods of handling money, absolutely watertight. The lawyer was not an expert at accounting, but he had plenty of common sense. He was able to point out the loose ends of their business methods.

He saw clearly that they should have a special cash fund from which to pay all petty cash items of expense usually paid out in currency. They should make the clerk paying such items responsible for the amount of the fund. He should make daily or weekly statements showing an exact

balance with the money still on hand.

They saw the advantage of this plan and at once adopted it. They drew a check to cover the usual expenditures for one week. This amount was charged to a Petty Cash Account opened in the general ledger. The money was placed in a separate cash drawer.

The lawyer then suggested that the company required a Petty Cash Ticket made out for every item paid out. This was a very simple matter to arrange, and the ticket or voucher was printed to show at the bottom a series of small spaces. In these spaces appeared the names of the principal expense accounts.

When a voucher is drawn up, the account to which the item is to be charged is indicated by simply placing a check mark (v) in the space bearing the account name. In every case the voucher must be signed by the cashier or manager before being paid. This is the safeguard feature for the company.

Once a week or when the fund is nearly exhausted, the clerk is required to make up a Petty Cash Statement. This is a very simple process. The form is so designed that a perfect distribution of the expense is easily made in separate columns and the footing of each column carried down to the bottom of the sheet.

The total of each debit column is posted direct to the corresponding account in the ledger, and the grand total is posted to the credit of the Petty Cash Account. Another check is then drawn for the amount of expenditures, thus replenishing the fund to its original amount. This is then charged to the Petty Cash Account as before.

Once started, the work of safeguarding their business went steadily on, until every loose and weak place was protected. They now know that they are getting all their profits. They know, moreover, exactly what their profits are.

What Is Good Advertising Copy?

By AUSTIN WOODWARD

*An Able Discussion
of One of the Most Vital
Phases of Advertising*

THE average advertisement is like the average human being in one respect: It is quite sure to come in for its share of being "knocked."

Yet this is only natural when we pause to consider how widely we all differ in our views and tastes—that it is rarely the case that any two people regard a given subject in exactly the same light. It's a case of "many men, many minds." They may agree on certain points but are quite sure to diverge upon others.

WHY IS A LAUGH?

We all know how human it is to enjoy a good laugh, yet, for centuries men have been trying to agree upon just what constitutes wit and what constitutes humor. But it still remains an open question. And it always will, for the very thing that seems bright and clever to one type of mind will seem stupid and commonplace to another; and a "joke" to one man is coarse vulgarity in the ears of someone else.

So it is with our moods. They "do not believe in each other."

And here's where hangs the fate of reams of copy. There's a tremendous amount of it that either "gets by" or is "killed," according to the condition of the censor's liver.

HOW SHALL I SAY IT?

Coupled with the wide variance of individual ideas and habit of thought, is the difficulty of giving complete expression to an idea by means of words—of putting it down in black and

white so accurately that it cannot be construed by someone else to mean something entirely different from what the writer intended.

As Emerson aptly puts it, "We see what we animate, and animate what we see. From the mountain we see the mountain."

For words are slippery things and their usefulness is often hampered by the fact that a word does not always convey a certain definite impression to all minds.

"MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS"

To give this actual demonstration, just take fifty duplicate proofs of *any* advertisement. Submit those proofs to fifty different people for criticism, and observe the variance of opinion when those proofs come back.

Almost everyone loves to criticize. It's one of the easiest things in the world for humanity to point out what it regards as the other fellow's fault. Artists are particularly strong at this stunt. Funniest of all, many of us are prone to regard our own particular way of looking at a thing as the only correct one.

The questions arise, "Where are we, anyhow? *Who is right*, after all? *Who really knows?*"

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

When it comes to judging copy, *one thing is positive: the man nearest right (mark the words) is the man who's watching the results*, not the "smart" Tom, Dick or Harry, who hastily gauges merits by his own personal likes and dislikes. But even the man who is watching the returns

has to do a lot of guessing, for there isn't anything more vague and elusive when you get well into it, than this business of determining the real, rock-bottom facts as they relate to returns from advertising. The thread winds here and there. It's a case of now you see it, now you don't. It's seldom in complete sight.

WHERE IS THE PUNCH?

For example, take a specific mail order proposition: You notice a sudden increase in returns. Inquiries are fairly *pouring* in. So you sit down to wrestle with cause and effect. You are going to analyze, deduce and all that sort of thing.

You go carefully over the proofs of copy in the consecutive order of its appearance during the past three, four or even six months. You observe that the line of talk is pretty much the same, so the increased returns can't be due to the text.

Then you discover that the latest proof shows a big, attractive cut of a popular premium—one of the house's best offers.

"Ah, *that's* what did the business," you say.

You take a second look at the advertisement.

The headline begins to look extra good to you.

Result is you begin to waver, wondering whether the honors shouldn't be evenly divided between the premium and the headline.

So you resolve, for your next copy, upon big cuts of popular premiums and big, block headings that fairly yelp for attention.

Suddenly it dawns upon you that this copy was run in the agricultural papers, just after the farmers had sold their crops and had plenty of ready money on hand; then, upon still deeper investigation, you find that virtually the same copy appeared in the general magazines, and that it scarcely pulled at all.

Thus your dream of certainty is shattered.

ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS WILL GET YOU

You see a close analogy between your job and that of the weather man.

You realize that it's one thing to be "chesty"—to look wise and affirm positively to the Board of Directors that such and such is the case.

It's another thing to really *know*.

The plain truth of the matter is, you can go just so far,—no farther. When it comes to figuring the details of advertising down too finely, you come to a limit. You wind up in a beautiful game of guess-work.

Madame Publicity will stand just about "so much." She is too sensitive a creature to undergo extreme vivisection.

Doubtless, complicated office routine and careless clerks are accountable to a very considerable extent for the inaccuracies that creep in, but there are numerous other influences, oftentimes invisible, that render absolute correctness impossible. No one can realize the truth of this more keenly than the man who has "been through the mill."

And so, the man who boils down and measures matters from other men's viewpoints, then blends the resultant ideas with his own ideas and actual experiences; the man who gets all the angles he possibly can, then weighs, adjusts to the finest attainable hair-point and finally *balances*—that man is going to strike the sanest average—is going to arrive *nearest* to the truth in relation to his own particular problems.

It entails close study and analysis of varied and ever-changing conditions, the constant establishment of new standards to meet latest requirements—a tremendous task at best, thinking, planning, building, meeting unforeseen contingencies, tearing down, rebuilding, over and over again, each time a little better, yet never quite complete—rewarding us in the same ratio that we apply intelligence and common sense as we follow the trail.

What it Costs to Do Business

By A. M. BURROUGHS in *A Better Day's Profits*
Copyrighted 1912, by Burroughs Adding Machine Company

A Retailer May Fool Himself by Failing to Charge All of his Expenses into his Cost of Doing Business, but his Expenses will Come out of his Gross Profits just the Same

UNTIL recently retail grocers in a certain Western city were paying \$1.40 for a 50-pound sack of flour, which they were selling for \$1.55. This allowed them a gross profit of only fifteen cents per sack.

The Retail Grocers' Association in this Western city took up this problem in a special convention. Most of the grocers agreed that this fifteen cents did not allow a profit, though a few were of the opinion that they were making a little on it.

The result of the discussion was an investigation into the cost of doing business in that city. When the different grocers began producing their books to show their expenses, a very wide range of costs were shown.

Some of them had cost systems and declared it cost them 22% to 25% to do business. A few, while admitting that their systems were not very complete, estimated their costs at 10% to 12%.

The final result of the investigation was an agreement (those who *knew* didn't "agree") upon the average of 15% as the proper and correct cost of doing business.

WHAT IT REALLY COSTS

But this average was plainly incorrect because the low figures ranging around eleven and twelve and thirteen per cent. were from the stores of grocers who did not figure to make anything over a reasonable salary for themselves; who did not figure to make anything on the investment in the store buildings they

happened to own; who did not figure for interest on their investments, and who overlooked a score or more important items that should be included in the expenses.

The high percentages, ranging around twenty to twenty-five per cent., were from the stores of retailers who had applied a searching cost system to their business. These merchants were charging up to their business every item that could be considered as expense and it made their expense seem high.

The investigators took these high percentages, which were about correct, and the low percentages, which were eight or ten to fifteen per cent. low, and combined the whole list to arrive at the *average of fifteen per cent.* Now a good many retailers who think they are fixing prices right, are puzzling over their failure to find the profit they expected last year.

The cost of doing business is, of course, just the same whether a merchant includes all of the items or only a few of them in his expense account.

The only difference is that he deludes himself into thinking that the cost of doing business is only 15% when in reality it probably is 20% to 25%.

If he fools himself in this way, and figures for a 10% profit, the chances are that the expenses and the extra cost of doing business, *which he hasn't figured into his percentages*, will eat up that profit, and leave him holding the sack at the end of the year.

HOW CHEAPLY SOME MERCHANTS
WORK

A Cleveland grocer thought he was clearing \$100 a month, \$1,200 a year, over and above his expenses.

But the \$100 a month included his own salary, the interest on his investment, the salary of his wife who spent most of her time in the store, and a number of other items.

If the grocer had allowed himself interest on his investment, that alone would have produced \$50 a month without risk or worry.

Another \$25 a month of his "profits" rightly came out as expenses incurred in running the store. He had charged several expense items as "investment."

Instead of making \$100 a month clear, he was not only failing to make anything, but he and his wife were both working for almost nothing.

If they had both worked in some other store they might have earned \$100; so instead of making \$100 they were losing \$100 a month.

A grocer in Pittsburgh was interested in politics. Last year he succeeded in landing a city job, paying him \$2,500 a year.

When he got this job he decided to sell his store. He placed the store in the hands of a broker, and had an accountant go over the books to place a value on the stock and to see what the business was worth.

The accountant's report showed that no charge had been made for salaries. The grocer, his wife and four children ran the store. When proper allowance was made for salaries, the store was found to be paying a fraction over one-half of one per cent. a year on the investment.

Instead of a fairly profitable business, one salable at a premium for good will, it was found to be a business so nearly unprofitable as to be unsalable.

Fixtures and stock were finally sold at a loss. Nothing was received for good will, because there was no

good will—only a chance to work for nothing and take the ordinary business risks besides.

THE AVERAGE COSTS

In scientifically managed stores it has been found that the salaries of the clerks average around nine per cent. of the gross sales by those clerks.

The salaries of managers, book-keepers and other employees, who do not sell, run the average cost for salaries up to about thirteen to thirteen and a half per cent. of the gross sales.

Rent is likely to average around four per cent., delivery around one and a half to two per cent., light and heat from one to two per cent., and so on down the list of expenses.

No merchant, as he so frequently does, should *assume* these percentages to be his costs. He should get his own costs from his business, considering these percentages only as standards by which to judge whether he is higher or lower than the average.

The merchant who would know his cost of doing business should classify his expenses into such accounts as will give him the information he needs.

CLASSIFICATION OF COSTS

He should install a cost system that will search out all of the expenses and enable him to know, not merely a *few* of the things which he pays for, but *all* of the things which enter into his cost of doing business.

Here is a list of the expenses used by one wide-awake merchant:

Rent—if the building is leased; depreciation or upkeep if it is owned.

Salary—of all employees, and the manager.

Delivery Expense—including repairs to wagons, harness, shoeing of horses, grease, feed, barn, rent, etc.

Light—including light in barns, etc.

Heat—including coal, firemen, etc.

Ice—for drinking fountains, refrigerators, soda fountains, etc.

Advertising—in newspapers, circulars, etc.

Printing—stationery, blank books, bill heads, etc.

Gifts—presents, donations, etc.

Telephone and telegraph tolls.

Insurance—stock, fixture, burglar, etc.

Taxes—on fixtures, stock, etc.

Interest—paid out.

Paper Bags—wrapping paper, twine, etc.

Breakage and spoilage of goods.

Repairs—on fixtures, etc.

Depreciation on merchandise.

Shrinkage of merchandise.

Depreciation on fixtures, furniture, etc.

Bad Accounts.

Goods stolen from stock.

Depreciation from cost price by change of style and by the purchase of unsalable stock which makes it necessary to reduce prices.

Some merchants add freight and cartage to this list but it should not be charged as an expense. It is a part of the original cost of the goods and should be charged to goods and not to expense.

These rules for figuring costs and profits are recommended by the National Association of Credit Men:

RULES FOR FIGURING COSTS

- 1—Charge interest on the net amount of your total investment at the beginning of your business year, exclusive of real estate.
- 2—Charge rental on all real estate or buildings owned by you and used in your business at a rate equal to that which you would receive if renting or leasing it to others.

3—Charge in addition to what you pay for hired help an amount equal to what your services would be worth to others; also treat in like manner the services of any member of your family employed in the business not on the regular pay roll.

4—Charge depreciation on all goods carried over on which you may have to make a less price because of change in style, damage, or any other cause.

5—Charge depreciation on buildings, tools, fixtures, or anything else suffering from age or wear and tear.

6—Charge amounts donated or subscriptions paid.

7—Charge all fixed expenses, such as taxes, insurance, water, lights, fuel, etc.

8—Charge all incidental expenses, such as drayage, postage, office supplies, livery or expenses of horses and wagons, telegrams and telephones, advertising, canvassing, etc.

9—Charge losses of every character, including goods stolen or sent out and not charged, allowance made customers, bad debts, etc.

10—Charge collection expense.

11—Charge any other expense not enumerated above.

12—When you have ascertained what the sum of all the foregoing items amounts to, prove it by your books, and you will have your total expense for the year; then divide this figure by the total of your sales, and it will show you the per cent. which it has cost you to do business.

13—Take this per cent. and deduct it from the price of any article you have sold, then subtract from the remainder what it cost you (invoice price and freight), and the result will show you net profit or loss on the article.

14—Go over the selling prices of the various articles you handle and see where you stand as to profits, then get busy in putting your selling figures on a profitable basis and talk it over with your competitor as well.

"Luck counts once in a while; trained efficiency counts all the time."

Friends: How to Select Them

From THE NORTH DAKOTA BANKER

SOME wise philosopher once said, "A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same."

How true that is!—it covers the ground so thoroughly. Real friendship must be won—it can never be bought. You cannot get people to place implicit faith in you or your works by buying them. Such confidence or friendship must be earned.

Every salesman eventually knows that it doesn't pay to buy "friends" of any kind. This class of friends is always too ready to sell out its "friendship" to the highest bidder.

Be worthy of friendship and you will secure it—whether it be socially

or commercially. "Good fellows" who think that being a "good mixer" and a "good spender" will ever build up a permanent, dividend-paying friendship are all wrong in their belief.

Remember, the friend who is "bought" will never stay "bought" long.

When you meet some one whom you'd like for one of your friends, don't try the "buying" route, but pin your success in your own merit or the worth of your goods, or—pass it up entirely.

The friends who count in this world are never for sale—never.—*North Dakota Banker.*

AS Chairman of the Program Committee of the Advertising Clubs Convention at Toronto, John K. Allen, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, is now arranging the program, which begins June 21st. This opening day will be the occasion for many lay sermons from such men as Norman Hapgood, Editor of *Harper's Monthly*; Jos. H. Appel, John Wanamaker's Director of Publicity; Robert Adamson, Mayor Gaynor's Secretary, and George W. Coleman, ex-President of the Associated Advertising Clubs. These Sunday speakers will be fewer in number than at the Baltimore Convention last year, and this year's plans for both divisional and general meetings, insure a more compact, concentrated program.

A prominent feature of one of the latest general meetings will be the

reading of that article which, in the judgment of the Awards Committee, has won the *Advertising & Selling Magazine* \$1,000 prize. This is to be awarded each year to the man who sends in before May 15th the most constructive and helpful essay on the subject of advertising or sales. The prize is to be given through the Associated Clubs, by *Advertising & Selling Magazine* of New York, and should be a spur to careful thinking and writing by many who have been through the problems that come to advertising and sales managers.

Any of our readers who are interested in this unusual chance to tell a helpful story of some work in distribution, and by doing this to win a splendid prize for the most significant essay, can get full details from Mr. Allen, or from *Advertising & Selling*, 95 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Salesmanship *and* Business Building

By A. F. SHELDON

*Success in Life, Commercially, Hinges
on Business Building—the Power to
Make Permanent and Profitable Patrons*

AND in last month's magazine I discussed with you that big subject, Business Building.

This month you and I are going into that subject a little deeper.

If success in life commercially hinges upon business building, what is the basis of business building—that's what we want to know.

My answer is:

"The life-blood of business building is Salesmanship—the power to persuade people to purchase product at a profit."

You see how that is. Business building is the power to make permanent and profitable patrons. And you can't make patrons without persuasion.

First of all get it firmly fixed in your mind that by persuasion I do not mean the cyclonic, hypnotic, unprincipled kind of compulsion that some so-called salesmen use. That may sell goods for a time, and it may be profitable for a little while, but it makes neither permanent nor, in the long run, profitable patrons, so it is not salesmanship. The customer who is overpersuaded, by any means, into buying what he does not need or cannot use is not a repeater, but a knocker.

And it's the repeaters that count. They are the permanent and profitable patrons.

But people do have to be persuaded.

True, in the retail business especially, many people come in and buy goods seemingly without any persuasion on the part of the salesmen and saleswomen behind the counter. But

note that I said "seemingly without any persuasion."

As a matter of fact, they are persuaded. Advertisements, window-displays, the commendation of friends, the general appearance of the store, previous satisfactory dealings, the example of other customers—one or more of these things, and possibly others, persuaded them to buy at that particular store, and, perhaps, that particular article.

But, as you know, there is a more direct form of persuasion—that in which the salesman or the saleswoman actually induces the customer to purchase product he had not intended to purchase, and to purchase it at a price that will yield a profit.

And people need to be persuaded to buy the things that they really need and that will serve them well.

Take your own case. You can doubtless think of many things you have bought, that the salesman perhaps had a hard time to get you to take, and that are now giving you a great deal of pleasure, use, or profit.

You had to be taught, by the salesman, that you needed or could profitably use the article, and that you could afford to buy it. And that is what persuasion really is—teaching, enlightening the customer.

If the customer needs the goods, if they will be of valuable service to him, and if the price fits his purse, and still he does not buy, he needs to be enlightened. Perhaps he doesn't even know there is such a thing. He has to have his attention drawn to it. Although he knows of it, perhaps he

has never taken the trouble to look into it. He needs to have his interest aroused. Even though he may be interested in it, he may not feel that it would be worth the money to him. He needs to have his desire created. And he may wish for it, and still not enough to purchase it. He needs to be brought to the point of action.

Doing these four things for the customer by enlightening his understanding and appealing to his feelings is persuasion.

But mere persuasion does not make salesmanship. The salesman must get the price, so that there will be a profit.

This is true whether your patron is a buyer, a client, a patient, an employer, a church, a school board, or the reading public.

And profit, mind you, is the difference between the *total* cost and the selling price. Do you see how much enters into that item of profit?

Everyone in the institution, from the porter to the president has something to do with the net profit.

The sales department may sell plenty of goods, and at a good margin above their first cost, but the profits may be lost by poor management, poor financing, poor buying, poor manufacturing, or by the carelessness and wastefulness of some of the employees in these departments.

So, no matter what your position, your work has a direct bearing on the profits. And, therefore, you have your part in the salesmanship of the institution — its power to persuade people to purchase product at a profit.

In connection with this thought of persuasion I wish to call your attention to the fact that there are two kinds of it. First, the direct, and second, the indirect.

Window display, advertising and the personal spoken word of the salesman and saleswoman are examples of the direct.

The enthusiastic recommendation of satisfied patrons spoken to ac-

quaintances and friends is an example of the indirect.

So serve each patron that he will speak well of you and of the firm you represent, to others.

I know a man who was once a clerk in a retail clothing store.

He had been behind the counter for some ten years. His sales had averaged about \$10,000 per year.

He became a student of the Science of Salesmanship and woke up to the fact that confidence is the basis of trade, and that the keynote of gaining confidence is earnest service to each patron.

He saw clearly the fact that one great secret of business building salesmanship is to make each patron the first link in an endless chain to bring more patrons.

He soon had many friends of regular patrons coming to that store to be served by him. He served them so honestly and so well that they recommended their friends to come. It soon came to pass that four or five customers were at times waiting for this salesman to wait upon them.

His sales jumped to over \$15,000 per year. Then his salary jumped, too. He became a manager and enjoyed the full confidence of the firm.

What that man did in the way of increasing sales, and therefore profit to himself, you can do.

You can't keep a good man down. Cream will rise to the top in obedience to natural law. Cream simply cannot remain on the bottom of the pan. It has to rise. Natural law compels it. Men and women who are a part of the cream of the business world cannot stay at the bottom of the pan of business.

And success in life commercially hinges on Business Building — the power to make permanent and profitable patrons.

And the life-blood of Business Building is Salesmanship — the power to persuade people to purchase your product at a profit.

Observations on Business Practice

By EDWIN N. FERDON, in The Business Builder

Some Suggestions on How to Increase Punctuality—the Great Problem in Shop Management

WITH any concern employing a good deal of help the problem of tardiness and how to prevent it is sure to be a vexing one.

In the average large plant it will take about half an hour after opening time to get the full load of power to working. If you don't believe this, go down to the engine room and watch the dial.

That does not necessarily mean lost energy entirely, for often the various machines cannot be started up until preliminary work has been done each morning, and this preliminary work, or man labor, does not show on the power dial.

Yet it can probably be stated with truth that fully fifty per cent. of this inertia is due to faults which can be remedied to an appreciable degree if attention is centered on them.

One chief cause of this delay in starting is the fact that a certain percentage of workers are usually tardy—or if not actually tardy by the clock, they are late in getting into their places ready for work.

Perhaps it will be of interest to our readers to hear how Brown & Bigelow has approached this problem of tardiness and the results achieved.

Our system of timekeeping is based on time clocks which are located in a corridor through which all employees pass when entering the building. These clocks have to be punched four times a day.

A timekeeper stationed in the hallway, where he has the clocks under his eye, removes the records from them daily and checks up the tardi-

ness, sending to each department head once a week a list of all those tardy in the department.

FINES DO NOT SOLVE THE PROBLEM

In the younger days of the business, in looking for an adequate check on tardiness, it was felt that a system of fines should be used. Thereupon notifications were given to employees that every time the clock registered one of them as tardy a fine of 10 cents would be imposed and taken from the pay-roll at the end of the week. The fines thus collected, however, did not go into the cash drawer but were credited to the account of the Employees' Association to be used in any way its officers should see fit.

This method of fines reduced the number of late arrivals very largely and the system is still in force.

However, some people would as lief pay 10 cents a day just for the privilege of sleeping a bit later in the morning, and so the number of late arrivals continued to be a vexing problem.

Now, it happens that once a month all the foremen, foreladies and heads of departments meet together for reports of work done and a discussion of things in general, pertaining to the good of the business. So the management, about a year and a half ago, began bringing to the meetings a report of the percentage of tardies in each department based on the number of people in that department. This was figured for the month preceding the meeting.

With these percentages known, it was easy to grade the departments according to their various showings in point of tardiness. Five tardies in a department employing ten people would mean a worse percentage than twenty tardies, say, in a department of fifty people. The grading, therefore, was perfectly fair to every department.

THE LOVE OF CONTEST EFFICACIOUS

Each month the "Tardy List" was read off, beginning with the "honor roll" of any departments fortunate enough not to have a single black mark against them for the month, and running down in order of merit to the worst offenders.

For a couple of months after this idea was started no great reduction in the number of tardies was apparent. Then suddenly the foremen and managers woke up to the fact that this was a contest. The one whose department made a bad showing began to stir things up among those employees who were spoiling his record. There were competitions within competitions. Two departments closely affiliated in location or class of work would try to get ahead of one another on the Tardy Sheet. Inside of six months the number of tardies was reduced more than fifty per cent. It has been reducing gradually ever since.

What is of most significance, however, to the manufacturer, in this reduction of tardiness, is the fact that the power load for the first half of the working day began to rise immediately with the reduction of tardies, thus indicating the connection between the two.

We have also been working on the problem offered by those employees who "ring in" just on the dot, but who seldom get to their places to work without losing five or ten minutes' time and causing a general commotion and unrest. The matter had been placed largely in the hands of

the individual foremen and great improvements made.

While these ideas have worked well, they are merely our own methods. It would be very interesting to hear from readers of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER just how their concerns are successfully solving these and allied problems.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AHEAD

I owe all my success in life," said Lord Nelson, "to having always been a quarter of an hour beforehand."

Two young fellows were working as stenographers in the same office. They were both good workers and nice chaps. It would be pretty hard for the casual observer to pick between them.

It happened that the president of that concern had a secretary. But one day this man was promoted and the place left vacant. It was a desirable place—an excellent stepping-stone to further advancement. No wonder both the young stenographers asked for the position.

Each one was called in and questioned by the president. Their records seemed to be about equal—but the choice was quickly made. To the successful applicant the president remarked:

"I have chosen you because you seem to know about as much of what will be required of you in this position, and how to do it, as my former secretary."

"I've had my eye on the job for a long time," answered the stenographer, "so I have been trying to get ready for it."

Just a quarter of an hour before the other fellow—that was all.

A certain salesman on the road was sent to a distant city to compete on a big order for kitchen cabinets. He found three of his competitors on the train, but he pleaded a headache and went to bed early, foregoing the pleasure of a decidedly interesting game of cards.

WHAT A LITTLE BRAIN WORK DID

When his chance came next day he presented his proposition to the buyer of the concern in question, while the other salesmen, who had preceded him, cooled their heels and impatience in the ante-room.

"But," said the buyer when the salesman's talk was apparently over, "your cabinet is costlier than the others, and, while I know that it's worth the difference, the average housewife would not see it. We're going into a big campaign, for us, and we want a cabinet with an appealing price."

"Look here," replied the salesman, "other things being equal, I imagine you would rather put out a little the better cabinet than a little the worse, if for no other reason than for the good service offered and consequent satisfaction?"

"Certainly," assented the buyer.

"Well, I went to bed early last night," remarked the salesman, "and I worked out an idea that should get rid of every cabinet you buy from me, and at the better price."

"Give it to me, but please be quick," said the buyer.

Within five minutes the salesman left the office, while the buyer went off to talk it over with the sales manager.

Half an hour later the salesman who went to bed early got the order—price notwithstanding.

Just a quarter of an hour before the other fellows that was all.

"I have come in answer to your ad. for an office boy," remarked a small red-headed fellow, waylaying the early-rising manager just coming in half an hour before opening time.

"But the advertisement said to call at eight o'clock," remarked the manager, frowning.

"Sure," came the answer, "but it didn't say anything about not calling earlier."

No wonder the boy got the job—and he's been getting better ones ever since.

The world reserves its big prizes for nobody. They go by right of merit only to those who first earn them—those who are always fifteen minutes beforehand.

SECOND PLACE NOT GOOD ENOUGH

It happened at the last Brown & Bigelow employes' picnic.

The field sports were in full swing and the kids were lining up at the take-off for a fifty-yard dash open to boys under sixteen years of age.

I stood among the spectators, sizing up the competitors. There was one boy, very tall for his age. With a good start he should win easily—at least so it seemed to the onlookers. Besides this one there were several youngsters of average height for their age. If they beat the pistol a bit, one of them might have a fair chance to win or at least to qualify for second or third prizes. And then my eye happened to fall on a little chap in the center of the group. He stood next to the tall boy and he hardly reached to the latter's shoulder. Certainly that little fellow, with his short legs, had little chance to win anything from those bigger runners.

Evidently the onlookers sympathized with the little kid, too, for there were remarks about its being a shame to make him run against such odds. Whereupon I looked at him once more out of curiosity and discovered him to be the new office boy. I also noticed with amusement that he was taking off his shoes, preparatory to running in his stocking feet. Evidently he had a head on his shoulders, because the course was over green turf and stockings grip turf better than does smooth leather.

"On your marks!" shouted the starter. All the boys stood to the line, but I noticed that the office boy had dug a couple of little holes into the sod and his feet were well pur-

chased for the start. The big boy nearest him looked confident. There was no necessity for him to discard shoes or dig holes.

"Set!" called the starter. The young bodies quivered forward, the muscles working—eager, expectant.

Crack!—It was the pistol, and away they went.

Fifty yards isn't a long stretch if you're only an onlooker. But the fellow who's trying to win knows how long it really is. Lots of things look simple to the one who never tries them—lots of successes look easy to the chap who never has the nerve to succeed.

I had kept my eye on the little office boy and the big fellow by his side. They both got off well, but the tall chap started like a rocket that must gather momentum before it strikes a gait, while his companion was away like a bullet—top speed from the start.

Down the course went the bunch, stringing out as the slow footed or gritless ones lagged behind—and neck and neck at the front ran the office boy and his companion.

The onlookers who before felt so sorry for the kid, now took heart and yelled encouragement to him. But he

didn't need it. That sort never does. He just swung his arms out and worked that low gear of his for all there was in it.

Over the finish line they went, and a yell of delight announced the winner. It was the office boy—the littlest fellow in the bunch.

Seated at the picnic table an hour later we called this same office boy over to partake of the bountiful repast heaped on the tables. He sat down bashfully but started bravely on the good things before him.

One of the boys, looking over at him, laughingly asked: "Tommy, why did you take off your shoes to run that race?" And the boy, allowing himself for one brief moment to become disengaged from the large sandwich compelling his attention, replied: "Gee, if I'd kept my shoes on I'd only have got second prize."

How many of us there are who "keep our shoes on" when, by going to a little extra trouble, or by using our heads to help our heels, we might so easily increase our chances of success. After all, those who do things in this world are the ones who, not content with a possible second place, take off their shoes and strive with might and main to win nothing less than first prize.

THE difference between Self-confidence and Egotism is—oh, well, you know what it is. No? Well, then, Self-confidence loves other people so well that he serves them without thought of failure; Egotism loves self so well that he boasts he cannot fail—in serving himself.

—Katherine Dewey.

Central America Selling Suggestions

By GERRARD HARRIS, in *Consular and Trade Reports*

*If you Plan to Sell to Central America,
First Learn These Imperative Conditions*

LAY the goods down in the given port when you say you will, and have the consular invoices on that steamer or earlier. If the buyer is a merchant in the interior, he has probably sent a pack train or has engaged a force of Indian cargadores to be at the port, relying upon the assurance that the goods will be shipped on a certain vessel.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD FAITH

Prompt shipment is an essential to success in all cases; but to promise shipment at a certain time, or upon a certain vessel, and then fail to have the goods arrive is a blow that severely shakes the foundations of any new business relations. The houses that hold the trade are the ones that are most punctilious about getting their shipments off on time, according to promises or representations made, and that ship promptly as circumstances will permit as a general rule of business.

DIFFERENT COUNTRY DOWN THERE

The situation is vastly different from that in the United States, where the telephone, the telegraph and numerous trains may quickly remedy the failure of a shipment to arrive and prevent a stock from becoming exhausted with consequent bad effect upon customers who are disappointed calling for some article of common use or general demand.

CONSULAR INVOICES

Intimately connected with prompt shipments is the matter of having consular invoices available when the shipment arrives at its destined port.

This is just as important as the prompt shipment of goods, for if merchandise has been sent according to schedule, and the consular invoice comes trailing in a week later by another boat, there is small advantage in the prompt dispatch of the goods. They can not be cleared from the custom house unless the consular invoice is at hand.

One instance is cited when goods lay in the customs house at Port Limon for six weeks before the matter of the consular invoice was straightened out; and it was found that the invoice had never been mailed or sent but was in the office of the shipper.

CENTRAL AMERICA HAS BUSINESS METHODS

The general idea is that the people of Central America are easy going, but it is an error to assume that the business men do not care for observance of strict business methods in dealing with their shipments. They may not be so ostentatiously busy as some of our merchants or make so much noise about it, but they are sticklers for correct business principles, including the cardinal virtues of promptness and dealing absolutely according to representations. They may perhaps be late in keeping a social engagement and may prefer 'mañana' to today in some instances, but when it comes to business they believe in and carefully practice promptness.

OUR LACK OF ACCOMMODATION

A third cause for complaint against American business houses is that they are less inclined to be consider-

ate and accommodating in small matters than foreigners. As an example is cited the experience of a business man in the interior who gave an order of considerable size to a house soliciting the business. It was an order quite worthy of careful attention, and the merchant giving it would in all likelihood have become a steady customer. In additions to the goods handled by the firm to which the order was given a request was made that there be included in the shipment an article which the Central American did not know where to purchase. It was not an unusual article.

HOW TO LOSE TRADE

Instead of doing this small favor for the Central American merchant the United States firm listed the article on the invoice and after it merely wrote 'don't handle.' That was all; there was no apology, no reason stated for failure to do the favor. Some three months afterwards the traveling representative of the firm was very much astonished when the Central American merchant icily informed him that he did not care to have any further business relations with the firm.

WHY THEY BUY IN EUROPE

Naturally courteous and obliging to an extreme, actually welcoming an opportunity to do another a favor or a kindness, the average Central American business man can not comprehend the lack of consideration that would so inconvenience him, when with the expenditure of so little effort and time a considerable favor could be granted.

Central American Merchants frankly confess that they choose European goods when they can simply because of the bad American packing. From British Honduras to Columbia the complaint is the same.

CARE IN PACKING

The several reasons for the necessity of special care in packing may

be grouped mainly under four heads: (1) Climate; (2) limitations on means of transportation; (3) physical characteristics of the country; (4) necessity for warehousing to a considerable extent.

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS COMMAND IT

At certain seasons of the year there is an excess of rainfall, torrential and of daily and sometimes hourly occurrence; it is reasonably frequent at other periods. The dews are heavy, and the atmosphere is generally saturated with moisture. It is plain, therefore, that goods must be packed with especial view to the deteriorating effect of insistent and ever present dampness. They must be packed to withstand any sudden rainstorm that may come up while they are being unloaded from the ship or into the warehouse, or while being transported inland. Even under cover in the warehouse there is always the moisture seeking to get in to destroy or damage. Careful packing eliminates this.

FEW RAILROADS

The methods of distributing goods are, as a rule, crude. In Central America there are less than ten railroads with outlet to the Gulf or the Caribbean sea, and several of these are mere logging or banana roads penetrating no farther than the foothills of the mountains. A very small percentage of the territory in fact is reached by railroads.

PRIMITIVE WAYS OF HANDLING GOODS

As an alternative there is the narrow dugout canoe of very limited capacity for the rivers and lakes, lagoons and bays. It can not handle any bulky goods. There is also the pack mule, or burro, for the mountain trails and paths in the wild interior; very bulky goods can not well be handled in this manner either. There is, finally, the Indian cargador, or freight carrier, who packs incredibly heavy burdens on his back; nor can he well handle bulky packages.

As two-thirds of the goods are distributed to the interior jobbers or retailers by means of the native dug-out, the pack train, or the Indian burden bearer, it is essential that they be packed in as small a bulk as possible.

FINE DETAILS OF PACKING

European packages are compressed until they are almost as solid as blocks of wood, and are then bound with metal ties similar to the ties used on cotton bales. Rope and cord are never used, for when wet they expand, or when strained they give and thus start a break in the package.

The necessity for waterproof packing is apparent, for the Indian in his canoe or on the trail in the forests or the mule going over mountain peaks, are liable to be caught in the torrential downpours, from which there is no shelter, and each package is put upon its moisture and water resisting qualities.

Compactness and careful binding with metal ties are essential in some classes of goods, because of the course of a journey of a hundred or more miles inland, up mountain sides, into jungles, and across morasses, the freight is likely to suffer all sorts of vicissitudes, from rolling down a steep slope to being scraped off in the mud by a runaway mule. And there is always the dampness, the dripping foliage of early morning from the dew, the clouds that hang low about the mountain ranges, and the rains liable to fall at almost any moment.

PACK AS REQUESTED

Owing to the distance from markets, houses engaged to a considerable extent in importing goods buy in large quantities. Usually they specify the manner in which they wish

goods packed, for many of them act as jobbers to the interior. If buying shirts, socks or trousers, for instance, they may require them put in small bales of certain sizes and plainly marked. They are thus carried in the warehouse until an order arrives from the interior, when they are forwarded in the original packing; as the houses in that country are not equipped to do packing themselves.

PACKAGES UNNECESSARILY HEAVY

A great cause of complaint is that American exporters do not follow directions as to packing; do not mark the various packages so they may be readily identified in connection with the invoice; and, in the absence of any directions, pack goods, hodgepodge, pell-mell, into one package, regardless of the fact that in many cases the package pays customs duty on the basis of the most highly taxed content of the bale or box.

Another complaint is that American houses apparently do not consider that freight and customs are based on weight, and make their packages unnecessarily heavy.

LIGHT FOREIGN CASES

When it is absolutely necessary to use a packing case it seems business houses in the United States do not exert themselves to get those of the lightest possible material. The English make effective use of cases made of three-ply veneer reinforced by poplar strips. The Germans and the Italians are making packing cases of a sort of papier-maché, or fiber, pressed until it is almost as hard as sheet iron. It is light, strong, waterproof and damp proof, and is about the minimum of lightness and maximum of durability.

"Circumstances are the nails upon which the weak hang their failures; with which the strong build their successes."

How She Used Her Nimble Pen

By GEORGE F. PAUL

Many of the Greatest Inventions of the World Have Resulted from Accidents—The Business Field is Full of Such Undiscovered Possibilities

"I THINK it was just perfectly stupid of our teacher this afternoon to ask us to write a theme telling how some woman made a success in the business world," snapped the high school girl as she threw her pencil angrily across the library table.

"Why don't you write about Anne?" asked her older sister.

"Anne who?"

"Why, Anne McBride, that little woman that's at the head of the office force at Sharpe & Company's."

"What about her?"

"Four years ago she was just finishing business college. Then she went to work for old Mr. Sharpe. He almost snapped her head off the first week. She went to work one Saturday late in June. As it was her first day, Mr. Sharpe thought it wouldn't hurt her to work right through to five o'clock. All the rest quit at noon—all but Anne. She was busy taking dictation. Mr. Sharpe finished, then away he went, leaving Anne alone in the deserted office.

"She worked right ahead and had finished all the letters but three when the spring of her typewriter broke. Anne tried all the other desks, but

they were locked, so there was nothing for her to do but write the letters out in longhand. It was nearly half past five by the time she had finished them and dropped them into the letter chute.

"The next Monday morning when she came to work the first thing Mr. Sharpe said to her was, 'Did you get those letters away Saturday as I told you to?'

"When she explained to him just what she had done he shouted, 'What, you didn't send old man Emerson anything written out with a pen, did you? Why, he will tear it to shreds and will never give us another contract in the whole wide world.'

"Anne didn't stay to hear any more. She took her hat and went straight home. Thursday afternoon she was called to the telephone. 'You'd better come back to work this morning—this is Sharpe, John G. Sharpe. Emerson was so tickled to think we'd written him a personal letter of three solid pages and not touched a typewriter that he's going to give us two big contracts!'

"Anne went back and she also went ahead. Do you see, girlie?"

The man who has solved the problem of how to make the most of time has found the way to make the most of himself.—Walter H. Cottingham.

Co-operation: Relation to Efficiency

By GEORGE E. GIRLING

The Importance of Good Feeling and Team Work Cannot be Over-Estimated

CO-OPERATION is a word used much but little understood. Co-operation is talked of, sought after and its need is realized in every phase of life commencing rightly (or should do), in the house and on through the various outlets of the mercantile world.

Co-operation is a word greatly misinterpreted and abused; is a word that often those who frequently use it, and clamour after its benefits are those who have never sat down for five minutes and seriously asked themselves the questions:

What is co-operation?

How does it affect me?

What does *real* co-operation expect and demand of me?

What sacrifices am I prepared to make?

Do I cultivate the spirit of generosity against my own personal interests for the sake of efficiency, which can only come through real unselfish and *practical* co-operation?

These are only a few of the questions one must answer if one is to get right down to the root of co-operation. Some hard, deep thinking must be done. The mind of every unit representing a commercial house must be educated to a strict sense of duty.

By being fair to yourself and your fellow workers, by loving your work for work's sake, followed by a desire to have things done right, not because of any pecuniary benefits we receive. The neglect of or indifference to an apparent minor detail is sufficient to disorganize and cause turmoil throughout the whole house.

At a meeting of employees held for

the purpose of promoting efficiency, a certain young man once said: "We don't want to talk about co-operation; let's talk business."

Right here is where many make a fatal mistake in their efforts to promote a higher standard of efficiency: they aim high before first studying the cause and effect of co-operation. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

The writer as a boy was taught the simple process of joining pieces of string together efficiently, whereby instead of wasting it, good use was made of it. This simple act of joining together two pieces of string *the right way*, was an act of efficiency. In this case the cause of efficiency was co-operation between employer and employe, or the training of two minds towards a certain object.

He who wants to talk business or efficiency must first cultivate the mind to a true sense of the fundamentals of co-operation before he can have efficiency, and practise it. Then and only then can we hope to attain even a moderate standard of efficiency.

Co-operation acts as steam does to the steam engine, causes gradual and smooth motion. It is like the pole on top of a street car coming into contact with the electric wires overhead. There must be a connection before we can get movement, one co-operates with the other with the desired result.

Show me the house that has a high standard of efficiency without having first studied and practiced the fundamental principles of co-operation, and I'll show you a house whose efficiency will be short lived and will be doomed to disappointment.

How Do You Stand Criticism?

By W. L. PRICE, in *Tips*

*Are You So Thin Skinned
You Cannot Stand Just Criti-
cism—and Profit by it?*

SOME men can't stand being re-proved, it rankles so in them that it puckers all their good qualities and counteracts the very best chance for their improvement.

Of course I must admit that criticism must not be unjust though it may be mistaken, and that it is unwise to criticise a man in public.

Criticism should be dealt with like confession—in private.

But criticism of others and of self is absolutely necessary to progress and betterment.

It is sad to be sensitive.

But it is wise to be master of the feeling it engenders.

Any man who quits his task just because someone criticised the way he did it, either hasn't grounds upon which to defend himself or the bigness to overcome the childishness left in his nature.

No man can be both friend and flatterer.

The man who does us the most good is the man who shows us how to improve our work.

True friendship is measured only by a willingness to help.

Some of us need jollying, but 'tis better received after constructive criticism.

The family of fools has a large ancestry. The fool of today is the man who is always right.

The way to be safe in modern progress is to leave the door open to suggestion.

Another thought, and that is this, your result will always bring you recognition and opportunity.

There are a million eyes seeking for capable men and two million ears listening for the mention of their whereabouts.

Even if your task is a small one, do it well.

Every advancement is from a smaller task to a larger one.

When a man is transferred from a big job to a little one, he's going back, no matter what his pay is.

Don't forget—

That you can better yourself.

There's nothing in the way, save your own doubt.

But—

Don't let anything convince you that you are worthy of advancement unless you are doing well that which you are doing.

A bluff, a trick, or a pull may pull you up temporarily.

But to stick and keep moving forward, you have to deliver the goods.

"Business is a game of skill, in which a knowledge of its rules, with the mind, body, and soul stamina to play it to the end, will win the greatest reward."—*E. St. Elmo Lewis.*

How to Improve the Trade Paper

By AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT

THE trade press of today has made long strides upward, but there is still room as there ever is in every enterprise. One of the things that has struck me in connection with the trade and class journal is the fact that it should be made more readable and more effort should be made to get it read—to know if it is read.

The editor does not stop to consider that among his subscribers there are all kinds of temperaments. There is the intellectual man, so to speak, the man who loves to read. You are sure of him. But he is in the minority.

You have many other subscribers, some who are good business men, some who are not. Not one but could get valuable suggestions from your publication if you could get them to read. It is just these people who should be given your thought and study. How to reach them. How to attract their attention. If they do not read your publication, they will some day conclude that they do not need it. Far better to hold the subscriber you have than to scramble for new ones.

But how? you say. Well, there are several suggestions to be made along this line. For one thing, I would shout at him from the cover, from the front page, from any vantage point where you think his eye may fall. I would give him large, clear type, short paragraphs, short articles. I would get some communications from other readers as to the benefits they have received from perusing your paper.

Trade articles generally should be made more readable. In looking over a little book devoted to telling budding writers where and how to sell manuscript, I find this:

"The first jar that a writer gets in contributing to a trade paper is how

matter of fact the articles are. Not a single one of his choice adjectives, and long descriptive sentences will survive. A trade magazine wants meat. The simplest, plainest language you can command is what they want."

Permit me to take issue. Why should a trade paper article be a solemn and dry and dusty affair? Will it prejudice the facts any if there are felicitously turned phrases? Will it detract any from the value of the article if the writer sees a chance for joke? I think not.

Would you care to sit down to a dinner composed of two square chunks—one of proteid and the other of carbo-hydrate? Again I think not. And yet the thing you need is there in just the shape that our author-teacher advises, "the simplest, plainest form."

Of course, you would prefer to start your dinner with some soup, then a bit of fish, some meat and vegetables, a sweet of some sort and a demi-tasse to wind up with. And such a dinner will give you much greater benefit because you have got the senses of sight, smell and taste all on the job. And that makes it appetizing, digestible, beneficial. And the same is true of the trade paper article, the dryer the subject, the more necessity for trying to lighten it up.

I have in mind two different trade journals that commonly use many handsome half tone pictures. Illustrations that have no particular bearing on the text, but are thrown in for the express purpose of lightening the pages and attracting attention. Anybody and everybody likes a pretty picture and when their eye has been caught by the illustration they may be attracted by some article which they will find useful and valuable. And that is just what you desire.

Ability, Ambition *and the Easy Job*

By TAD THE TRAVELER, in *The Arrow*

*A Bright, Breezy, Straight-from-the-Shoulder Talk
Running under the caption of "Told on the Train"*

TAD was in a grumpy mood, and when someone jammed into a seat of a crowded car with him he was all ready to fight. As it happened, however, the fellow passenger was an old acquaintance, so he simply took it out of him with talk, and Tad is some talker when he gets wound up, whether it is concerning the Air-O-Player or just some moral question.

"I waited a good many years," said Tad, "to get where I am now, and I am not at the top yet, but do you know that most young men to-day seem to think that a way should be found to jump right over about all of the hard road from the bottom to the top?"

"They didn't expect to go from primary school directly into college, but in business they feel as though there ought to be some way to do it.

"There is a crying need for ability. The demand is so insistent that it meets you at every corner. Any young man with talent of any kind need not go long without remuneration, for any amount of effort he is willing to put back of his talent. But the trouble is a great part of the tal-

ent in this world is dormant, undeveloped. That is why it is so conspicuous when it is seen.

"Practically every one expects and wants to make a conspicuous success. A very few keep at it and succeed. What happens to the others? Most of them get lazy, see how little they can do instead of how much. No young man should look for an easy job. It will 'get his number' just as sure as fate.

"No matter how many possibilities a man may have, he cannot hold down a big job and do it right until he has been through the school. He must have had his foot on every rung of the ladder from the bottom to the top, for talent is only valuable when it is developed into ability through experience, and this cannot be done without so many hard knocks as to almost discourage the bravest at times.

"Not every one can in any length of time get on to the topmost pinnacle, but every one can get higher, and joy in the effort to do bigger and better things is a recompense in itself.

"All I can say to every young man is to push on and don't look for easy jobs."

*Enthusiasm needs only direction to turn it into success.
The increasing complexity of social and industrial problems
makes necessary the study of the basic principles of business
and of their application to present day needs.*

—JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON.

In the Game of Life Be a Good Sport

By ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

ORTMAN never could think of it without flushing in an agony of disgust with himself.

"It was such a little thing!" he told me. "And yet, it is just such little things that reveal character. Ever since I was old enough to toddle, I have despised the piker and have admired the good sport. And then, when the test came, I showed myself a piker. Why, sometimes I wake up in the night wet with sweat from dreaming over the moments when I realized what I had done. Then, mentally, I kick myself out of bed and down into the gutter. It would be a relief if I could do it literally."

"Tell me about it," I urged. "Perhaps it isn't half as bad as you thought. You don't seem to me like such a despicable character."

"Twas when I was on the road for the Bownelle people," he sighed. "I got up early one morning, at Marinette, Wisconsin, to take a six-eight train, grabbing a mouthful of breakfast at the hotel before I started. In my rush, I clean forgot my brand-new forty-five-dollar overcoat. It was early in the fall, and I had been carrying the thing only a few days.

"I didn't miss the coat until I got to the station. It was almost train-time, and I couldn't afford to lose the train. The black porter from the hotel had carried my sample cases down for me. When I yelled that I had forgotten my overcoat, he never said a word, but put off up the street at a ten-second clip. Just as the train was pulling out, he came racing down the platform with that

condemned coat in his hand. I could hear him sobbing for breath. His face was drawn with the hurt of his lungs.

"I reached into my pocket. It was in my mind to give him a dollar for that splendid run. But the very smallest I had was a five-dollar bill. There was no time for anything but the quickest kind of decision and action. I couldn't bear to take the coat with a mere 'thank you.' I *had* to give him that five-spot. So, as he handed me the luckless coat, I pressed that bill into his fingers.

"Oh, if I had only let it go at that!"

Poor Ortman groaned. Perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"But I couldn't let it go at that. My piker soul was still obsessed with the dollar I had intended to give.

"Here, take this," I shouted. 'It's the smallest I've got.'

"The look of incredulous rapture and gratitude that wiped the pain all out of that colored porter's face—he wasn't making any fine distinctions—revealed to me the cheapness and yellowness of my remark. For the next hour I should have considered a sheet-iron cent with a hole in it an extravagant price to pay for Gus Ortman."

Of course I tried to persuade the poor fellow that he might just as well take back his self-respect—that his bad break was just a slip of the tongue—that his intention of giving the porter a dollar was proof enough that he was a true sport. He was a little consoled, but still lacked something of being comfortable.

"Ever since that awful day," he said, "I have made it a rule to meet the inevitable gladly.

"I will fight as hard as the next one against doing the thing I don't want to do—and I will keep up the fight until I win or the last hope of winning has flickered out. But, when, after all my fighting, I find that I have to do that thing, then I find every possible reason for being glad that I've got to. I do it with as much cheerfulness and zest as if I had been fighting for the privilege of doing it.

"The man who does what he is compelled to do grumblingly, sullenly, grudgingly, and with tears and protestations, wastes energy, time, money, soul-stuff, and backbone-stiffening. He loses his own self-respect and the approval of others, because he advertises himself a whimpering bad loser. Besides, he is missing all the fun he might get out of being delighted to do the thing.

"This rule is especially fine in business dealings," Ortman went on. "You know how it used to be when the 'money-back policy' first began to come into vogue. Firms would advertise that they would refund money in case the goods were not satisfactory. Then they would try to make the dissatisfied customer believe that the goods were all right when he brought them back. If they finally did refund the money, many of them would do it in such a reluctant and injured way that it really hurt them more than if they had never advertised the policy. Then Marshall Field showed the right way by his order to his employees, 'The customer is always right.' Now money is almost universally refunded as if it were a joyous privilege. And it makes a hit.

"Then take the matter of handling employees. Some executives never give a man a raise until they are obliged to do it or lose his services. They make excuses, plead bad business or unusual expenses, and, in every way they can, put off the inevitable as long as possible. Then when, at last, they are compelled to do the square thing, they do it with an ill grace. And they wonder why their employees show so little loyalty and make so many fool blunders!

"Now when a man has a raise coming to him, the right kind of manager sees it first. He gives that fellow his increase before he has a chance to ask for it. And he does it with such hearty cheerfulness and good will that the man's heart is won more fully than ever. He is loyal. He takes an interest in the business. He saves his employer many times the increase by his alert thoughtfulness. He makes few blunders, because his heart is in his work.

"Follow the trail of the same idea in what is called welfare work. I have known firms that tried that kind of thing and gave it up because it cost far more than it was worth. It seemed only to get them in bad with their employes. The trouble was that their hearts were not in it. They didn't do it gladly, but because they thought they had to. They begrudged every cent they spent. And their employes were mighty quick to realize the real animus. The whole thing had the air of 'charity, skimmed and iced.' The welfare work that has paid dividends has been the kind that was an expression of a real desire to better the conditions of the employes. The difference in outlay between doing the thing right royally and doing it stingily is small, but there is a mighty big difference in results.

"The same principle applies to the way husbands and wives treat each other. The success or failure of the marriage relation is the most momentous thing in a man's or a woman's life. A true sense of values would show anyone that a truly happy marriage is worth the sacrifice, if need be, of every other tangible and intangible thing save honor—the sacrifice of which is never needed. And yet I have seen men throw away their heaven on earth for the luxury of grumbling over a few paltry cents—which they knew, from the beginning that they would pay over, anyhow. And I have seen women fill their only paradise with serpents for the blessed privilege of nagging about something they knew perfectly well was inevitable.

"Every day, in every relationship and activity of life, I see people giving their five-dollar bills—with the piker explanation, in words or actions, that it is the smallest they have. But, thank goodness, there are getting to be more and more who give the five-spot as if their only possible regret was that they couldn't make it ten."

"Ortman," I acclaimed, "you never need to blush over that little rear platform speech of yours again. You have wiped out the stain by what you have taught me."

Was I right?

Making *for* Accuracy and Speed

By ARTHUR F. SHELDON

Another Success-Building Talk on the Elements of Efficiency in Business

IT is clear that the only efficiency in business that meets all the needs of good service and of satisfaction on the part of the customers of your house is thorough efficiency of every department. And that, in turn, depends upon the efficiency of every unit in every department.

In other words, real efficiency in the house is the result of efficiency on the part of every employe of the house.

From your standpoint, then, the big problem is the development of your own efficiency—this is your first business in winning your own success.

The way to begin, therefore, is to find out just what is efficiency on your part.

Let us start with the basic principle that confidence is the basis of trade. Your success, therefore, depends upon the confidence you inspire—confidence of your employer or employers—confidence of the customers of the house.

This confidence depends always upon service rendered.

And there are two essentials of efficient service—its high quality and its full measure of quantity.

In other words, if you would win the highest success, you must render the largest possible amount of the best possible service.

Now, there are two thieves that steal from the quality and quantity of your service—from the quality and quantity of everyone's service.

These thieves are Errors of Omission and Errors of Commission.

By errors of omission I mean the failure, on your part, to do all that you could and should do in your work, no matter what that work is. You can see that this would detract from both the quality and quantity of your possible service. By making errors of omission you fail to do all that is necessary to make your work of the best, and you also fail to do enough, even though the work you accomplish may be of the highest grade.

By errors of commission I mean doing of things that you ought not to do and doing things you ought to do in the wrong way. This, you can see, subtracts from the high quality of your work.

Now, as I have intimated, everyone is guilty, to a greater or less degree, of both kinds of errors. It is axiomatic that no one is perfect. The problem, however, is to reduce the thieving errors of both kinds to the smallest possible number, ever striving toward perfection.

HOW TO CULTIVATE ACCURACY

In the reduction of errors, the first great requisite is accuracy.

No matter what you are doing, you study, first of all, to find the best way of doing it—how to do each necessary act in a manner approaching perfection; that is, without mistakes or errors.

The next step is to study and plan to do things that are not expected of you—to do your work in a better manner than it has ever been done before, and to use your originality

and initiative in acts that will add to the value of your services—in other words, to do the right thing at the right time without being told. This is a rare power that gives its possessor the very highest value in the business world. For the purposes of this discussion, I am putting it under the head of accuracy.

Now, having achieved accuracy, in the form in which I have described it, the next thing is to acquire speed.

You can readily see that if you work so slowly as to do only two-thirds of the quantity of the work you might otherwise do, you are guilty of an error of omission, which subtracts from your efficiency of service, hence from the sum of confidence you inspire, and, consequently, from the sum of your success.

The two great fundamental elements of personal efficiency, therefore, are *accuracy* and *speed*.

Engrave these two words deeply upon the tablets of your memory, for they are the most vital words in the whole business vocabulary—they are the twin keys that unlock the doors to Success.

Now this brings us right up to the problem of how to develop your accuracy and your speed.

You cannot do it by mere wishing.

Nor can you do it by going at it in a hit-or-miss, haphazard way.

There is a one best way to do it—the scientific way. This way has been worked out by long study and experiment. If intelligently, earnestly, faithfully, and persistently followed, it is as sure to bring success as the scientific method of putting together the right materials is to build a dynamo or steam engine.

The basis of this development of accuracy and speed is habit.

In practice it works out in the following very simple manner:

First, determine just what is to be done—what is the object to be accomplished. Be sure that your

knowledge of this point is correct—accurate.

Second, study to find out the best way of doing the work in hand. Eliminate all needless motions until you have reduced the number of movements to the minimum. But, be sure, all the time, that you are accomplishing just the required result—the finest possible quality of product, whatever that product is.

Third, having determined the best way of doing your work, practice that way, with great care, until it becomes habitual with you—until you can do it, as it were, in your sleep.

Fourth, having made the best way of doing your work a habit, begin to develop speed. Having made the actual process a kind of second nature, you can now devote all your energy and attention to speeding up. Time yourself. Keep records. And then try to break those records.

In this connection, however, there is one very important point to take into consideration. This I may call the law of relaxation.

It has been found, by scientific experiment, that the human mind and body can accomplish much more by periods of effort, with periods of relaxation sandwiched between them, than by any one long, unbroken strain.

By applying this law, intelligently, to the loading of pig-iron, experts have been able to show men how each of them could load forty-seven and one-half tons of pig-iron in a day, with less fatigue than they had suffered in loading twelve and a half tons daily.

The periods of effort and the periods of relaxation are of different length for different kinds of work. By experiment, you can determine what is the best proportion for yours.

But remember this—speed up and make your very best pace while you do work—relax completely during the brief period of relaxation.

The Proper Training of Salesmen

By H. H. BIGELOW, in *The Business Builder*

Result-Getting Ideas on the Handling and Training of Salesmen

TO my mind the most important function of salesmanship is that of training salesmen. To take the ordinary run of salesmen and really feel that through your efforts they have become better men, with minds and bodies better able to cope with the problem of marketing a product; to look over 50 or 100 salesmen and really feel that through your efforts their average efficiency has been increased, say, 10%—is to my mind a work big enough for any man.

To accomplish this result we all know that no rule of thumb can be laid down for the education of salesmen; it is post-graduate work; each case is different from all others and requires different treatment.

Perhaps one of the most important functions of the sales manager is to engender enthusiasm for the house and the product to be sold. Loyalty and enthusiasm are not Heaven given or inborn, but are the result of certain causes and are absolutely necessary for you or me or our salesmen to do our best work. We must believe in the honesty and sincerity of our superiors in the business to really feel the enthusiasm for the product we have to sell. Without our enthusiastic belief in our house, our line and our ability to sell the goods a salesman's work can be but mediocre.

I have attended salesmen's conventions where the enthusiasm engendered reminded me of the old Methodist camp meetings I attended as a boy. I have seen 100 men go out and double their previous sales for a period covering several weeks as the di-

rect result of the enthusiasm of that meeting.

Then there is the deep-seated enthusiasm, slow of growth and development, the result of deliberate reasoning, which seldom reaches the heights of the emotional variety, but produces the salesman who causes you the least trouble and makes the most money for the house and for himself. You will find both kinds in every sales force.

After your salesmen are filled with enthusiasm and the desire to accomplish large things, then their work must be directed; tools must be supplied for the work in hand. The tools are sales arguments.

While only a few salesmen can be taught, word for word, an argument and make it really effective, yet in any event in some manner the "reason why" must be supplied.

Our company prints a weekly paper for the salesmen, largely devoted to sales arguments, many of which are supplied by the salesmen themselves. In our line we devote time and money to finding new uses for our goods which, of course, are sales arguments.

Another important function of the sales manager is to see that the goods are sold at a profit. The conditions that surround the various business concerns make this problem different in every house, but somewhere there must be some check that insists that goods be sold at a price to net a profit. If the salesman has latitude, then it's up to the sales manager to stiffen the backbone of the salesman. If

prices are fixed at the home office, then the sales manager must impress upon the salesman the reasons why we insist on our price regardless of what others sell their goods for. Along this line I have told our salesmen on several occasions that if our goods were the best and our prices always the lowest we would not need hired advocates to extol the merits of our service at the price. A man does not hire an attorney if there is no difference of opinion.

Another important function for our sales feature is that of preaching consistent, regular and profitable work. This is one of the greatest functions of teachers of every kind.

The value of time, to apply one's self regularly, is one of the hardest things for a salesman to acquire. A young man working in our office comes to work at 8 o'clock, leaves at 5:30, punches a clock and is on time every day in the year. If he were to come in late half the time and go home early it would not take anyone very long to say he was of little value to the concern.

This same young man will bend every effort to get a position on the sales force and inside of 60 days will absolutely lose all regard for working hours, simply because there is no clock to punch. They say the cost of supervision is what makes a difference between the lowest paid and the highest paid factory workman. We pay a man for his ability to supervise himself. The man who lacks the ability to make himself work regular hours will not succeed. So to assist the men along this line is also the work of the sales manager.

In every sales contest given by our company special consideration is given the salesman who sells goods each day in the week, with the thought uppermost in our mind that the salesman who sells goods on Saturday as well as the other five days in the week will sell one-sixth more than the man who gets home Friday

night and leaves Monday about noon.

Then there is the salesman who travels six days in the week and is physically energetic, but mentally lazy. He is dead and doesn't know it, a great deal of the time. We must have something for him and that usually is a selling campaign on some end of the line that he has been too indolent to really master and then we insist that for one week he devote his main effort to that particular article. He will either wake up or notify the sales department that he is asleep.

To have salesmen who will respond readily to the work of the sales manager, it is necessary to have men in perfect bodily health, with good habits and pleasant family relations. It lies within the power of the sales manager to exert some influence on the lives of everyone of his force and while we have to take men as we find them, to a large extent, if we find that we cannot bring them somewhere near our standard we, of course, can find others who perhaps a little more nearly measure up to our requirements.

A sales manager should know every salesman as a teacher knows his pupils and should be able to diagnose every salesman and know the exact conditions that influence his selling ability; analyze yourself and know to what extent it lies within your power to render him assistance.

Another requisite of the sales manager is patience. Do not expect unreasonable qualifications in your salesmen. Remember that if they were 100% salesmen and business men you probably would be working for them instead of the reverse.

There never was but one perfect man; there never was, as far as I know, a perfect salesman or sales manager or business man. We all deal in per cents. So take a 75% salesman and see if you can help him become an 80% salesman and in the meantime you may be adding 5% to your score as a sales manager.

Get Human Appeal in Your Copy

By WILBUR D. NESBIT, in *The Baltimore News*

THERE is nothing that one man sells and another man buys that does not have its angle of human appeal.

It must meet a human need, satisfy a human desire or gratify a human whim.

A musical comedy gratifies the very human wish for color and sound; a drama appeals to human sentiment; a story to human understanding and a sermon to human conviction.

The successful advertisement approaches the reader along the same lines.

There is no business organization that does not have in it and of it an individuality—whether of one man or a composite of the individualities of many men.

The greater this individuality the greater the success of the business organization.

Advertising is the expression of this individuality—of this human appeal.

You cannot submerge or suppress individuality. Advertising, to be good, must extend the individuality of the concern to its prospective customers.

It is just as much a part of the policy and the operation of the concern as is its product.

Good advertising is virtually a product of the house it advertises. It serves the customers of that house.

Good advertising is good nature. Good nature is the greatest human appeal on earth. Not "jollyng," not lightness of verbiage, but the good nature of sincerity, of friendliness.

That sort of advertising makes people glad to read it. If a man can write that kind of copy people are always going to stop at the page holding his advertisement, and stop with pleasant anticipation.

You can read an advertisement and come pretty near telling what kind of

treatment the advertiser will give you. His individuality cannot be kept out of his advertising—if it is his advertising.

Advertising is the advance agent of satisfaction. It is the good faith of the house, and must be as truth-worthy and as confidence-begetting as the guarantee that goes with the goods.

Good advertising creates the want, good merchandising meets it.

Some people buy things because they need them, some buy things because they are curious to know about them, some buy things because somebody else buys them—but all buy things because they want them.

Successful advertising is interwoven with successful merchandising, and vice versa. The successful house, large or small, is the one that makes a human appeal, day in and day out, to its possible and its present customers.

The advertiser who believes in himself and in his goods inspires other people to share his belief.

The man who writes his copy approaches him as do his potential customers. It is for him to acquire the advertiser's enthusiastic belief. If he does that he cannot fail to show it in the copy. This kind of belief projects itself in simple, strong, earnest copy which commands the confidence of the reader and convinces him.

That is human appeal—contagious belief.

Human nature is the same in all phases of life. There has to be—there is—a human side to every advertising problem. Nine times out of ten it is the individuality of the organization whose product is to be advertised.

Put that individuality, that sincere, earnest belief into it, and there is a natural and willing response.

Tillie and Her Choo-Choo Gum

By GEORGE F. PAUL

*Keen Competition Inspires a Business-Getting Idea
in an Humble Member of the Business World*

TILLIE SPINKS sat in the chilly booth of the Bide-a-Wee nickelodeon and chewed her gum savagely. She couldn't bear to see people streaming into the Calabash theatre right across the street where that snippy little thing with the black eyes sold tickets. Tillie's embroidery slipped from her fingers. She was growing desperate.

Unwrapping a fresh stick of gum, she was about to place it in the other side of her mouth when a ruddy-faced woman stepped up to the window. "Ye ain't givin' away chewin' gum today, be ye?" she asked as she eyed the fragrant morsel.

"Not today," snapped Tillie as she raked in the nickel. She bit into the fresh stick of gum and it sunk deeply into her thoughts, for some brands of gum can do that, especially the Choo-Choo brand. She liked to look at the pretty wrapper, for it showed a train of choo-choos going full speed around a curve and an automobile shooting over the crossing just in the nick of time.

Suddenly she turned to the telephone book, and within five minutes she had arranged with the wholesale candy house to have two thousand sticks of Choo-Choo gum at the Bide-a-Wee theatre within a quarter of an hour.

"There," said Tillie as she hung up the receiver, "I'm going to beat them folks across the street if I have to spend every cent of my pay for this week! I just can't bear to see folks

streamin' in over there, an' me doin' nothin' but settin' here an' shiverin'. I'll tell the boss about it when he comes down tonight and if he don't want to do the right thing, I'll just fly this coop."

Tillie had the stage hand paint some signs, FREE GUM TODAY WITH EVERY TICKET. These she placed where they could be read half a block away.

A bunch of small boys were gathering around watching the signs go up, and when they read them, they scattered with the news.

In ten minutes the fish began to bite. They came by twos and threes, and all entered happily, chewing their gum. Half a dozen school girls down town during the noon hour spent their nickels just for ten minutes of the pictures and the free stick of gum. Little boys and girls led their parents right up to Tillie's window and stamped around impatiently until they had the free gum.

Business was rushing. It grew by leaps and bounds. By four o'clock Tillie had to order a fresh supply of gum, enough to last until the next day. She didn't go home that evening for supper. Instead, she stayed right at her post and raked in the nickels. At seven o'clock the boss came in.

"Well, how's business, Tillie?"

"Just lift them cigar boxes an' find out for yourself."

"Tillie, you're a brick—a genuine gold brick. Tell me how you done it won't you?"

"Can't stop to talk—hain't got time—how many, please?"

Hitting the High Spots

By ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

Some Valedictory Thoughts on Business and Business Building

THIS is the last time that I shall talk to you in this corner of *The Business Philosopher*.

During the more than six years of my connection with the magazine, it has been my privilege to travel from coast to coast and into Canada and Mexico, studying business and business men.

It has also been my privilege and a part of my duty to read and study a very large part of all the literature of the day on the subject of Business and the Science of Business.

I have also in the course of the day's work talked with many men of many minds, read many books and magazines, watched the development of many young men and young women, and even had a little experience in personal instruction—all pertaining to Man Building and Personal Efficiency.

In more than six years, therefore, I have investigated, observed, studied, thought, written and spoken almost nothing but Business Science and Man Building.

And now that the time has come for me to talk to the readers of this magazine for the last time on these subjects, I want to brush aside all non-essentials, pass by all subordinate and secondary ideas and topics, and talk with you about what I consider to be the one great essential of Man Building and Business Building.

This is *thought*.

THE KIND OF THOUGHT I MEAN

By this I mean the thought that investigates, that seeks the truth, that

explores, that observes, that gathers knowledge—essential, exact, adequate and useful knowledge.

I mean the thought that analyzes, and weighs, and compares, and digests, and records, and remembers.

I mean the thought that reasons, and calculates, and deduces, and arranges.

I mean the thought that plans, and schedules, and constructs, and invents, and foresees, and creates.

I mean the thought that is forever asking "why?"—penetrating clever disguises, stripping off subterfuges and pretences, getting down to the essentials and throwing away the mere husks, taking hold upon the substance and ignoring the shadow.

WHAT IS THE WORST NEGATIVE?

A few years ago I sat in an audience. The speaker asked the question, "What, in your opinion, is the greatest of all the negatives, the one that causes the most trouble?"

Some people in the audience answered "Selfishness." Some answered "Ignorance." Some answered "Laziness." One man said that the one negative which caused all the rest was a lack of desire to serve.

These are all most destructive negatives.

But why should any man be selfish, unless because he has not clearly thought out the sad results of selfishness?

Why should any man be ignorant, unless because he has not exercised thought as I have here described it?

Why should any man be lazy, except as a result of mental laziness.

Why should any man lack a powerful desire to serve, unless because he has not fully thought out the value of service and its results?

RELATION BETWEEN THOUGHT AND FEELING

I grant you that thought, as I have described it, is coldly intellectual and is not in and of itself warmed by the fire of feeling.

I grant you that feeling naturally precedes thought; that feeling is the steam, the motive power of life and action; that, while the man who fails to think or thinks erroneously may go wrong, the man who does not feel does not "go" at all.

I grant you that man can attain, achieve and acquire almost anything or any condition if only his desire is strong enough and persistent enough.

But bear in mind:

That spontaneous feeling, no matter how pure or how powerful, is a terrible blunderer unless directed by the kind of thought I have been telling you about;

That the only way possible of cultivating a desired feeling begins with thought;

That, psychologically, feeling naturally expresses itself in physical action, while thought naturally expresses itself in mental action.

MAN'S UNLIMITED ASSETS

Man's mind is his greatest asset.

His hands, his feet, tools, machinery, money, other men, fields, forests, mines, the sea, and even the stars, are all but the tools and materials with which the mind of man works.

The mind of a Burbank, of a Holden, or an Edison, or a McCormick, or a Hall, or a Westinghouse actually draws from the resources of the universe more wealth by one deduction than a million men could produce in a year's work with their hands.

We have not yet even approached the limit of the resources of the universe.

We have not yet even approached the limit of what the mind of man can make for man out of those resources.

Some of our social and political reformers are talking as if we had almost exhausted the resources of this planet, as if there were not quite enough of the good things of life to go around, as if those who are receiving much and living in luxury would have to give up part of what they receive in order that those who are now receiving little may have more.

The man who discovered how to grow two hundred fifty bushels of corn to the acre has added by that one discovery more potential wealth to the sum total than there was in all the corn lands of America, with the methods in use when the continent was discovered.

The man who reasoned out the way to grow a thousand bushels of potatoes to the acre has added more to the resources of America than if he had discovered and added to her possessions a continent to be cultivated under old conditions.

The man who discovered and developed the internal combustion engine has added more wealth to this country than was in all her mines.

OPPORTUNITIES INNUMERABLE AND INCALCULABLE

As yet, we have only scratched the surface.

Our railroads, factories, stores, farms, forests, mines, are even today being operated at less than fifty per cent. of an easily obtainable efficiency.

Our government — national, state and municipal — is being operated at probably less than thirty per cent. efficiency.

Billions of dollars worth of wealth are being wasted every year in fires, in floods, in inefficient methods of

producing, manufacturing and distributing, and in valuable by-products unutilized.

Still larger values, too big to be counted in dollars, are wasted in human life, human health, human energy and human efficiency.

Besides all these, there are untold and unguessed resources lying all around us, waiting only the alert and active minds of men to turn them into wealth for all the people.

For example, the man who thinks out an economic and practical method for converting into mechanical power even a small fraction of the energy of the sun poured upon the earth will thereby add more to the wealth of the race than a whole generation of men could produce working with their hands alone.

All of these problems are problems in thought, in thinking.

They cannot be solved by muscular effort.

They cannot be solved by feeling.

But they can be solved by the kind of thinking I described at the opening of this talk.

AN INDIVIDUAL PROBLEM

What is true of the race and of us as a people is true of the individual.

The majority of people are poor, because the majority of people are inefficient.

Over eighty per cent. of all men who live to be more than fifty-five years old are dependent upon their children or upon reluctant charity for their daily bread.

This is not the fault of the rich. This is not the fault of the government. This is not even the fault of our economic conditions.

This is principally the fault of the men themselves.

Look about you.

Here is this man and that man and the other man who had just as poor a start in life as any man ever had.

Today they have an abundance.

Why?

Because they used their heads, because they thought and reasoned and analyzed and compared and planned and created.

But suppose it is the government that is at fault?

Who is to blame for what the government is, except the majority of the people who let professional politicians do their thinking for them?

Suppose economic conditions are at fault.

Again, who is to blame but the majority of the people who will not take the trouble to think?

Suppose the rich are to blame.

How does the rich man take advantage of the poor but by thinking and planning?

THINKING AND HAPPINESS

But money isn't all there is to life, although without money life and all that makes life worth living are impossible.

Whether or not we are all agreed that happiness is the prime object of human existence, we must all agree that some state of mind is, whether we call that state of mind happiness or not.

Most people simply drift. If they have a purpose in life it is so vague and so indefinite that it gives scarcely any direction at all to their activities.

Many other people, though having purpose and determination and attaining the object of their purpose, come to the end of their days dissatisfied, discontented and unhappy.

When they achieved the thing they desired they found that it was not after all that which would satisfy their spirits.

There is no way to form a clear, definite, detailed and therefore effective purpose in life except by hard, careful thinking.

There is no way to make sure that the thing you desire most in life will give you satisfaction of spirit except by hard, careful thinking of the kind I have described at the beginning of this talk.

Why Not Think Your Way Up?

By C. F. JOHNSON

He Who Controls His Own Mind Can Control the Minds of Others

THOUGHT is such hard work most of us try to get along without it. We are willing to read magazines, listen to lectures as to how the results are achieved, but when we must stop and use thought to apply the rule of success to our problems, we give up, and continue in our old, lame, inefficient way.

Recall for the moment some of Nature's forces,—the waters, the winds, the gases, electricity, steam, and note how largely they are coming into the control of man. These are made servants of humanity through the power of human thought.

It is the condition of the mind, rather than circumstances, that determines what the future of the individual shall be. That environment and influence are of greatest importance is not to be questioned, but human thought is more powerful. If this were not true, we would know nothing of Shakespeare, Lincoln, Edison, and others.

If one in discouraging surroundings says repeatedly to himself, "I am without opportunity, I have no chance to learn, no friends to help me, no time for study, no way out of my poverty,—he is likely to remain

in his present place and curse "luck" for keeping him there. Should one, however throw back his head and say firmly, "I can learn, I will take time for study, I shall make stepping stones of my hardships and do my best to live higher and work better,"—time and patience will see him in a better place.

Since thought is so powerful and the means of accomplishing so much, it is important that every individual learn about its use.

Thought may either be a power for good or a power for bad. It will control you if you do not control it.

Thought is a good servant but a bad master.

Gaining control of one's thoughts is difficult, but patience and effort in this direction will accomplish much.

The world is in need of men of power who are master of their thoughts.

Measure yourself by the power of your thought.

Conquer all petty likes and dislikes, anger, jealousy, worry, selfishness, etc.

Maintain a high aim and have faith in your abilities and persevere to the goal of your ambition.

The average man cries for better opportunities; while the fact is that he is literally surrounded with better opportunities but has not fitted himself to make good in any of them.

—C. D. Larson

Natural Law in the Business World

By ARTHUR F. SHELDON

What Qualities are Necessary for Business Success and How to Acquire Them

YOU will remember that I have often stated that "Confidence is the Basis of Trade."

This is a fundamental principle, applying to all business.

Now a principle is the basis, or reason, for many laws.

For example, we have the law of punctuality, which, being stated positively, reads:

If you would be successful in business you must be on time.

And the basis of this law is the principle of confidence. Tardiness means poor service—or at least subtracts somewhat from the very best and most service. And only the highest and best service can gain the most complete confidence.

The same thing holds true of the law of carefulness. Carefulness makes for efficient service, and that kind of service wins confidence.

Take almost any other law of success that may occur to you, trace it back to its source, as it were, and you will find that it springs from the principle that confidence is the basis of trade.

And nearly always the line you trace will lead you back through the one broad channel of efficient service.

EFFICIENT SERVICE COMPOSITE

Now efficient service is nearly always a composite thing. One man alone cannot give it, although one man can destroy it.

I have known the personally efficient work of a good salesman to be all undone by the inefficient work of

the credit man, or the bookkeeper, or the shipping clerk, or the man who made the goods.

I have known the efficient work of the man who made the goods, or the shipping clerk, or the stenographer, or the bookkeeper, or the credit man, to be all undone through the inefficient work of the salesman, through misrepresentation or otherwise.

In either case, if we ask why, we shall find that the confidence of the patron or prospective patron was either lessened or totally destroyed by the inefficiency of someone.

Every individual in the whole institution has to co-operate with all the rest in giving the highest and best service in order that all that is done shall tend to add to the confidence of the buying-public in that institution.

This principle of confidence, then, having been firmly fixed in your mind, and the channel of efficient service having been clearly marked out, the next thing you want to know is the laws growing out of the principle and operating to insure efficient service.

One of the first and most fundamental of these laws is the law of health or endurance.

It needs no argument to prove to you that ill-health subtracts from your power to render the most efficient service.

Everyone knows by experience that he cannot work as well when he is sick as when he is in perfect health. And the sicker you are, the less work you can do.

DEGREES OF HEALTH AND ENDURANCE

But not everyone stops to think that there are many degrees of health and endurance between perfect health and downright sickness.

The fact is, as you know, that there are few indeed who are in perfect health at any time, and a still smaller number who are always in perfect health.

And yet, every little departure from complete physical well-being subtracts just so much from efficient service and from the sum of the confidence held.

Now, few indeed can be Mathewsons or Gotches. Nor is that necessary to efficient service in the ordinary callings. Besides, it is often the case that these great athletes have only great strength and skill, but poor health and endurance.

What you want is the glow and vigor of a healthy mind in a healthy body, and the endurance to keep healthy and have sufficient strength

for your tasks day after day and year after year until you are ready to rest.

And all this you can have by obeying a few simple laws of Nature relative to your mind and body.

Yes, I said your mind, because health and endurance both begin in your mind.

The mind builds and controls the body, very largely, and a healthy, cheerful, courageous mind is a most powerful factor in making and keeping a healthy, vigorous, enduring body.

And so the first necessity in getting into harmony with the laws of health is to think right.

The other laws are few in number, but of great importance. I have room only to mention them here, but you can study them up elsewhere. They are:

Breathe right, drink right, exercise right, cleanse right, eat right, relax right, recreate right, and sleep right.

"THE first requisite of a good citizen is that he shall be able and willing to pull his own weight; that he shall not be a mere passenger, but shall do his share in the work that each generation of us finds ready to hand; and furthermore, that in doing his work, he shall show not only the capacity for sturdy self-help, but also self-respecting regard for the rights of others."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Extensive vs. Offensive Advertising

By GEORGE H. EBERHARD

*Every Good Thing May be
Overdone — Some Rocks on
the High Seas of Advertising*

A PHASE of the general advertising problem that some thinkers believe will show itself clearly and unmistakably is the reaction on the public mind of the present extensive campaigns back of cigarettes and tobaccos, and in certain localities on cleansers, automobile tires, whiskies and possibly other aggressively advertised articles.

While they realize that the patent medicine and cheap stock promotion advertising was offensive for other reasons than the amount of space used, the effect of large space in almost every character of medium, it is believed, helped unconsciously to antagonize the public. In this manner the fight against them received ready support from many who never bought them or gave the subject serious thought. They acted unconsciously as a result of a natural reaction which put the repeated suggestion of the patent medicine and fake stock advertisement in motion against, instead of for, as intended.

TOO MUCH PUBLICITY CLOYS THE TASTE

While it is doubtful that we can at this time get down to the actual solution of this psychological problem, the fact remains that the situation indicated can and has been demonstrated in a way to impress the observer.

We will illustrate this by another, though similar problem.

It was found that in the average Pacific Coast town, the saloons occupy many of the prominent, as well

as the best side street locations, judged in the light of retail or other frontage use value. The front and signs of the average saloon or cafe are conspicuous, though not pleasingly so, in comparison with a reasonably modern store-front. In the poorer neighborhoods they are almost offensive in appearance, particularly of the signs displayed. Their general external appearance is seldom in harmony with their surroundings.

It may be said that there must be a distinguishing appearance to attract saloon trade. But there must also be a "dead line" denoting the difference between the necessary measure of distinction and the offensive intrusion of a business that is open to continued opposition on the part of a large number of people that observe its external appearance and often other evidence in the way of over-satisfied patrons.

If the external appearance of all saloons or cafes were carefully studied and designed so as to fit in the least offensive and harmonious manner, even with the present unbusiness-like conduct of most of them, it would, in a great measure, delay antagonistic action or regulation.

If the saloon front and side sign advertising were regulated by some efficient method and only enough advertising displayed to attract the necessary attention of possible patrons, instead of using every available space (unless ordinances prohibit) to display signs that scream out the name of whiskies, beers, etc., it would

have a tendency to allay antagonism on the part of the passing public.

PUBLIC RESENT BEING AROUSED BY FLAMBOYANCY

The present day cigarette advertising on the bill-boards, on walls, in the daily press and outside of stores, must react unconsciously, let us say, on the minds of the non-smoking, and from the result, probably consciously, on the minds of the associates of the smokers.

If you doubt this, inquire among your friends and see how many men today are proud to smoke or if they do smoke, then to display a package of aggressively advertised cigarettes.

In fact, most of the copy writers, salesmen and workers in the low-priced cigarette campaigns that I know, apologize for being mixed in with such wild, aggressive, screaming campaigns, as now feature the red surly-looking bulls; fat, dropsical-appearing Turks; veiled women; colorless, sloppy fat men, etc. Their excuse, however, is usually that it pays good money.

Go among the parents of the great consuming youthful smokers, the employers of the men who roll one, light a tailor-made or fill a "jimmy-pipe" every twenty minutes, be it in the ditch, on the farm or elsewhere, and see how they snap at the "Advertised Brands" as a topic of conversation.

Why? It's not the feeling of regard for the health of the other fellow so much as a mind made mad through the reaction of continued images, of strong, forceful, dominating advertisements of tobacco, cigarettes or the makings.

The mere word "cigarette" or "tobacco" conjures up from the subjective or subconscious storehouse of the mind, a wierd kaleidoscopic medley of past impressions, and thanks to what is probably, in the long run, a short-sighted attempt to sell more and more cigarettes, on the part of

the various manufacturers, the more minds will re-act, want to reduce the strain, as it were, and will accept readily suggestions along the line of antagonism to tobacco, cigarettes and their use.

ADVERTISING THAT SMELLS OF SHAMELESSNESS

Whisky advertising acts in probably a similar but more subtle manner, for whenever a drunken man appears, or injures some one, or wrecks a machine on a joy ride, the thought-force of many minds places another mark against the screamingly advertised whiskies; the saloons in the town or neighborhood and what hurts more, a mark against the acquaintances or employees known to drink.

All the situation in many communities needs is a few earnest or popular leaders to aggressively oppose the over-advertised cigarettes, whiskies, etc., and in spite of the entrenched financial strength and interlocking ramifications or interdependent interests, they can establish destructive regulation, and what is worse, build up active public disapproval of the use of the articles advertised.

In the matter of cleansers, automobile tires and other lines, the reaction is usually local because of signs along scenic highways, placed at points where an enthusiastic autoist is unconsciously influenced against a certain brand of tires because they advertise signs that to his mind, mar or jar the view on many a highway, or a group of women in one neighborhood stop using a leading brand of cleanser, because of a sign placed on a suburban line that to their minds spoils the appearance of the street.

The question, "When does extensive advertising react and become offensive advertising?" it would appear, is worthy of more active consideration than it now receives.

Efficiency in Distribution of Goods

By MELVILLE W. MIX, in *The Dodge Idea*
President, Dodge Manufacturing Co., Mishawaka, Ind.

*A Strong Article Dealing with
One of the Most Important Items
Affecting the High Cost of Living*

IN these times of referring to the high cost of things we naturally seek an explanation of the cause.

After looking over all of the features of production, it is apparent that that end of the business is in a comparatively good state of development.

Executive committees, shop committees, boards of experts, are giving careful consideration to items that represent no more than one dollar saving on a two thousand dollar automobile, or ten cents on a lumber wagon.

Motion studies are becoming common and productive elements are being worked down to the nicety of a gnat's eyelash.

But how about the distribution costs?

Are we giving the same consideration of the fractional cost in the field?

The consumer, from whom all blessings flow, finds every detail of his want-producing nature worked to a frazzle.

If an article is being placed in the consumer's hands at \$10 or 10 cents, that could just as well be placed there for \$8 or 8 cents, allowing for the essential and legitimate costs along the line, then there is surely room for improvement.

Not only do we decrease the purchasing power of the consumer—including the range of his purchases—but we encourage the development and growth of a parasite population that would be far more beneficial to the community if they were tilling

the soil, raising poultry or stock, or doing some other useful thing, for the lack of which we now pay high prices through limitation of supply rather than excess of demand.

In short, there are too many merchants—not only retailers, but wholesalers—there is too much lost motion in selling and re-selling, shipping and re-shipping, and every time the goods are handled, on goes an extra price, which does not add to the value of the article to the consumer. Ask any merchant if there are not too many in the distributing markets; he is sure to say yes. Of course, it is always the other fellow that ought to get out—but that does not alter the fact that the excess of shopkeepers is recognized. The problem is to eliminate waste, or reduce its sting.

A great howl goes up about mail-order houses. I do not care to define or defend them. I do say that there must be some reason for this great development in business, and it strikes at a part of our distributing methods that needs attention.

From the consumer's standpoint—whether rightly or not, he sees a greater effectiveness for his dollar; he sees more merchandise for less money; he sees his income covering a larger number of his wants.

That is the reason for a certain mail order house in Chicago opening a mail one day last November that contained over a million dollars of real money, paid in advance for merchandise, the average order being about \$9.

I may be wrong in my deductions, but I believe this new phase of merchandise distribution finds its impetus in the light that is dawning upon the consumer: that he is not getting value received for the slices of the dollar that are being taken off at the numerous points of turn-over between him and the factory.

We must stop and consider. We must look to such standards of efficiency, through the attainment of which the consumer's dollar will be spread over more merchandise and necessary comforts, thus spreading prosperity to the masses.

Make the right goods at the lowest price consistent with the quality or grade desired, and endeavor to market them so that in the final analysis—in terms of dollars and cents—the cost of the various steps of produc-

tion and distribution, does not become an unnecessary burden upon the consumer for whose use and benefit they were made.

The manufacturer through improved machinery, improved methods, better handling and training of men, has reduced the cost of his output again and again. Our distributing machinery remains complex, expensive and inefficient. The doctor has his clinics—the lawyer, his lectures and reports—but the manufacturer—what does he have? As to the production end, he is now able to utilize a wide range of standards as applied to individual and machine operations. The problem of this and the coming generation is to apply to distribution in all its phases the same principles of efficiency which are now being applied to the manufacturing industries of our country.

Strive, not so much to possess largely of this world's goods, as to be worthy of all that you can acquire—and dispense freely to those less fortunate than yourself.

Surcharge the dynamo of your desire with a goodly amount of sympathy and thereby vitalize your deeds with the essence of kindness.

The man who discards everything that is against him and lends his whole effort and ability to that which is for him very seldom fails.

—Andrew Deer.

Common Enemies of the Credit Man

By GEORGE E. GIRLING

Some Pitfalls to Avoid in the Obtaining of Credit

IN Mr. Sheldon's talk on Distribution, in the September number of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, he tells us the serious problem is not so much to find mistakes as to have the right way pointed out to us to avoid them.

In a great many instances we know full well the mistakes we are daily making, and what the results are likely to lead to from making them, yet to awaken us from the seriousness of our ways, it becomes a necessity even against our will, to have our mistakes pointed out to us in no uncertain way.

In the few following remarks on two of the common enemies of the credit man, we do not need the right way pointed out to us, because we know it, but what we do need is, more backbone to back us up in an effort to overcome a common weakness prevalent among many credit men.

I shall dare to proclaim that cowardice and imitation are two of our most deadly enemies, weaknesses, errors or whatsoever name we wish to call them, and are the most prevalent and easy to fall prey to.

While we are aiming always at a high standard of efficiency in credit granting, I cannot help but feel that we fail in the smaller things of our daily work, which we overlook and lose sight of in our eagerness to grasp something beyond the ordinary.

Do you remember Mr. Smooth Tongue coming in the other day with his beaming and smiling face, the hearty handshake, the hail fellow well met attitude, the inspiring con-

versation, the prosperous air, the "make good" attitude? Do you remember how you were carried to the mountain top of ecstasy, generosity and faith in your prospect?

You remember after due consideration, grave doubts arose in your mind whether it was a safe risk. You looked up your reports which were anything but encouraging. Still the thoughts of that pleasant interview caused you to step over the boundary line of discretion. Instead of your transaction being a purely commercial one, it became a gamble, (strong language, but true). You knew it. But you lost your head to Mr. Smooth Tongue, became a coward, and added another undesirable name to the ledger.

The other enemy is imitation, a very familiar one, and almost an excusable one. Yet, after all, who among us has not at some time or other learned from experience that first hand information is essential.

The following story will serve as an illustration:

In the Fall of 1912, Mr. Smooth Tongue visited one of our largest western jobbing houses, and succeeded in securing a fairly heavy line of credit. The credit man remarked to me some time afterwards, "How that man got the best of me I don't know. A more smooth tongued and yet uneducated man I have never met. After the yarn he put up I would have sold him merchandise to any amount."

After obtaining his first line of credit from this source Mr. Smooth Tongue was able to bluff no less than

five other houses into giving him credit, the total of which was approximately twelve thousand dollars. In less than six months he was forced to assign. Up to this time not a cent of dividend has been paid. On the other hand, the creditors had to spend good money to have him examined, etc.

Now, the point is this, every creditor in this case gave credit to this man because the other fellow did. In other words, they each put their finger in the fire without finding out for himself whether or not the man was entitled to seek credit.

Little more need be said. Instances like this happen every day to a larger or lesser degree. Imitation is a real live enemy to be fought, whether your house gets the business, or somebody else's house. It is your fight, an individual one, your weapons of defense must be patience, courage, a strong will and a determination to be fair to yourself, your customer and your house.

Remember imitation (giving credit because the other fellow did), or injudicious credit granting often leads to the downfall of the one you desired to serve, and finally a financial loss to your house.

*Surely thus to sing, robin,
Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the showers,
And dawn behind the night.
Would thy faith were mine, robin!
Then, though night were long,
All its silent hours should melt
Their sorrows into song.*

— Edward Rowland Sill.

The Goodness of Inexorable Law

By ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

A LAW of nature is a law of God. Such a law cannot be broken with impunity. And, contrary to the notion of most folks, natural law knows no such distinctions as degrees of guilt. It is a true saying that "he who offends in one point is guilty of all."

There are no such things as trifling laws and important laws. They are all equal in importance. From the standpoint of natural law, it is as bad to forget as it is to murder—unkindness is no more venial than adultery.

It is on this account that those who suffer the penalty of outraged law are so often amazed and overwhelmed at its apparently unwarranted severity. "Who would have supposed," they wail, "that such a little sin could bring down upon my head such a terrible punishment?"

The man or the woman who "sees no very great harm" in doing some lawless thing will some day be appalled at the merciless operation of the broken law.

It was only a bit of forgetfulness that caused the engineer to run through a little station. But it cost him his life and the lives of a hundred passengers.

Henry broke the law of punctuality only two or three times, but it cost him his job. Because he had been discharged, he had a hard time getting another. His money ran low. He could not provide for his wife properly at a critical time, so she and their child died.

John couldn't see that it was any one's business but his own if he chose to break over a few of the minor laws of health—nature's laws. It was true, perhaps, that he

would live five or ten years longer if he were to keep the law, but he was "going to live while he lived." And it was his own life he was living, anyhow.

Poor John spent the last dozen years of his life either in bed or in a wheel chair, a helpless sufferer, dependent upon the reluctant charity of others for even the carrying of food from his plate to his mouth. His family experienced all the hardships poverty inflicts upon those brought up in luxury. And his creditors—among them many hundreds of poor, ill, and old people who had invested money in his enterprises—paid dearly in convenience, comfort, and even life itself, for the "peccadillos" of John.

"How wantonly cruel it seems that the penalty should be so out of proportion to the crime!" wail these victims and their friends.

But they are mistaken.

The law may be utterly without feelings of either kindness or cruelty—or it may be an expression of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love. That question is not up for discussion here.

But it is true that it is a mighty good thing for you and for me that the pain of violation of law is as severe as it is. Sometimes I think it ought to be even more harsh.

Look at it in this way—such pain is not a punishment, but an opportunity. It offers you and me and every other sufferer and beholder of suffering a valuable lesson in natural law. And, that we may not miss or forget the lesson, it drives the truth home with considerable emphasis. That all this severity is needed is shown by the fact that, even as it is, most of us learn very little from our own experiences—and almost nothing at all from the experiences of others. Even when we know the law, it is a fascinating game to see how far we can go in breaking it without calling down upon our heads the inevitable penalty. And we can never find out exactly without going at least one step too far. Like children, we cannot resist the lure of playing with fire. Well for us that the pain of even a little burn is so fierce.

The Old-Time Parlor *and the Boy*

By F. J. MILNES

President of the National Indoor Game Association

An Experience and Some Suggestions on the "Boy" Problem

I HAD just preached on "Absalom, My Son," and was passing out the side exit of the church, for reasons well known to ministers, that the effect of that particular sermon should not be dissipated as usual in the stereotyped hand-shakes and conventional compliments of the people in the front vestibule, when I was halted by the sad solicitous face of a care-worn mother. Her only speech was the agitated gripping of my hand, but I interpreted her suppressed sobs as an invitation to make a pastoral call.

This I performed promptly early that week. The door opened before I rang the bell. I was expected and forthwith escorted to the front room or "parlor."

Here my hostess launched into the subject, which she assumed I had come to discuss, almost precipitously. Her boy was wayward. His evenings and leisure hours away from home were elongating while his mother's life and happiness were shortening. Her countenance was as sad as any I have ever looked upon. Worry and grief had chased the laughter out of her otherwise beautiful face. She was a good intelligent woman. Her husband was a kind father and successful in business. Why should her son go astray?

But the answer was very manifest in that same "parlor" in which our dialogue occurred. As we entered the room my hostess raised the dark green shades so that we could see each other in the broad daylight. The windows, however, were not opened,

although the air within was dank and musty, while the air without was exuberant and delightful.

As I stepped across the home-made rag-carpet, seated myself on the hair-cloth settee and leaned my elbow on the little white "tidy" neatly pinned over its arm, I saw the answer to her question. In the center of the room was a little walnut table with a white marble top, while the pile of ocean shells immediately under it on the floor, gave to its location an air of fixity. In the corner was a "what-not," a series of triangular shelves, supported by columns of spools and covered with all manner of trinkets and family souvenirs. On the walls hung the enlarged family photographs in walnut frames. Aside from these, a huge wreath of flowers made out of wax and enclosed in a glass encased frame, constituted the art exhibit of the room.

This was the "parlor," 14x16, as exact and indifferent as the figures that indicate its dimensions, as sedate as the white wierd marble of tombstones. Its precision in form and nicety of adjustment bid defiance at even the suggestion of a change. But even more pronounced was the clearness of its utterance, reinforced by the orders of its mistress: "*Let boys beware who enter here.*" No furniture can be disturbed; no games or merriment permitted." Yet this was the only place for the son to spend his "Social Evenings," and in its damp unalluring air it held the answer to the question of a mother's aching heart.

The Duty to Cultivate Cheerfulness

From McCLAY'S WIRELESS

*How Cheerfulness is the
Oil on the Stormy Sea
of all Business Life*

THE duty of cheerfulness is one that is strongly urged in these days, by many, for the reason that it creates and draws business. We do not question this. Except to the hopeless misanthrope, cheerfulness is one of the most attractive things on earth. But cheerfulness cultivated for the sake of business is a spurious article. It is like honesty from motives of policy; it is only a surface plant with no depth of root, and dies easily.

Cultivate cheerfulness as a matter of self respect, and love for your fellows. It will do you no end of good, personally: and you surely won't need to worry about its effect on your business.

As we said before, cheerfulness is one of the most attractive things on earth; and just at this season, everyone wants his shop to be especially attractive. Well, some of the things that will make your store cheerful are tasteful decorations, neatness of arrangement of the stock, and cleanliness; but greater than all of these may be the cheerful atmosphere created by yourself and your staff, but—mark this—mostly by yourself.

To a great extent—to a far greater extent than most of us are willing to admit—the personality and example of the manager regulate the attitude and conduct of his clerks; and no very sensible man ever attempts to train cheerful, obliging help, by the methods of grumbling and grouching and glowering; nor expect confidence and loyalty to flourish under a cloud of suspicion and watchfulness.

Now, for a good, durable foundation for cheerfulness, there are two excellent varieties of building material. One is, all the troubles that you have at times thought looked imminent, but which didn't happen. The other is the successes—small they may be, but successes still—which you have achieved, that a year ago you were only striving for.

There are many of both these kinds of facts to cheer you—many that you have doubtless forgotten. Hunt them up. You'd be able to think of nothing else, if they had turned out badly for you. Think of them anyway, and you will surely find yourself growing in that most charming and success-commanding of qualities—Cheerfulness. — *McClary's Wireless*.

The average man cries for opportunities; while the fact is that he is literally surrounded with better opportunities but has not fitted himself to make good in any of them.—*C. D. Larson*.

Always Do *the Comparative*

By J. WILSON-HAFFENDEN

Standardizing Yourself and Your Work by Comparison With Others and Their Work

THE late W. T. Stead — the designated executor and also publisher of that remarkable document, "The Last Will and Testament of Cecil Rhodes," once said that the words, "Always do the Comparative" were Cecil Rhodes' life motto.

Is there a more helpful phrase for time of trouble than these words. A great business loss overtakes you. Your prospects of any further competence or happiness seems forever ended.

You may feel that in time something may occur to help you along, but the vista of the future appears as if covered in damp dreary mist.

At once "Do the Comparative." Think of the misfortunes of the numbers of other people you know, or know of, and it will surprise you how many you will find have misfortunes which in *comparison* to yours are much worse.

When your mind thoroughly grasps the *comparative* advantages of your own—even bad—position, re-action will set in. This re-action will stimulate your whole being with a fervour of thankfulness for the *comparative* good fortune with which you are blessed.

Your heavy heart will become light and with it will come full blooded return of your mental vigor.

Your mental vigor once regained your physical alertness will return with it.

You will repossess your old vim.

You will be better equipped than ever before, because you will have

profited by your past experiences.

You will have analyzed the causes of your loss.

You may at first have considered it was due to uncontrollable bad luck, but closer concentration of your mind on the cause of your misfortune may reveal to you other causes, causes personal to yourself or your business organization, such as inefficiency, slackness, want of system, lack of technical knowledge, over-buying, under-selling, reckless or insufficient advertising, or one of the many other possibilities in modern business.

"Do the Comparative" with the knowledge forced upon you as the result of this compulsory investigation.

Compare past methods with your plans for the future.

You will then restart your career with a wider knowledge and greater experience than before.

Your way up may be slow but it will be all the more sure because you can now avoid all the discovered mistakes of the past.

In a few years you will probably *compare* the present with the past and be thankful for the necessity which compelled you not only to sharpen up the faculties you had in use, but caused you to rouse capacities which were lying latent, and stimulated you by hard and honest self criticism.

Follow Cecil Rhodes' inspiration and "*Always do the Comparative.*"

You will realize that it was your "misfortune" that caused you to acquire that equipment which has won.

Talks to the Office Boy

By AUSTIN WOODWARD

Never worry about getting too big for your job—you'll get *pushed up*, if you're *worth it*.

One of the greatest words around the office is the word *why*.

The fellow who's afraid of his job, is in danger of losing it.

There is no limit to what you can do, if you love your work—and *persist*.

If you proceed upon the principle that you're not worth much, you will soon find it out.

Be great about the little things and you'll be great about the big things.

Make it your business to *know* your business.

The power of "please" and "thank you" is beyond estimate.

Don't put yourself in position to be corrected, and you'll rapidly find yourself in position to dictate.

Never be ashamed to ask questions, regardless of ridicule or abuse.

Bluff and swagger never got a boy very far. Just go quietly about your business.

The boy who is willing to get right down and scrub the floors, if necessary, (even though the "boss" be a thousand miles away) as he is willing to run out and buy the boss a newspaper or a box of cigars, is the boy who is going to "*get there*."

Did you ever hear a teamster say "Git together" to his horses? It means a lot to the boys who apply the same suggestion to their daily routine.

The Philosopher Among His Books

*The Art of Living Long—When Fools Rush In
—The Future of the Working Class: Economic
Facts for Employers and Wage Earners*

THE ART OF LIVING LONG. By Luigi Cornaro.
Translated and Published by William F.
Butler. Postpaid, \$2.00. Sheldon Uni-
versity Press.

Luigi Cornaro, an Italian nobleman of illustrious family, famous in history as The Venetian Centenarian, was born—alas! there are many such—with a constitution too feeble to promise him a prolonged stay in this bustling, bustling world. To make bad matters worse, he failed to husband even the very little vitality originally allotted him by Dame Nature. So that, at the age of forty, his physicians pronounced his death sentence.

Shocked, but, fortunately awakened, by their verdict; inspired by a genuine resolve to redeem what he had lost, and, if possible, live to extreme old age and to be of some use in this world, sadly in need of more of his kind; and fired with a determination to demonstrate the fact that the "doctors" (Latin for "teachers") are not, after all is said, all that their title calls for,—he set himself to work not only to regain the little natural vigor he had carelessly thrown away, but also, if possible, to attain the birthright of every man and woman: perfect, entire, complete—nothing wanting—health of body and mind.

Behold the result! At forty, given over to death by his physicians; within a few months restored to his own former normal health; soon thereafter in possession of the happiness of perfect soundness, bodily and mentally; followed by a life of sixty-three years of unvarying perfection of physical health.

At the age of 103, in the full possession of all his faculties, this wonderful man—truly a benefactor of his race—went peacefully to sleep for the last time; for it may be truly said that in the ordinary acceptance of the term, with all that it implies, Luigi Cornaro never tasted of death.

At the age of 83, this good old man began the writing of the work which has made his name famous throughout the world—"La Vita Sobria"; commonly known under its English title, "The Art of Living Long." He continued adding to it, completing the work at the age of 95.

This is the book, "The Art of Living Long," published in a beautiful edition, to which, as we have stated, we have been suc-

cessfully calling the attention of our readers. It belongs in every home, in the hands of every man, woman and child able to read.

The first edition of the translation of Cornaro's complete writings was put on sale by the translator at \$1.50. In response to the large call for the book and a justifiable demand for a much improved edition, the translator is now publishing it at the price of \$2.00, the cheaper \$1.50 edition being discontinued. The new edition is a handsome book, gilt edged, illustrated—a parlor volume. It may be truly said that it is the most eminently commended work on the attainment and preservation of perfect health ever put before the reading world. We have in our possession a leaflet descriptive of the book, containing a few lines from autograph letters of commendation to the translator, from more than one hundred men of international reputation—Thomas A. Edison, Cardinal Gibbons, James J. Hill, Oscar S. Straus, Lyman J. Gage, Levi P. Morton, General Miles, Admiral Dewey, etc. This leaflet we will be glad to mail in any quantity, free of charge, to any and all inquirers in every part of the world, who are sufficiently interested in their own health and in that of their friends, to send to us for it. It will tell you what others think of Cornaro's writings, and it will set you to thinking.

WHEN FOOLS RUSH IN. By William Richard Hereford. Illustrated by George Oscar Baker. \$1.00 net. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Distinctive in type, perfect in workmanship, wrought with loving care and exquisite taste, giving glimpses of Paris that are rare and artistic, this is the sort of a story that one would expect to find in a de luxe edition on the shelves of a literary connoisseur. It is one of the most beautifully fashioned romances of the season, a tale that breathes the freshness and beauty of springtime and the delicacy and color of a May morning.

Its unusual literary and poetic qualities demand for it a high place among recent fiction. Its tender reminiscent air and the exceptional flavor of personality give it a position of distinction among historical romances. The atmosphere of the old regime in France pervades it—the atmosphere of the old regime in its best estate, when it was the synonym for courtesy, high-breeding

and delicate sentiment, when the motto was "noblesse oblige."

But it is at the same time a fascinating story of young Americans in love, a story that will captivate any lover of fiction.

"To be twenty; to be in love, and to be in Paris!" This is the world's definition of happiness. Eleanor Moore and Bruce Converse were young Americans in love in Paris. But their friends were not satisfied to have them happy in the way of lovers; the well-meaning meddlers determined that they must find happiness in great careers. They got far enough to see Bruce the most famous of American artists and Eleanor a wonderful prima donna decorated by a king. But Eleanor's eyes found her lover's in the audience on the night of the great concert, and then the conspiring friends learned indeed that there was but one way to make Eleanor happy.

But there was one who knew all the while that "there is but one law of love and it can not be broken." He was Prince Florimonde de Saint-Saveur, prince of lovers, the delightful, musing, sentimental bachelor, no longer youthful but still young, a man of noble birth and noble ideals, thinking more of his friends than of himself and blessed in his journey through life with a kindly humor that often made smooth the way of those about him. The son of an American mother, a woman of courage and splendid devotion, who danced in New York with the Prince of Wales and who on her wedding day received a silver vase with the Lancasterian arms from her royal admirer, Florimonde inherited the traditions of his line, a large estate in the country of the Loire and a valet whose feudal devotion and democratic speech render him a delight to the reader.

The prince, friend of the sweethearts, turns out to be the hero and gives the book its fine flavor of distinction, chivalry and tender sentiment. The story is not of gaudy titles, nor the Latin Quarter and sordid surroundings—but a love story within a love story—of cultivated people. Americans still proud of their country. Not since Du Maurier wrote *Tribby* or Mansfield played the last time in *A Parisian Romance* has there been such a story of Paris for American readers.

When *Fools Rush In* is a story that will not be so soon forgotten. It breathes life and is bound to be cherished as a treasure by all who read it.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORKING CLASSES: ECONOMIC FACTS FOR EMPLOYERS AND WAGE EARNERS. By Roger W. Babson. Pub-

lished by Babson's Statistical Organization, 6 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

This is one of the keenest analyses of economic, national and international conditions I have ever read—and I read it all in about fifteen minutes.

Briefly, the argument Mr. Babson makes is as follows:

Every concession—increased wages or shorter hours—obtained by the working classes from their employers, whether by strikes or by legislation; every seeming advantage obtained by the working classes from their employers in the nature of pensions of various kinds, liability insurance, etc., is finally taken from the working classes again in the form of increased rents and higher prices of living.

The only way for the working classes to obtain and to keep a greater share of the world's wealth is by increasing their efficiency.

Efficiency is increased by increasing intelligence and character; the word "intelligence" being used to include the power to think logically, to use sound, practical judgment.

The only way for the working classes to increase the quality of their intelligence and character is by education; not education teaching them to spend more and enjoy more as at present, but education teaching them to produce more and retain more through wise administration. Such education is economic education.

That nation only is great and prosperous whose working classes are intelligent and prosperous.

The working classes of a nation can only be made intelligent and prosperous through economic education.

Economic education will keep boys and girls in school until after they are twenty-one, but will combine work for wages with study in increasingly large proportion from the time the child is nine years old.

Economic education will also study vocation, training boys and girls for vocations for which they are fitted, and give them a start in such vocations.

I should advise every employer interested in the future relations between capital and labor, every employe, every father and mother, every teacher, every person interested in education, and every patriot interested in the future prosperity and national integrity of his country to study Mr. Babson's book.

Confidence is a delicate thing and must be handled carefully.



Jean Paul Marat

The name of Marat will forever be associated with the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution. He fell at last by the hand of Charlotte Corday to avenge the loss of her lover. This period contains more dramatic interest than any other in the world's history. It is out of this period that the Empire was born, dominated and ruled by Napoleon. It is generally conceded the best account of the French Revolution is by America's great historian, Dr. John Clark Ridpath. The story of this period should be read by every American who prizes his citizenship and loves his country. How else are we to judge of the great questions that confront our own Republic except from the lessons of the past?

Six Thousand Years of History

Ridpath, the historian, takes the reader back to the very beginning of civilization and traces man's career down through the long highway of time, through the rise and fall of empires and nations. He covers every race and every nation, and holds the reader spell-bound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting or inspiring has ever been written. If you would know the history of mankind, every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, then embrace this opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication —

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Ridpath's Graphic Style

Ridpath's enviable position as a historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries with him to see the battle of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that History becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

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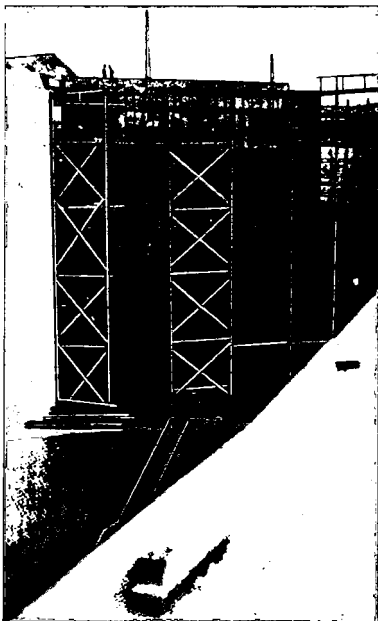
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SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"



PANAMA: A MEMORY — (See page 147.) This picture shows on the left hand side a wall ninety feet high. The small dark section is the bottom of the canal. The shelf line in the cement work is about thirty feet. The stairway ladder is the ladder that the workmen use in going up and down. The structure upon which the two men stand is one of a series of lock gates with the scaffolding shown upon which the men were working when the various compartments of the gate were being built in. This gate approximates sixty feet in height. Through the opening at the right of the structure, upon which the men stand, and in the distance, are similar gates in process of construction.

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

Volume X

MARCH, 1914

Number 3

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

WHEN I got back to town the other day, I heard all over again what a wonderful executive and business man my friend Bert is.

At the club, in the offices of my friends, on the street, and in the hotel corridors, I heard it in all its variations, from quietly implied approval to thunderous applause.

Bert was "a genius," "a wizard," "the greatest executive in the country," "the smartest business man in America," "a live wire," "a genuine hustler," and several other kinds of hero to be worshiped.

Bert's latest achievement had been to find himself loaded up with an excess of slow-moving merchandise toward the end of the season and to turn it all into cash within ten days by means of a sale and advertising campaign the like of which the city had never seen before.

It was Bert, who, only a few months before, with a strike in his plant which threatened to spread

throughout the city and perhaps further, suddenly brought the whole thing to an end and averted the danger by a most ingenious compromise fairly satisfactory to all concerned.

It was this same Bert, a year or two ago, when he was in another line of business, who, finding himself forced to the verge of bankruptcy by his competitors, frightened them into buying him out at a good round sum by means of a clever stroke of "business strategy."

BERT IS clever. He is ingenious. He is resourceful. He is fearless.

And he is frequently successful.

BERT IS a very common type of American business man. Perhaps there are more men of Bert's type amongst the successes in America than of any other.

We admire such men as Bert. They are dramatic. They give us thrills.

It appeals to our peculiar American idea of sport and conquest to see a man, in an apparently hopeless predicament, extricate himself by a brilliant coup.

WE GO WILD by the millions over the base-ball player who puts over a successful double play in the last half of the ninth inning when there are three men on bases, only one out and the score tied.

We pay large sums of our hard-earned dollars for the joy of seeing foot-ball players pull themselves out of certain defeat by miracles of strategy.

We are inclined to agree with Elbert Hubbard that "a successful executive is a man who decides quickly and is right more than half of the time."

MINGLED WITH the chorus of acclaim for Bert, I began to hear a few notes of warm praise for John.

"John?" I asked. "Why, I thought John was broke long ago!"

"So he was," they told me, "down and out, dead and buried, tombstone up and the epitaph engraved, but John simply wouldn't stay dead. He dug his way out of the grave. He worked night and day. One after another he attacked his debts and struggled doggedly on until he had paid them all off.

"He has fallen down two or three times on his way up, but he has always come back stronger than ever. Now he is out of the woods and is making a success of his business.

"John never was and never will be brilliant and he has met a whole lot of hard luck in head-on-collisions, but John doesn't know what it means to let up or let go. He never gives up. He just keeps pegging away, plodding along. He's going to win and win big in the end."

JOHN ISN'T as spectacular as Bert. He doesn't arouse so much enthusiasm. He doesn't get himself into the limelight. But, so far as I can see, Bert isn't far ahead of him in all that constitutes true success.

WHILE BUSINESS men of John's type do not appeal to us in quite the same way that men of Bert's type do, there are a good many of them in America and we Americans hold them highly.

We like to see the bulldog tenacity and the grit. We admire the "never say die" spirit.

AFTER I HAD heard all about Bert and John, I wanted to know about Bob.

No one seemed to know very much about Bob.

Over at the club they thought he was still doing business and they guessed he was getting along all right.

"Bob will never set the river on fire," one of the boys told me.

"Bob is too much of a theorist to be much of a business man," another one sagely concluded.

"Bob has got a mighty comfortable business," Ed told me, "and he is in great luck in the kind of

people he has employed. They have the thing worked out so that they can take care of it pretty well without Bob; so he isn't around there a great deal."

KNOWING BOB as I did, what they all said interested me. So as soon as I had time I went over to see him.

I didn't find him in.

"No," his manager told me, "he's down in St. Louis, opening up our store there."

"Why, I didn't know you had a store in St. Louis!" I said.

"Oh, yes! We have stores now in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis. St. Louis is the first place West of the Mississippi. Next week Bob will be in Kansas City; then Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and on out to the Coast. We shall have a store in every city of over 100,000 inhabitants before summer, and next year we shall have a store in every city of 25,000 or over, besides a whole lot of new stores in different sections of the big towns."

"Well!" I said, "that's something new, isn't it? What started Bob spreading out like this all of a sudden?"

"Oh! it isn't sudden, Mr. Sheldon," he said. "Bob started his plans for all this five years ago, and believe me he had them all worked down to a gnat's whisker before he opened the first branch store."

"But where does he get all his capital for such a tremendous chain of stores?"

"That was all planned for five years ago when Bob opened this store. He has experimented here until he has worked out and perfected his plans for running a big, successful store on mighty small capital."

"But isn't he likely to get over-extended?" I wanted to know. "A big line of stores like that might form a chain that would break by its own weight. With only a limited capital, the failure of one store might bring down the whole structure like a house of cards."

"That's true enough, but no one store is going to fail. Every one of the stores we have established so far is succeeding along exactly the lines Bob planned it should succeed."

"But," I said, "you can't tell what emergencies may arise, and then it will all depend on how strategic and clever Bob is in meeting the emergency." I was thinking of Bert.

"Mr. Sheldon," said the manager "Bob never has to meet any emergency. He has looked ahead and analyzed present and future conditions and the conditions of his business in such a way as to provide for anything that happens."

"Fires, strikes, financial panics, absconding employes, floods, changes in style, new competition, business depression, adverse legislation, earthquakes, cyclones, war and revolution?"

"Every one of those things, Mr. Sheldon, and many others that you haven't mentioned."

"Bob knows by his records here exactly what to expect in the ordi-

nary run of business from year to year. He knows by careful research and study of records just what variations to expect in different cities.

"He has standardized his advertising until he can count with absolute certainty upon his returns.

"He chooses, educates and promotes his employees according to a definite, scientific plan.

"Salaries and wages are based upon merit in such a way that no employee has any cause for complaint, and indeed never complains.

"Business depressions, financial panics and changes in market are foreseen long before they arrive and provided against almost automatically by plans already worked out and found to be effective.

"The probabilities of fires, storms, riots, wars and all other destructive agents outside of the stores themselves, and therefore beyond our control, have been carefully studied and worked out upon a percentage basis. This is then covered partially by insurance and partially by the creation of a fund based upon those probabilities."

BOB ISN'T spectacular. He isn't dramatic.

As Bob's manager says, he never is in an emergency.

He doesn't make quick decisions in the hope that he will be "right more than half the time."

He plans everything ahead, basing his plans upon exact knowledge and is right all of the time.

Bob doesn't fall down and go broke and then shut down his jaw

like a bull-dog and fight his way back into prosperity.

Bob simply studies the laws of cause and effect in a scientific way, makes his plans upon data rather than by guess, sets up his causes of various kinds, and then calmly sits back and waits the effects he knows are certain to follow.

Bob isn't strenuous. He doesn't hustle. He doesn't "throw himself into the breach" and work night and day. Bob doesn't worry.

BOB IS THE new kind of American business man. There aren't very many of him yet. But more and more are coming.

THE AMERICAN is ingenious. He is resourceful. He is spectacular—likes to take a chance.

The American for these reasons is prone to blunder along in a haphazard way, without definite knowledge, and to rely upon his ingenuity and resourcefulness to extricate him from his difficulties should it turn out that he has been going in the wrong direction.

Some Americans also are like John. They have an unlimited supply of grit and bull-dog determination. They are natural-born fighters and love a fight for its own sake. Therefore they blunder along, relying upon their combativeness, courage, determination and persistence to pull them out of any hole into which they may stumble.

We Americans admire men of both kinds because we are very largely men of both kinds ourselves.

IF YOU WANT to get an idea of just how largely our ideal of the successful American business man is based upon these two types, gather up in magazines and books a hundred pieces of current business fiction and figure out how large a percentage of it is in glorification of men who carelessly permit themselves to get into serious difficulties and then make their escape either by a brilliant coup or a long, hard, dogged fight.

IT IS TIME for us to revise our ideas and ideals.

There are many serious objections to doing business in either Bert's way or John's way.

In the first place, there are thousands of Berts and Johns who find they are not clever enough when they meet their emergencies or that their dogged persistence breaks and falters before they have won their fights.

And so we have thousands of failures every year.

These failures always result in loss, not only to the men who fail and their families but directly to their creditors and others and indirectly to the whole people.

But even when they do not fail their blundering tactics always result in waste, not only of their resources but of the resources of the people as a whole.

THE MAN WHO permits himself or his business to get into any kind of tangle or predicament must either sacrifice something himself or make someone else sacrifice something to weather the storm.

The man who becomes involved or permits his business to become involved in difficulty, so that he is compelled to make a long, hard fight for life, wastes energy and wealth.

SO, YOU SEE, our old enemy—mental laziness—comes to us in a new guise and actually tricks us by means of our own inventiveness, courage and persistence.

NAPOLEON is perhaps the finest example of the spectacular, dramatic, ingenious, resourceful, courageous man.

But Napoleon drained France of her resources and her soldiers and desolated Europe. He himself died a prisoner.

Von Moltke is a type of the efficient military commander. He never had to depend upon a brilliant stroke of strategy in an emergency.

He never met any emergencies. His campaigns and his battles resulted exactly as he had planned they should result.

He brought a war with Austria to a successful issue within a few weeks, and with a minimum loss to both nations.

He was victorious in a war with France within six weeks after the opening of hostilities.

Von Moltke helped to create the German Empire and died honored and beloved by his country.

IT IS UNQUESTIONABLY desirable to be ingenious, quick-witted, resourceful and courageous.

There is no trait in any man

more desirable than that of unflinching persistence in the pursuit of his purpose, a belief fully lived up to that there is no difficulty so great that there isn't some way around it, or under it, or over it, or right straight through it.

I should be the last to counsel you not to cultivate these qualities.

Beware, however, lest you make them an excuse for mental laziness and for carelessness.

F MORE THAN ever before, you have need of exact knowledge and of carefully drawn, definite, detailed plans and specifications based upon such knowledge.

WE HAVE COME to the place in America where our resources are no longer what they once seemed to the short-sighted—inexhaustible.

We have come to the place where exploitation and waste must give way to development and conservation.

We have come to the place where the gambler, the blunderer, and the grafter must give way to the business scientist who knows and knows that he knows and proceeds upon certain knowledge to render service without haste, without waste, without worry, and with justice and fairness to all concerned.

THIS IS strictly private, personal and confidential to you, reader.

Don't imagine for one moment that I am wasting my time and yours by trying to tell you what other business men ought to do.

If you are the average American, you rather plume yourself either upon your cleverness in extricating yourself from difficulties or upon the dogged persistence with which you dig your way out.

If you are the average American, you have permitted yourself at times to boast to your intimate friends and to your family of your ingenuity in emergencies.

If you are the average American, you are right now blundering along without knowledge or with only half knowledge, hoping that you may be right and relying upon either your smartness or your indomitable will to come to your rescue if you should not be right.

If you are the average American executive, you delight in solving sudden emergencies, in rendering quick decisions, and in what you think is your success when you and your men plunge into days and nights of strenuous work in order to meet an absolutely unnecessary and preventable predicament.

The confiding innocence with which you "trust to luck" or to your own ingenuity is pathetic and in many cases tragic.

IT IS EASIER for the boy to loaf and play and go fishing and hunting than it is for him to study. So he studies just as little as possible and takes a chance on being able to stab or blunder through his recitations and examinations.

It is easier for the youth to put in his evenings "with the bunch" at the pool room, playing cards, at a cheap theatre, or out on a lark with his friends and companions

than it is to painstakingly secure the knowledge and training necessary for efficiency and advancement.

And so, with a blind confidence that is truly touching, he leaves the whole question of his future to what he thinks is his luck and wits.

It is easier for the business man to follow tradition, to imitate someone else, to guess at his costs, to take a chance with his advertising appropriation, to select his employees haphazard and then try to right his errors by "firing" and hiring again, to carry on his business day by day or season by sea-

son without definite plans for the future, to solve each problem as it comes up according to his prejudices, according to such near knowledge as he may have at hand, or upon the whim of the moment, and in general to conduct his affairs and maintain his relationships with his employees and his customers by guess or absolutely haphazard than it is to obtain from records and by research, exact, reliable and adequate knowledge, to plan for months or even years ahead, and then to carry out all the details of his plans on time.

And so he, too, trusts to luck and to his own resourcefulness.

No one knows what he can do until he concentrates on the one thing that he was born to espouse and expound. Individual success is in the heart of man himself, and its dominant quality is a gnawing unrest and a deep yearning to do the thing better than it was ever done before.

—BERT MOSES.

Why Good Salesmen are Scarce

By A. L. JEWETT in *The Arrow*

ON every side among piano dealers is heard the call for salesmen. This means, of course, good salesmen, for there is never a scarcity of the other kind.

Why is this call so universal, and if it is founded on a real want, why does not the supply more nearly match the demand?

Prices are controlled always by the law of supply and demand. A short crop brings a high price. If there is a real shortage of piano salesmen, the good ones have no need to worry about securing lucrative positions.

Beyond all question there is a shortage of good men. Whose fault is it? Is it that young men do not see opportunity in piano selling either in not recognizing the possibilities and because the dealer does not show them, or that the dealer is hesitant about breaking in new men?

The common query of the dealer is "Where can I find a good man?" The nature of this question indicates that the man must already be one of experience. Being a good man of experience he probably is in a good position from which he must be taken.

This can be accomplished sometimes with mutual benefit as in gaining a broader field with more opportunity for advancement than the former position offered. But as a rule, the original employer of the man can afford to pay him as much as any one, and often a little more, for seldom does a man reach his highest value for some time after taking a new position.

Many salesmen are continually moving from one dealer to another, somehow having the faculty of getting a living with very little in the way of productive qualities. Dealers are foolish to hire such men. Of course now and then a good man might have

made frequent changes before landing right, but the case is very, very rare. Such a man not only does not bring profitable results in the way of money returns, but almost invariably hurts the dealer in another way.

There is only one real remedy for the scarcity of salesmen, and that is to make more salesmen. When this advice is offered to dealers, they reply that just as soon as the man begins to be valuable and before perhaps he has really made them any profit, another dealer comes along and takes him away. This will happen now and then.

There is a law of averages in human nature which will never fail, and all people will not do as they know they should, but in the main a dealer can keep his employee if he wants to. To a man whom he wants, he can afford to pay as much, or a little more than another can. Such a man can be reasoned with. He can be shown where it is for his interest to stay, and the dealer should be able to see for himself where it is for his own interest to keep a good man if possible by every reasonable inducement. Treat him in such a way that he has just as much interest as though the business were his own.

A desirable man under these conditions seldom wants to change. He realizes the advantages of staying in one territory identified with one dealer.

Any dealer who has the elements for success can, if he chooses, select employees who can be developed to form an organization of well nigh invincibility.

Many dealers say that they don't want to wait to do this, but it is usually far more economical for them than taking men from the rank and file of those who can be hired at any time from others.

Panama: A Memory

By WILLIAM R. MOSS

Mr. Moss, the writer of these realistic impressions, is a Chicago Attorney, a member of the Illinois Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, who accompanied its members on their trip to the Panama Canal in the Spring of 1913.

WHERE is it? Where is what? The Panama Canal. I don't see it anywhere. Some such thought as this passed through the minds of many travelers as they land at Colon. They saw the long breakwater being built to protect the harbor and provide anchorage for boats. They saw the immense concrete docks being constructed for the use of the shipping eventually to pass that way. They had left their boat, had walked about two hundred feet and boarded a train. They knew from the dress of the people about the docks that it was a tropical land, the vegetation proving that fact as well as the first glimpse of Colon built on a low-lying shore and seen first an hour before. But where was it — the Canal? Nothing yet, except the vegetation and style of dress that was any different from home in the cities around the Great Lakes.

All aboard! Gatun next stop!

From Colon to Gatun I stood on the car platform, because I could get a wider view and could look in either direction. I thought I should see something of particular interest and that I might get some view of the Canal or approach to the dam and locks that would photograph itself on my memory, always to come back to mind in thinking of Panama. I saw nothing new except tropical vegetation. I saw only trees, open spaces and marsh lands. I saw no evidences of the Canal, locks, or dam. I might as well have remained inside the car with the rest of the party.

The train stopped and the conductor announced "An hour and a half to see the locks, dam and spillway." We walked thirty or forty rods from the train among the scattered litter of boards, timbers and building materials always found near a big construction job and were on the cement work of the locks. I



THE AUTHOR

started to go over to the edge to look down the ninety-foot wall to the floor of the lock. A lady ahead stumbled and fell sprawling so near to the edge that I stopped in alarm and was content with a snapshot from my kodak. We had gone across the upper gates of the first series of locks. Just then the wife said, "Look there!" and I did. I told her that the black marks we saw were iron rungs of a ladder built in the lock wall and that a man was starting to climb up. We took the field glasses to read the figures and see how fast he was climbing. I have climbed ladders flat against the wall of a building and I knew how hard his climb must be. We watched with great interest and I reported his progress, first twenty feet, then thirty feet, then forty feet, then fifty feet, and so on up to eighty feet, and then I counted foot by foot, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four and at ninety-three he stepped over and on to the top. So vivid had his climb been to us that we found ourselves unaware that the others had gone on and left us. They were down watching the men building the lock gates; some wise one was telling them the weight when completed, the height, width and thickness; how they are balanced, how they are fastened into the wall and all that detail. I strolled off to see something else that appealed more strongly to me. The locks are big enough, so you are not in anyone's way. A few hundred sightseers, more or less, don't interfere with the work.

We went nearly half a mile towards the far end of the locks and then part way back. Here we found a stairway and went down into the interior passageways. We asked what this, that and the other thing was for, why this chamber and why that passageway, and intelligent men working there told us in a general way the purpose of each thing. We saw the towers for the lights; railroad tracks in the

cement work close to the edge on each side of the locks for the motors which would draw the vessels through the locks; we saw the great steel work at the head of the locks provided for use in emergencies to keep back the flood from Gatun Lake in case of damage to the lock gates; and then suddenly the call came for the train and we tramped back. We didn't see the spillway, for that was a mile or so away and we didn't care to walk that far in the heat and dirt just then. But we didn't see the dam. I had looked forward eagerly to that. A dam extending a mile and a half and strong enough to hold Gatun Lake in check. What a mass of concrete work that would be. Well, the dam is there, but not built that way. The train guard told me I had walked along the crest of the dam on the way to the locks. I doubted him. It didn't look like a dam—looked more like a ridge of earth a little higher than the surrounding land. Surely that wasn't the dam. But it was.

We were at Panama March 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1913. I did not know that a new railroad track had just been completed around the shores of what would be Gatun Lake, and that trains had just begun using it. I had expected to get a chance to follow along the line of the canal work, and thus see the canal in the building; but I didn't. We went around the new way. Again I stood on the car platform and finally went into the baggage car and stood at the open door—anywhere to get a good view.

This was the Isthmus of Panama. I wanted to see all of it that I could. And it wasn't like the description in the old Monteith's Geography either, for that was written years ago. Wasn't it disappointing not to see anything but trees, hillsides and banks where new tracks have been put through some knoll? I wondered about the standing water which I saw through the trees at

times. Tropical trees twenty to seventy-five feet high were all about; some dead—others dying. Oh yes! It came like a flash about the water. Gatun Lake was filling. Some distance away are dead trees fifty feet high whose tops are below the level of the tracks. These will be covered by the lake. I wished I might sometime go through the canal by boat. I'd like to take time to row over the lake. I'd like to look down into the waters and see the trees and other vegetation that I saw that day; air plants become suddenly, for all eternity, buried in water. While I dreamed over this there was a turn in the road and Culebra Cut was in plain sight. The train waited on a siding while another train crossed from the other way, and we saw the dam of earth which President Wilson blew up the other day. We recently went to a Travelogue Lecture on Panama to see how it looked when the dirt blew up and the water rushed in. Some way or another, the canal didn't look as big as we thought it would. But then came the thought—we haven't seen Gold Hill and Contractors Hill yet. Maybe it will look bigger then. It was Saturday night—quitting time—and it was interesting to see the engines backing into the yards. There were more of them than we had expected to see, and it looked like common every day business life in some division point back home. It made it seem impossible that we were so far from home and that we were really down in the Canal Zone. That thought kept recurring all of the time we were at Panama. Everything seemed to move so rapidly and with even more push and drive than at home.

From this point on to Panama City we saw much of special interest not directly a part of the Canal. We passed many towns with homes for the men and their families and had a chance to see how the houses were built and screened. We got glimpses

of the home life of the laborers. The women were disposing of the garbage from the kitchen into the receptacles not only provided but compelled by the government. We felt sure the same class of people in the States



Panamanian hut on way to Old Panama. By night the man will have consumed most of the sugar cane stalk he holds in his hands.

would find some means of evading such an ordinance requirement.

Pipe lines extended along the ground and barrels or tanks were placed at intervals. Involuntarily we turned to our neighbors to tell them how the oil was used. In some places men were pouring oil over the grass, weeds and tropical growth which had just been cut and in other places they were burning it. You said to yourself, "That's one way they destroy the breeding places for the deadly mos-

quitoes." Everyone has read about it, but still it was interesting to see it being done. It made the work definite and real and brought the battle with disease down to the present minute. It interested me to see how neatly the



A glimpse of the Canal under construction. Note the ditches to drain off surface waters.

edges of the small open ditches had been trimmed. Just as carefully as we trimmed back the sod alongside the cement walk at home so that our lawn would look as well as our neighbor's. Why were they so very particular about that I asked? A brakeman answered, "Have to be. Required. The rules allow no water to collect even on a hillside." Discolored dirt and grass showed that oil runs into every one of those ditches and into every pool or saghole, unless it had been filled with spoil from the canal. I saw a sharp hillside with an open ditch running down from the extreme crest through every sag. I asked if that was usual. The brakeman answered, "Yes, everywhere.

All hillsides are drained for fear of a pocket that might be a breeding place."

I asked the name of a neat little construction town across the canal. The name was given, the man adding, "It will be gone in sixty days — site will be thirty feet under water when canal is in operation. Chicago concern has contract and is tearing the houses down fast. They are shipping all the material back to the States."

While stopping for a moment at a station to let a train pass, a soldier rode by on patrol duty. It brought vividly and concretely to mind the military aspect of our government on the Zone. It startled me to feel that the United States was ruling that way. Yet it has been necessary there; perhaps is necessary elsewhere in our territory. I am glad I saw it. I now have no criticism to offer. What about seeing Mira Flores and Pedro Miguel Locks, I asked. "You won't see them tonight. Have to go up specially from Panama City. Yes, be at station in ten minutes."

We had reservations at the Tivoli; had fine meals, perfect service for dinner — there were six hundred served that night. I was astonished to learn that at 2:00 P. M., that day, every waiter had been discharged and that the force which had served us had been brought in from the eating houses along the line. It showed power and efficiency. We met a friend from home there that night, who had been on the Isthmus for two weeks and was stopping at that hotel. He told us about it. Yes, his wife was with him; was getting better, he said; was in the hospital on Ancon Hill; fell and was slightly hurt internally, but couldn't receive better care at home in Chicago. If it had to happen away from home, he was mighty glad it was at Panama City. I thought more about what that meant later. Just then we wanted to see Panama City life in the evening —

Saturday night before Easter. We did ride about and visit the stores for hours and found it exceedingly interesting.

I was interested in the construction of the Hotel. It seemed strange to have three feet of open space between the walls and the ceiling, except where posts were required for support. It helped free circulation of air and if the other fellow snored too loudly — well, this was Panama. It seemed rather strange, too, eight degrees from the equator, to pull a blanket up for warmth; but I did about three o'clock in the morning.

Sunday, we were busy all day. We wandered about the streets seeing peculiar Easter customs and costumes of the people. Very different from home, but characteristic.

Our party went over to old Panama City. As fine a road as you wish to ride over. We stopped once and all of the party stood on the old bridge built several hundred years ago and were photographed, because it reminded us of what we had read of the ruins of Roman roads and bridges built in the days of Roman conquest. We stopped again at the big well by the side of the road, dug to furnish water before old Panama was destroyed. At old Panama the tide was out and the nasty, slimy ocean bottom, repulsive as it was, fascinated me as a fitting setting for those old ruins whose walls stood twenty to fifty or sixty feet high. Our party stood and was photographed among the gnarled roots and trunk of the old tree at the ocean's edge. I wondered what were the conditions of life under which a community had developed there, so that its leading men had built buildings so great and strong that their ruins were to be seen several hundred years after Morgan's devastating pillage and raid.

Returning, we went over to Balboa and saw men drilling the rock and blasting it out for the canal or docks.

The men had the most improved machinery of every kind and they seemed to be working faster and to be accomplishing more than men under similar conditions at home.

We saw interesting things all around



Panama to Balboa. Construction tracks to the left. Work here is in solid rock.

us. Pacific Ocean liners were at the Balboa docks, loading and unloading. They were prophetic of the shipping along the Pacific shores of North and South America that was soon to pass through the canal. I can't retain figures so as to know how many thousand tons a year are estimated, but I know the commerce is there. We saw enough of what was going on, on that dock, so that we know that the commerce is real and I shall believe what reliable statisticians tell me in the future as to the amount of it.

We had seen the old church with the flat arch once before that day, but we drove around there again and took a long, long look at it. I understood

how my friend felt when he turned to me and said, "Billy, we're spending \$375,000,000.00 or more here, and our engineers are doing a wonderful work, but they couldn't duplicate that flat arch yonder. There have been other men in other times competent to meet their building problems."

Next morning, we got up early and saw the sun arise out of an arm of the Pacific. I wanted, when I got back home, to say that I had seen the sun rise in the Pacific.

We drove to the fish market and other points of interest and were on the train at eight o'clock. As we left, we learned that we were not to see Pedro Miguel or Mira Flores locks, but were to have an hour and a half at Culebra Cut. That was the best they could do for us. Our boat left Colon at one o'clock. Too bad, but oh well! it might have been worse, and so we looked out of the windows again at the towns along the road, at the men burning grass, at the train loads of gravel (canal spoil) being drawn out and spread over the canal zone, filling up all the low spots so that when the Canal is finished there shall be no more breeding spots for mosquitoes. We noticed again the grass along the little ditches stained with oil; we saw the abandoned cars and machinery of the French builders overgrown with tropical vegetation. It was a very concrete lesson in the development of mechanical devices during the last thirty years. I looked at the tropical jungle with more interest, for some one had said the plan was to let the zone grow up to jungle as soon as the work was done. If left undisturbed, it would grow up again quickly. No doubt of that. And then our train backed out on a siding and we went over to look at the work being done in Culebra Cut. We stopped just opposite the big slide that had caved in thirty days before. We saw the sag in the surface which marked the outline. About thirty acres, they said.

We noticed how the line of the canal was squeezed in the same as if pressure was put on the half of a big cheese. The hillside hadn't crumbled and tumbled over into the canal as we had thought and as we had seen banks cave in at home.

I watched the steam shovels at work loading the trains several hundred feet below us. I saw the cars creeping along so as always to be in position for the next shovelful—a full train moving away and an empty train backing in, and a quarter of a mile down the cut another steam shovel, and a half mile up the cut still another steam shovel doing the same work as the shovel below was doing; and somehow or another, the magnitude of the undertaking grew on me. I came to Panama expecting to see something spectacular and frankly my first feeling was one of disappointment. The spectacular wasn't there. But in its stead, I saw something stupendous, gigantic being done. Something that gripped the imagination. Shovelful after shovelful it went on, trainload after trainload, and in time the work will be finished. Another slide perhaps will follow. All right, so much more dirt to shovel out, that's all; but when is it going to stop? No one knows. Maybe not till half of Gold Hill and Contractors Hill are spread out over the canal zone; but what of that? It is only that much more dirt to shovel and the United States Government stands in position, ready, willing and able to do all that may be required, and, while the slides may cover many tracks and many shovels, still the digging will go on, and in the end equilibrium will be established; the dirt will be removed; Culebra Cut completed; Gatun Lake filled; the Lock Gates moving and the Panama Canal an established fact.

On board ship, I spent hours thinking over what I had seen. I didn't see all that I had hoped to see, and yet I had looked till my mind was full and

had all that it could carry. There was more to see, but to have seen more would have required days and weeks and so much time was not at my disposal. We had forty-eight hours on the zone. Some make the trip and have only a day. And, anyway, what was there to the trip except to see, in the building, one of the engineering wonders of the ages? To see the locks in the building before the water is let in, and Culebra Cut when the shovels were at work; and to see the definite result of the discoveries of medical science applied so as to make modern mechanical skill available among the marshes, morasses, jungles, rains and heat of the tropics? We had seen Panama Canal in the building and will always have something by which to visualize all that we read about the Panama Canal, the most interesting work of modern times.

As I thought it over on shipboard, I tried to state the problems involved at Panama as a business man would state them, and they came to my mind something like this:

First: A survey of the Canal Zone for two purposes —

- (a) A topographical map to determine the outline of Gatun Lake; and
- (b) A profile map to show the amount of digging to get the three hundred foot channel. Details could be worked out from field notes.

Second: Plans for concrete work on the locks — worked out in minute detail ready for bids by contractors.

Third: Finding out amount of excavation to be done and in what kind of soil, so as to be able to accept bids for the work.

Fourth: Kind and amount of labor needed and where obtained and how kept in health and contentment so far from native environment.

Fifth: Lumber and timber needed in course of work. There was none available from growth on Zone. It must be shipped down from Washington and Oregon.

Sixth: Fuel—coal and oil—this, too, must come from the States.

Seventh: A railroad rebuilt and operated.

Eighth: Daily food must be provided for 50,000 people. They must be kept fit for continuous hard labor within eight degrees of the equator. Raw food stuff must come from markets of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans.

If the problems come to your mind in some such way as this, then the building of the Canal, after the plan was settled, reduced to lowest terms, was blasting and removing rock, digging and removing dirt, and mixing and pouring concrete. Yet all to be done on such a gigantic scale that the mind cannot comprehend the figures. And over and above everything else the great thing that appeals to you is the organization required to have the necessary men from all over the world there to do the required work and then to keep them well and contented; fuel and lumber always ready as required; healthful sanitation; efficient and effective government.

I used to wonder why it was necessary that this work should have required an army engineer. I wonder no more. Everything must work to a common end. One man must direct it all, and, right or wrong, his word must be obeyed without question and with loyalty. The army alone, in this country, seems to exemplify the requisite loyal service. So now I feel that it was inevitable that a civilian engineer must fail. See the work at Panama and you have profound respect for the directing mind of Colonel Goethals. Visit Panama in the building and you are glad that the Canal is being built and by your government. It costs much, but it seems worth the cost.

Panama is a delightful memory.

The whole face puts on mourning for the death of self-respect.

Confidence

YOU live in society, not like a Robinson Crusoe. You have to rely on others, as others have to rely on you.

You have confidence in those who form society with you. You trust that they will do right.

You enjoy your dinner, you enter your train, you lie down in your bed with the confidence that the cook, the locomotive-driver and the house-builder will have done their work properly.

You do your work because you trust that those necessary for the fulfilment of its purpose will do their share as it ought to be done.

You base everything you do on the confidence you have in others. You must have that confidence if you want to do anything.

The more confidence you have in others, the easier you will find life.

However, if you want to make something of your life, the first thing you must have is confidence in yourself. You must be the one who can be relied on, not the one who relies on others.

How can a man who doubts the accuracy of what he does, who doubts the correctness of what he thinks, who fails to see clear reason in his reasoning, who craves for somebody to come and relieve him from the responsibility of his work—how can a man like that make anything of his life?

But when once you believe in yourself, and you know that what you will do you can do, there is no obstacle in the world that will resist longer than you could struggle. Attack it, and keep up the attack till you have won.

Self-confidence is a power stronger than any opposition you may meet. As long as you are sure of yourself, you will succeed; doubt yourself, and you are down and broken.

Masterfulness and Physical Vigor

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

*An Important Discussion of the
well-known efficiency law governing
when to work and when to rest*

AT the time of the extensive change from the nine to the eight-hour day most business men were much alarmed over the shortening of the day's work. They said it meant an absolute loss to them of one-ninth of a day's work for every employee; and employers of a large number of people figured out enormous losses.

But the results of the change show that there has really been practically no loss whatever, because the employes are fresher, have more physical vigor, and hence work with greater enthusiasm, and the quality of their work is improved. They are in better health, consequently they are more efficient, work with more zest, more spontaneity, more courage and greater hope. They are not so anxious to kill time, and their additional hour of leisure gives them a greater reserve force for the next day's work.

There is no greater delusion than that we can accomplish more by working a great many hours each day, straining mind and body to the limit of endurance, than by working fewer hours with less straining, less fatigue, but with greater freshness and intensity.

I know a very successful young business man who used to work from twelve to seventeen hours a day, who was very much chagrined and disappointed because he could not do the big things which he felt he was perfectly capable of doing. He began to analyze himself in order to find the reason for his failure, and he came to the conclusion that it was the shortest

sighted policy to try to force good work out of a jaded brain. He completely changed his program, and does not work now half as many hours as he used to. He takes frequent trips in the country. He often gets away entirely from his work for days at a time and does not allow himself to think of his office.

The result is that he has completely revolutionized his business. He says that by the new method he is accomplishing infinitely more than he did before because he can concentrate now with great vigor when he does attend to business. He can make out a program for others to carry out in a tenth of the time that he could when he was deceiving himself by thinking that success depended upon hard work for a great many hours.

Many people think that all great achievement depends upon unceasing industry; that if they keep everlastingly at it, if they are always at work, they will accomplish much more than if they work less and play more. There could not be a greater mistake. What we achieve in life depends largely upon the effectiveness of our work. The brain will not give up its best energy under pressure. Its work must be voluntary. The brain does its best thing easily, spontaneously. It cannot be forced to give up its best, and it can work to advantage only when in perfect condition.

I know authors who force their brains with stimulants. They are in no condition to be forced, and this always results in deteriorated mental product. The mind will not do its

best work under compulsion. It must be spontaneous, buoyant. There must be freshness and enthusiasm in one's best mental production and these qualities are not produced by strenuous, driving methods.

Everywhere we see the results of forced brain work, the product of stale brains. The libraries and the shelves of book stores are loaded with them, because they do not sell and are not read. There are multitudes of pictures in artists' studios which are practically worthless because they are the results of depleted mentality, the forced products of over-worked brains suffering from mental fatigue.

It is impossible to force good work from brains that are exhausted by the lack of recreation and sleep. Even the will of a Napoleon could not compensate for a brain fed by poisoned, vitiated blood, and when the blood, the brain cells and the nerve cells are over-loaded with fatigue poison, the sensibilities are deadened, the perceptions dulled.

Much of the poor work which we find everywhere, the botched, slipshod, slovenly products of slovenly minds is largely due to lowered vitality, to chronic fatigue, the results of over-work, insufficient rest, sleep, and recreation. This condition tends to lower the ambition and to deteriorate the ideals; it leads to mental apathy.

Most American men not only use up every day every ounce, every particle of energy their system generates, but they use up their reserves, and the result is mental bankruptcy. They begin their day's work in about the same predicament that a man does who starts on a journey every morning with a tired horse which has not been properly fed and has not had time to rest.

Take an ordinary work horse, never groom him, keep him in a close, dark stall, only half feed him and at any time it is convenient for you, and it will be only a very little while before that horse's working value and

selling value will be cut down about half. If you treat yourself relatively in about the same way, you cannot expect to fare any better.

When will men learn the tremendous ability multiplying power of a robust constitution, vigorous health and a strong vitality. How these multiply one's mental forces, put an edge on the mental faculties, sharpen the mind! We hear a great deal about the wonderful miracles that will-power enables people to do, but the very foundation of will-power is in physical vitality. But the will is often used to the injury of the body. I know men who, by their tremendous will power, have seriously injured their minds. They have lost their vigorous mental grip by forcing the concentration of their faculties when in an exhausted, fatigued condition.

When old Dr. Belany's students used to consult him about how to succeed in the pulpit, he would invariably say: "Fill up the cask, man, fill up the cask." It is impossible to draw water out of a cask without keeping the water running in to it. Many people seem to think that they can drain away their life forces, their brain power, without much of any thought about replenishing their vitality, filling up the mental and physical cask with health habits, plenty of recreation, proper sleep, good nourishing food, and living regularly. System in one's living is infinitely more important than system in one's business, since health is fundamental to business success itself.

There is nothing which pays such great dividends as self-investment, in keeping oneself up to standard, bracing up one's health in every possible way and using the utmost care and exactitude in one's health habits, work habits, life habits. It is often the best kind of economy to quit work and spend a lot of time in recreation in play and rest in order to get back to normal standards, to health.

Supposing we represent by fifty

the work of a man who is run down physically, whose vitality has been lowered by vicious living, over-work, bad habits, when, with all the will power he can muster, he cannot do any more than he is actually doing. Now, if this man, with the same ability, were up to standard physically; if he had robust health and a superb physique, if he were renewed and refreshed by relaxation, recreation, after the day's work and by plenty of sleep every night, even without any great effort, he could measure up to one hundred; possibly he could quadruple the efficacy of his former efforts.

In order to be well-balanced, self-poised, and broad-minded, a man must have a great variety of experience; and play is just as necessary for him as work. The man who is everlastingly working, who never gets time to play, or to see his friends, or to travel, or to go into the country, because he thinks time is so precious that he must utilize every minute of it in practical work, is defeating the very purpose which he is trying to attain.

A locomotive engine will go to pieces if it does not have an opportunity periodically to allow its particles of iron and steel to readjust themselves. If cohesion in the locomotive engine tends to lose its grip upon the molecules and atoms when in constant use, so that the engine must periodically stand in the round house and have an opportunity to readjust itself, if iron and steel cannot stand the strain of perpetual use, is it strange that the human brain must have a frequent opportunity to readjust itself after the strain and stress of strenuous activity?

Recreation and the social side of life are merely incidental to most men. If they have any time to play after they have done all their work they do so. But how many men grind away in their specialties for months and years, with practically no great change, no play in their lives!

What is the use of this everlasting grind? What is there to be gained by it? When will you ever enjoy yourself if you do not do so when strong and well, before the fires of youth have died down leaving nothing but embers?

Nothing so quickly renews jaded energies and refreshes a worn out physique as an untrammelled, irresponsible rest, and freedom from all care and anxiety. Get back to nature again. Bid good-bye to civilization for a while, and hie thee to the country, or go to the sea and find out what "the water is a 'talkin' of." Forget that you ever had a store, a client, a patient or a pupil. Forget that there was ever such a thing as store-keeping or housekeeping. Shorten up that long face of yours, and smooth out the wrinkles which care and fret and worry have written there. Imagine you are a boy or girl again. Romp in the woods, play in the meadows, and the pastures with the children and the dogs.

Freshness characterizes all great mental products. There must be spontaneity, buoyancy, elasticity, vivacity in the highest activities, and everyone who wishes to get the maximum of achievement out of life should know all nature's methods of rejuvenation. What a jaded mind requires is not so much absolute rest as freshness of view. For instance, your mind, which you have been forcing to do things by sheer will-power is fagged, completely exhausted. But supposing you get out into the country, where an entirely new set of faculties come into play, you feel rested immediately. You may be just as active as you were before, but in a different way, you are using faculties which are fresh and eager for exercise; while those which were jaded from being driven are having a rest. New surroundings and activities have brought into action a new set of brain-cells, while those which were exhausted, surcharged with the poi-

son of fatigue, have a chance to renew themselves.

It is the monotony of their work which makes many business and professional men age so rapidly. There is not enough variety in their lives, nor do they play enough. They do the same thing year in and year out, with very little change. The result is a one-sided development, the overstimulation and exercise of some faculties and the atrophy of others.

Look at some of these business and professional men who think they cannot afford a vacation, or to travel, who think that it is a waste of time to go to places of amusement, to have a little fun — the men who have no play in their lives — and what do we find? They are dry, uninteresting, one-sided men, who know just one thing, and who are very weak and narrow outside of their specialty.

People who do one thing only, whose work is monotonous, one-sided, require a variety in some other direction as well as a reasonable amount of recreation to compensate for their loss, to balance their natures.

I know a girl who works at a sewing machine all day, and then comes home at night and makes clothes for the family. She has been doing this for many years, and as time goes by she becomes duller and more morose each day. The lack of fun, of recreation, change of activities, in this poor girl's life will probably blight and atrophy all her unused faculties, and eventually wear out from over-exercise those which she uses in her work. Fun, recreation, variety of occupation, regular working hours, is the crying need of all girls who are monotonously employed all day long as this girl is.

One of the most unfortunate things about the average home is that the husband and wife often come together at night after a perplexing, exhausting day's work without any change to relieve the monotony. The blood and brain are loaded with the

poison of fatigue and because of their worn-out condition they oftentimes wrangle. Frequently the wife and mother is nervous from loss of sleep the night before, because of illness of the children, and the husband and father comes home after a trying day when everything apparently has gone wrong with him and his nerves are also on edge. When he gets home he feels under no special obligation to restrain his temper and when he meets his wife in about the same exhausted condition there is an explosion. Instead of a refreshing, rejuvenating, jolly good time in the evening, there is just the reverse, and the burdens from the wear and tear of the day are increased instead of lightened.

The busy man who goes home cross and tired at night has, perhaps, used all day the same set of brain cells, which have become so exhausted as to no longer respond to the prodding of the will-power; and his hasty, half-digested luncheon has not furnished proper nourishment to replenish and renew the exhausted brain and nerve cells. Now, while suitable nutrition and a good night's sleep will renew them, they will be measurably restored by an entire change of mental activity.

The time will come when men will find that the normal way is to mix play with their work, to enjoy the day as it goes along, and thus lift their work above drudgery. There should be more mirthfulness, more laughter in the work shops, the factories and offices.

At present we are too greedy, selfish, grasping, really to enjoy ourselves or to allow our employes to enjoy themselves. But the day is not far distant when we will find that employes will not only accomplish more, but will do work of a superior quality, if allowed to have a good time as they go along.

Nature has provided many wholesome ways of renewing and refreshing the body. People often err in

thinking that what they really need when they are tired and exhausted is absolute rest. I dare say that every one of us has, at some time, gone home from work weary, with brain fagged or muscles exhausted, discouraged, blue, irritable, when, instead of sitting or lying down we have played away this terrible feeling and felt refreshed after a good romp with the children or the dog, or a delightful evening with an old schoolmate or chum of one's boyhood whom one had not seen for many a year.

This shows that it is not negative rest, so much as change, we need after the day's work—change of conditions, change of activities; the bringing into play of a new set of faculties which have been lying dormant during the strain of the day's work.

Every aspirant for success and happiness ought to learn to take that recreation which refreshes and renews by a complete change of environment and activity. We ought to bring into play an entirely different set of brain-cells at night than those which we used during the day.

The tremendous strain of modern life has created a great demand for the kind of amusement which affords complete relaxation, an entire unbending of the mind. One reason for this is that most people do not find any play in their work. The mental faculties are on a terrible strain during the working hours of the day, and, like the always-bent bow, if the strain is not occasionally relaxed, they will lose their spring, their projectile force. Under the present conditions many people feel compelled to seek light, silly amusement, in order to preserve the physical and mental balance, which would otherwise be lost in the perpetual strain of business cares.

The great success of the lower forms of the drama, — the light and superficial, the sickly sentimental, the melodramatic or sensational plays, — as contrasted with the comparative

failure of its higher forms — plays that contain strength or uplift, — is largely due to this over-whelming demand for relaxation, a complete change from the tremendous stress of business and professional life.

The same thing is true of the vapid, trashy novel. It is not so much because people admire such stuff, as that they crave complete relaxation, brain rest, compensation for overstrain.

As there seems to be no hope in the present tendency of the times of stopping the deadly pace at which we are going, the only remedy seems to be to provide more healthy, more uplifting recreation of all kinds, recreation that will be a tonic for the mind as well as for the body, instead of the foolish, enervating, and often demoralizing amusements in which so many people now indulge.

The fun-loving or the play faculties are generally regarded as in no way essential to character or successful careers; but we find that many of the people in whom those faculties are atrophied from lack of use are either failures or cranks.

There are certain of our mental faculties whose chief function seems to be to lubricate all the others and to keep the human machinery in perfect order. We do not use them directly in making a living, but indirectly they are of untold value. Bringing the social and humorous faculties into play, the affections, and indulging the love of fun, bear an important part in restoring and preserving both mental and physical equilibrium. For example, we often see a great, tired, jaded crowd of people witnessing some funny play, and when it is over they are not more tired, as we might have expected, — for it is very hard work to sit still in a close, stuffy theatre for three hours — but completely transformed, refreshed; — everybody smiling and happy.

Music, too, has a magic charm to put in tune the human instrument. It is a powerful tonic for many minds.

Others are refreshed by reading certain books. I know people who are very much rested, no matter how tired they may have been before, by reading Emerson, and other uplifting, inspiring writers.

Wholesome play, clean, healthy fun, is a constant lubricator, a mental refresher, a renewer, a rejuvenator. You must mix it with your work, or both yourself and your work will suffer.

A man's work is a part of himself, and if he has a weakness anywhere, whether of brain or of nerve, it will sooner or later show itself in what he does, whatever it may be. If you are worn out or suffering from brain exhaustion, the inferiority of your work shows itself in every letter you write, in every speech you make, in every smallest thing you do. Every client, or patient, or patron, will ultimately feel the defect; you cannot disguise it, and you will fall as far below success as you fall below the health line. Strength only comes from harmony, and the different parts of the body and brain are so intimately related, (we are simply a mass of different kinds of cells), that injury to one part is felt in every other. Relaxation, fun, wholesome recreation every day, frequent little outings, and an annual vacation, will enable you to accomplish far more in a year than you could possibly do by keeping everlastingly at it.

"Can't afford a vacation?" What nonsense! Rather you can't afford not to take one. It is foolish egotism for you to think that your lieutenants and other employes cannot run your business or your house for a month. You will not only be a healthier, heartier, fresher and stronger man or woman for a little occasional rest and recreation, but you will be better morally. No man can be very good when his nervous system is a wreck. You will not only be a happier and more agreeable man after a vacation, but you will also

have a fresh grip on your business which a jaded brain never knows. Many of the giants in trade and the professions take frequent vacations. You often hear of the head of such a house or such a profession climbing the Alps or scouring over the plains of Europe.

Modern competition is so severe and exacting that no man can hope to attain any very great success unless he keeps himself in vigorous health. If his energies begin to lag, he soon loses hold of himself, and his business begins to decline. There is no truer saying than that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The man who is always grinding, who keeps everlastingly at it will ultimately become a nervous wreck or else he will grow dull, stupid and narrow. His social faculties will die, and finally he will not be able to enjoy anything outside of the mechanical routine of his business. Neither will anybody enjoy his society.

Man was not made to be a business or professional machine. To fulfill the object of his being, he must be an all-round, fully developed character.

The man who would get the best out of life must be a whole man, and fling himself just as heartily into play as into work. Yet how often we see people practically ruining their annual vacation, or intermediate outings, by neither playing nor resting. I have a friend who never enjoys his little week-end outings to his home because he always takes his work with him, it is never out of his mind. He is constantly thinking of it. He tries to half work and half play, and spoils both. Did anyone ever see Mr. Roosevelt do anything by halves? No matter whether he is playing or working he is all there, he throws his whole soul into it. Consequently every side of his nature is developed. He is a good type of an all-round man.

Have you never noticed when you have been forced by circumstances to get away from your business for a

few days, when you did not see how you could possibly absent yourself without serious loss, how easily you did your work when you came back, how quickly you could plan and execute things which you did with such effort and in such a labored manner before you went away? What a delight it was to feel the mind grasp new ideas so readily and grip so tenaciously the problems which seemed so difficult to you only a few days before! Many a man has accomplished more in a single day after returning from a pleasant outing than he could in a week when his mind was tired and jaded.

One ought to so live, so work and so play that he will be at the top of his condition every day in the year. You will accomplish much more than you ever dreamed you could if you keep yourself perpetually in an after vacation condition; and you can do this by the right use of your physical and mental forces. I know people who have so disciplined themselves in mental and physical rejuvenation through the equality of their thought that they can throw off that "tired feeling" in a very few minutes by just holding thoughts which invigorate, renew, refresh,—the harmony thought, which antidotes all discord; the truth thought which is the remedy for all error.

Did you never notice that when you have had a particularly successful day, when things have gone your way and you feel that you have accomplished something worth while, even if you have put in a particularly strenuous day, perhaps working much longer than usual, you still feel fresh? You are not half so tired as you are some days when you have not worked nearly so hard and things have gone wrong with you, when everything seemed to be at sixes and sevens, when you could not seem to get hold of the right end of anything.

In other words, our mental attitude has everything to do with our being

exhausted or fresh. Discouragement is a great exhauster of energy. It poisons the blood and the brain cells. I have known a fit of the blues, lasting two or three days, to exhaust the victim more than a month's work because it kept the entire system depleted by chemically poisoning the blood; and the poison which could not be eliminated until the mental attitude was changed.

On the other hand, it is your reserve gathered during sleep and recreation that gives buoyancy of mind, spring and spontaneity to your intellect, sprightliness to your mental processes. It is this reserve that gives your mentality poise, just as it is the reserve of tremendous weight in the balance wheel which forces the steel fingers through the steel plates without a quiver or jar in the machinery. Remove the balance wheel and the shock when the fingers strike the steel plate would shatter the machinery all to pieces. Your mental reserve, and physical reserve, is your balance wheel, which enables your mind to perform such miracles as men sometimes do in great emergencies, in great business or professional stress, without shattering their constitutions. But it is dangerous to draw on this reserve from day to day, as do multitudes of people who become in consequence nervous wrecks, mental wrecks, performing with great pain and difficulty their days work. Their work would give them delight if only they maintained their normal physical and mental resources.

The best possible life insurance is a superb reserve in our physical bank. Don't take chances on your life or your health by drawing it down. Many a man has lost his life from a surgical operation which resulted from disease or accident when he was in such a run down condition that he had not sufficient reserve to carry him over the crisis, or when attacked by disease, because he had not sufficient physical and mental resisting power.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to keep your physical reserves intact, and although it is possible to do two days' work in one for a time without any noticeable effect, you can not always tell how near you are to the danger point. It is just as tempting to use your stored up physical and mental reserve force as it is to draw your bank account down below the safety line, to the dangerous point, during hard times or when a panic is imminent, just the time when the business man should keep his reserves up to the point of safety.

Few men ever learn the secret of conserving their energy. It is what you accomplish in a day while leaving yourself a complete man with nerves unshattered, vitality unwasted by the wear and tear of the day's work, that counts. You may have done a big day's work but at a cost which staggered your health, your constitution, unpoised your mentality. You may crowd two days' work into today if you wish, but tomorrow you may be a physical bankrupt, a wreck.

Nature will pay your drafts only so long as there is anything to your credit. Supposing you do get a little advantage of her today and overdraw your account at the physical bank, you will have to pay for it sooner or later. She is an accurate and exacting bookkeeper. Every draft upon your vitality, every check upon your physical reserves, is charged to your account.

Nature is no sentimentalist. She demands the last penny due her. The man who thinks that he can turn night into day and deny Nature's laws, can eat anything and everything at any time, that he can ignore systematic and scientific living, that he can go without sleep, and be as irregular in his habits as is convenient, will find that everything is charged up against his account, and before he realizes it he is a physical bankrupt.

There is a mysterious something which audits our account with Nat-

ure, whether we will or no. Every draft we make upon our physical and mental bank must be honored, even if it takes our life to pay it to square the account.

What can be more foolish than to draw on your reserve, to use up your store of vitality in over-work, so that every little while you have to give up altogether. I know business men who are constantly under the eyes of their physicians, continually working under the limit of strain they can for the time endure.

Now, this is not really living at all in the true sense. To get the most out of life is to do what you can every day and still keep up your normal supply of reserve force. Many a man by overdoing day after day has drained his vitality to the lowest ebb, thus leaving his life citadel exposed to a multitude of enemies, disease germs, which are waiting to attack him when his reserve power was exhausted. Many people die from minor surgical operations or amputations after accidents because of lack of physical reserve to assist nature in carrying them over the crisis.

The person who lives a perfectly normal life has a vast physical reserve power, which would carry him through any ordinary kind of disease, or tide him over any ordinary accident, a necessary amputation, or other needed operation. But when one uses all his force, all his vitality, as he goes along, of course he has little or nothing to fall back upon in case of a severe accident or other emergency which calls for a great expenditure of physical force or vitality.

What is more pathetic than to see a young person who ought to be right in the zenith of his physical vigor, cut off in a few days by pneumonia, fever, or some other acute disease, simply because when the great need came there was no reserve force, no stored vitality to tide him over the crisis.

Not long since I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffer-

ing from a complete nervous breakdown. He had, at the start, a strong constitution, but was so ambitious to make a name for himself that he had undermined it by working much of the time more than fifteen hours a day. He had the insane idea, which so many have, that the man who keeps everlastingly at it, sticks to his task year in and year out, has a great advantage over the one who works fewer hours and takes frequent vacations.

For years this young man allowed himself practically no change or recreation—very rarely took even a short vacation—and now, when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown to relinquish his profession, perhaps forever. He thought he could not afford to take frequent trips to the country, or even an occasional day off to play golf, as other young lawyers did; that he must make a name for himself while other were playing. So he kept on over-drawing his account at Nature's bank, and now he is going through physical bankruptcy.

I have often heard surgeons say of a person not over fifty, that he needed a surgical operation, but that his manner of living had evidently been such that it had exhausted his physical force, and lowered his vitality to such a point that the operation would probably prove fatal.

Life insurance is a good thing; but it is infinitely better to insure oneself against the thousand and one emer-

gencies of accident and disease by keeping the physical reserve just as high as possible.

In youth, we store up a reserve of vital energy, which, if properly used, will enable us to overdraw temporarily in emergencies; but, if we use, from day to day, more nervous or vital force than is generated during each twenty-four hours, it does not require a great mathematician to show that we shall soon be bankrupt.

It makes all the difference in the world to you whether you cut off five, ten, or fifteen years of your life by overworking or depriving yourself of needed rest—by not knowing exactly how much you can stand—or whether you save those precious years by obedience to the laws of health.

There is, perhaps, nothing which pays better or is more beneficial than a vacation. Most of us, sooner or later, learn—unfortunately, most of us learn later,—that we cannot get more money out of a bank than we deposit there. Our drafts on Nature's bank cannot exceed the deposits.

We rob ourselves of more than we can ever compute by being niggardly in the matter of a vacation, or rejuvenating, refreshing recreation. Economize on anything else rather than on these things on which the very wellsprings of being depend. Health is the "pearl of great price" for which, if need be, we should be willing to exchange all our possessions. Without it all other things are powerless to make us happy. Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for his millions sighs for what his wealth cannot restore.

"Too many people spend their time looking for the tall daisies in other fields, while they trample the violets at their own feet.—Geo. M. Reynolds, Pres. The Continental & Commercial Bank of Chicago.

Backbone Bracers

When you get after a thing, *get after it*. The practice of pinning things down is worth a thousand times the time and trouble you apply.

It is not enough merely to use your eyes and your ears. A skittish horse does that much when he sees a locomotive. But *you* have power to reason, to measure, to calculate—to *think for yourself*. And all these words spell "mental digestion"—the condition that leads to about everything worth while.

Be generous with good cheer and *grit*, if you want *results*.

If you whittle a stick, whittle it slick.

Many "boys" accept dismissal as a penalty, when it is merely a consequence.

When today's difficulties overshadow yesterday's triumphs, and shut out the bright visions of tomorrow,

When plans upset and whole years of effort seem to crystallize into one single hour of concentrated bitterness,

When little annoyances eat into the mind's very quick and corrode the power to view things calmly,

When the jolts of misfortune threaten to jar loose the judgment from it's moorings,

Remember that in every business, in every career, there are valleys to cross as well as hills to scale; that every mountain range of hope is broken by discouragements through which run torrent streams of despair.

To quit in the chasm is to fail, see always in your mind's eye those sunny summits of success!

Don't quit in the Chasm! Keep on! —*Selected*.

Natural Law in Commercial World

By A. F. SHELDON

This is an Address delivered at the "Conference of Employers," at the National Gas Congress and Exhibition, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. on Tuesday, October 28, 1913

BY the term "Commercial World" we designate all those phases of life's activities which have to do with commerce, as distinct from the professions commonly designated as "learned."

It includes the industrial "trades," those vocations of men whose applied specialized knowledge is a factor of the making or manufacturing end of the world commercial.

By the term "Natural Law" we refer to those rules of action or conduct prescribed by nature.

A law is always "a rule of action or conduct."

A man-made law for our Government as citizens is a rule of action or conduct prescribed by the highest authority of the State. (See Sir William Blackstone's commentaries.)

A "Natural Law" is, also, "a rule of action or conduct," but it is prescribed not by man, not even by those who constitute the highest authority of the "State," but by the highest authority in the universe, the creative intelligence of which nature in her manifold forms is the manifestation—the causative principal. The Infinite, the Creator: Call it God, call it Nature, call it what you will. The term by which the individual designates the great first cause varies according to his beliefs, religious, philosophical, and scientific, but rare indeed does one find, even in this age of tendency toward materialism, one who seriously doubts the existence of the laws of cause and effect, and a first cause back of them.

Nature exists—it is an evident effect—every effect has its cause—back

of nature with her manifold laws, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual is a cause—and this cause is the force which has created those rules of action or conduct which men designate as nature's laws or nature's rules of action or conduct.

It would be wise for business men to stop to consider the logical fact that in the force that is behind the electrons and atoms of modern science there must be intelligence—nature manifests intelligence, and *cause* can not give rise to that which is not in itself.

If, perchance, some one be present who concludes at this point that the writer is here to talk "religion" as a panacea for existent bad effects in commercialism, be not afraid.

The writer believes in the existence of natural laws. Some of these laws are physical, some are mental, some are moral, some are spiritual—all are Divine in the sense of having been created by the great first cause.

The writer purposes to discuss some of these laws as he sees them, as related to the commercial world.

He shall do this quite independent of any religious belief which he may hold, and hopes that those who hear or read this, his effort to translate a few of nature's laws in the world of commerce will do the same.

If such a thing as rules of action or conduct have been laid down by nature for the successful conduct of trade or commercial relationships, manifestly it is true that no man or body of men can make or prescribe them.

The best that man can do is to dis-

cern as clearly as he can what nature's laws are, and then translate them as lucidly as possible.

"To err is human, to forgive Divine," and if I err in my own translation of what I have read in the book of nature as being some of her laws of successful conduct and if you are able to detect the error, I shall ask you to exercise the Divine attribute of forgiveness even though as intensely human as most men are.

I shall submit my effort to the bar of your intelligence, with the hope that what I have to say may prove helpful in the solution of the difficulties which now confront the commercial world, and I shall do this without fear.

Difficulties *do* confront the world commercial—they always have—they always will until all men engaged in commerce look well into the natural laws of cause and effect.

Not difficulties alone, but real danger confronts the commercial world. How any intelligent man can visit various nations, keep his eyes and ears open and doubt the reality of existing dangers, is more than I can understand.

Indeed, he need not travel. How anyone can read the daily press for one week and intelligently seek for signs of the times and still remain entirely complacent, can only be accounted for upon one of four grounds.

1. Absolute scepticism as to the "reliability of the news" he reads.

2. Indifference as to what may happen.

3. The possession of that philosophical temperament and belief which enables him to believe that whatever is right, foreordained and for ultimate good.

4. The belief that there is no remedy.

For my own part I cannot applaud any of the attitudes referred to.

As to the first much which we read is true—there is nothing unreal about the unhappy relationship which

exists between capital and labour, taking world conditions as a whole. A very bad *effect* is rampant in the land, and every effect has its cause.

As to the second mental attribute, no man as a citizen, no matter how secure he may feel as an individual, has a moral right to indulge in any attitude of indifference toward conditions which threaten thrones and republics alike and strike at the very vitals of liberty and civilization.

As to the third mental attitude, there is a maxim among the wisest of men which reads "Nature unaided fails." Man is a part of Nature—he is her highest product—Nature intended him to interpret and apply her laws of growth. Unassisted by her instrument, man, her highest manifestation, Nature never made an apple that you and I would consider fit to eat. The present luscious fruit known as the apple is the product of nature's laws of horticulture interpreted by man and applied by him to fruit culture.

Future generations will consider present commercial conditions as unfit for human beings to endure. It will be as great a wonder to the people of 200 years hence how the people of the age in which we live endured conditions as they are as it is to us that the conditions of the dark ages were a reality.

The will of man, properly and unitedly exercised, can not only stop retrogression but give mighty impulse and propelling power to progression.

Both America and England, as far as the classes are concerned, seem strangely indifferent, almost apathetic to existing conditions.

95 per cent. of the people of the world are employed by the other 5 per cent.

The 95 per cent., taken as a whole, are restless and becoming more so.

The sea of humanity, made up of the 95 per cent., is gradually being lashed into a storm.

The captains of industry directing

the ships of commerce seem to not even consult the barometer of the mental attitude of the mass mind and to hear not the rumble of the approaching storm.

Neither as an alarmist nor as a pessimist, but as one who has tried to study the problem of world economics, I would call the attention of all who have studied history to the cold indifference of the aristocracy of France to the voice of the masses in the days just preceding the French Revolution.

They awoke too late to a realization of the fact that the masses meant what they said.

Certain men in the gas industry of England are not standing idly by. They are doing something to steer their particular ship of commerce to the harbour of profit-sharing. In this and other ways—here, there, and yonder—members of the 5 per cent. the employers of the world, are bringing their commercial operations into harmony with some of Nature's laws. Thus do they help to pour oil upon the troubled waters of the sea of labour in general, as well as to guide their own ship to safety; but unless more of the 5 per cent. join, and speedily, in an effort toward betterments in business, a storm will soon break which will ruin many and hinder the progress of all.

Even the vessel locked in the harbour away from the fury of the storm cannot proceed on its voyage till the storm is past.

But no time need be consumed with any body of intelligent men either in giving proof of adverse conditions (bad effects) in the commercial world or dissertation upon the dangers of them.

The evidence of evil tendencies are all about us, and plain to all who not only look but see, and who not only hear but understand.

I cannot but believe that the *seeming* indifference of so many to the conditions which prevail so largely

and the dangers which threaten so persistently and aggressively, is more seeming than real, and is due less to the first three causes mentioned than the last, viz., the belief that "there is no remedy."

Possibly we should go further than that and state that the attitude of the majority of the 5 per cent. may be more accurately described as being that of *inaction* rather than indifference, and that their failure to *do* any thing to bring about a better condition is not so much a fixed belief that there is no remedy as lack of knowledge as to what the remedy is.

One may be suffering from an illness and be by no means indifferent to it.

He may believe that it may be cured, but yet he may not know the remedy, and hence be unable to act as he would be glad to, did he but know what to do.

There is a remedy—it is known to many in all. Where known and applied, conditions and effects are good; they are good because those who are enjoying these conditions are looking well to *cause*—then effects take care of themselves.

Sometimes the good effects are interfered with and lessened by the negative general effects brought about by generally negative causes.

Were the remedies universally understood and applied the general effect would all be good, and then those who are looking well to salutary cause in their own affairs would enjoy even better effects.

We are all parts of a whole. No one can injure self without injuring others, and no one can injure others without injuring self. The man who either consciously or unconsciously disobeys natural law in the conduct of affairs of his one house of commerce injures others as well as himself.

Shakespeare expressed the cause of adverse conditions not alone in the commercial world, but in all of life's

relationships when he said, "Our only crime is ignorance."

In that statement he also gave a clue to the remedy.

The crimes of labour against capital and of capital against labour — and there are crimes on both sides — are each and all due to man's ignorance of natural laws of successful conduct.

There are two points which must be clearly understood by him who would clearly discern the truth that I am trying to make plain.

1. The fault, the blame if such were to be given, rests not upon the 5 per cent. alone.

Neither does it rest with the 95 per cent. alone.

I speak not as a champion of the rights of labour or of capital.

I plead for the obedience of eternal laws, and that each should obey them.

2. In quoting Shakespeare's historic aphorism as the cause of business troubles and a hint at the remedy, I do not use the word "ignorance" in the ordinary acceptance of that term. It is the exception rather than the rule that one finds to-day an adult human being who could be justly rated as being very "ignorant" in the common acceptance of that term.

Among the 5 per cent., those who carry the responsibilities of employment and who direct the efforts of the 95 per cent., we find the vast majority not only highly intelligent and well informed men upon the current matters of knowledge, but many of them learned men, men with knowledge *plus*, and this is learning.

The vast majority of the 5 per cent. are well schooled in the technical knowledge pertaining to the technique of their business.

Among the 95 per cent. we find many who are well read. In so far as material and so-called natural science is concerned our age is an enlightened one.

In this day of rapid transit, when the application of electricity and steam have almost annihilated space

and time, and a condensed encyclopædia of the world's happenings is served to us daily by the press, when the world's most important happenings of today are the common mental property of millions tomorrow! In this age wherein "of the making of many books" literally there is no end. In this age of compulsory education for the youth, ignorance in the sense of absence of general knowledge has, relatively speaking, disappeared.

By no means are all who labour with the hands wasting all the unemployed hours incident to the short hours of labour. Many in all worse than waste them, but millions in all are studying conditions and seeking for remedies more than many know.

And yet, in spite of all these facts, there are relatively few in the mad rush of modern commercialism who are acquainted with certain fundamental basic truths; some of nature's laws or rules of action or conduct, which, if understood and applied would absolutely cure existing troubles.

When that almost priceless string of pearls was lost in London recently many passed it by and failed to see it before one came along who found the prize.

Objects were everywhere to claim the vision of the passer-by. People, vehicles, buildings, birds perchance, and beasts. Each chained the eye of him who passed and shut out the sight of that more precious thing the pearls, which lay there in plain sight beside the pavement.

It is just so in the streets of knowledge of modern commercialism.

Objective facts, matters of common knowledge, are everywhere. Modern man has almost a surfeit of facts to claim his mental vision, and the race for gold is such a mad rush, that he is prone to pass by certain pearls, and even strings of pearls of precious truths in the way of nature's fundamentals which, would he but look, he could not help but see.

Seeing and appropriating, he would receive the reward offered by the world to him who puts them into practice.

And, mind you, I said *the reward offered by the world*.

I speak not today of the reward offered in any life to come by the Creator of natural law to him who obeys them.

I speak of the reward in the here and now.

It is of the pearls of truth in the form of natural law that men in commerce must be ignorant.

This must be so, else they would certainly apply them.

This logic must be correct, for is it not true that self preservation is the first law of nature?

Man preserves and conserves his own best interests by bringing his life and conduct into harmony with natural law.

If he but sees any given natural law clearly, and becomes convinced that his own best interests will be served by obeying the law, then the first law of nature impels him toward its obedience.

In a paper of this nature time forbids a discussion of any considerable number of nature's laws of human efficiency, which obeyed make for the successful conduct of commerce.

The basic law of all, however, is the pearl of truth known as the *law of service*.

In the realm of physical nature, everyone is aware of the fact that heat is an effect of which fire is a cause.

No one questions for one moment the fact that if he builds a little fire, he will obtain but little heat.

He knows just as certainly that if he builds a large fire more heat will be the effect, the result.

For all general and practical purposes, then, man concludes that the degree of heat caused by fire is in di-

rect proportion to the volume and intensity of the fire generating it.

Among the 95 per cent. relatively few seem to have perceived the basic truth that service rendered is *cause*, while pay or reward obtained is *effect*—but this is true: nature made a law of service. Nature intended that a little of the fire of service should generate a small amount of the heat of pay.

She also intended that the degree of the heat of pay should vary in direct proportion to the volume and intensity of the fire of service rendered.

In spite of this basic law of nature, millions of employes violate it. They hinder the operation of the law. In all, millions of the members of the 95 per cent. are tiring themselves out holding themselves back.

There are millions of men ruining their sight looking for more pay—if they would seek as diligently for more and better ways of rendering service, the more pay would take care of itself.

Look well to cause—effects are nature's consequences of causes.

Men and women everywhere need to study *cause* more and *effect* less.

The writer was once speaking with a young man about the general problem of efficiency. The young man listened awhile and then said, "That is all right, Mr. Sheldon, but I am earning my salary now, and I will be blessed if I will do any more"—only he did not say blessed—he used a much hotter word than that.

I looked at him a moment and then said, "You are right, young man."

"Do you really think I am right?" he replied.

"Yes," I answered, "you are damned all right. Your little river of progress is all damned up." That thought lodged in the minds of men—I am earning my salary now and I'll be damned if I will do any more—has damned the progress of millions of men since first the history of commerce began.

Such men need to grasp the law of service as being not a theory but a basic fact in nature. They must come to know that a man who never does more than he is paid for never arrives at that point on the river of life of commercial effort where he is paid for more than he does.

The man who is always willing to render all the service he can, regardless of the amount received, finally comes to a point where it is possible for him to be paid something for the work which he does in the way of inspiration, instruction and direction of the work of others.

You cannot keep a good man down; cream will rise to the top in obedience to a natural law; no one ever yet found cream staying at the bottom of the pan very long. It is not the position "lower down" that it is hard to fill, it is those higher up. There is plenty of room at the top, is a trite but true saying, and the reason for it is because so few men see with clearness the law of service.

Natural laws, including the law of service, may be violated either consciously or unconsciously.

The result is the same in either case.

"Ignorance of the law excuses no one" is a maxim of man-made law.

He who violates man-made laws knows that if detected and apprehended he must pay the penalty, whether cognizant of the existence of the law or not.

As citizens we are aware of the fact that the penalties imposed for the violation of man-made laws vary in accordance with the seriousness of the offense which the law was made to guard against.

The penalty for refusing to do what some laws say we must do, or doing that which the law says we must not do, is a small fine.

For others a larger fine, for others imprisonment, for still others, death.

The analogy is perfect in the realm of natural laws.

Whether conscious of the law or not, if we violate relatively unimportant laws we pay the penalty in the way of a small fine in the way of a subtraction from the otherwise possible total of ultimate reward.

If the law violated is more serious one pays a still larger fine.

If still more serious he loses the opportunity to render any service. The employee loses his position, the employer loses the services of the employee or the trade of the patron whom he failed to serve.

If any individual violates the law of service grossly enough, he pays the penalty in financial death—Failure—Dependence. The reward of obedience to natural law is financial life, success, independence.

No employee can build a small fire of service and for very long expect the warmth of pay, generated by the fire of service built by others.

The camp-followers, the weaklings, the inefficient, the clock-watchers, the time servers, may survive for a time, but ultimately "the law of the survival of the fittest" is fulfilled and the unfit take their place in the ranks of the unemployable.

On the other hand the employer cannot permanently violate the law of service and escape the payment of the penalty.

Remember that the law is that the degree of the heat of pay is in direct proportion to the degree of the fire of service.

To drop all figurative language, the natural law of service may be stated as follows:—

The amount of reward or pay received varies directly with the efficiency of service rendered.

The employer who unjustly withholds the heat of just reward from him who has efficiently built a good big fire of service, is just as guilty of violation of natural law as the employee who fails to build the fire.

He may hinder the fulfillment of the law for a time, but he cannot defeat

the law, and sooner or later he pays the penalty in strikes, damage to his property, the loss of the services of him who built the fire—or in some other way.

The unjust employer, favoured by a combination of circumstances, may even amass a fortune in money, made by withholding just reward for service rendered, but even this is not success.

The Grad. grinds and the Shylocks pay the penalty in the Court of their own conscience, whether they admit it or not, and pay the penalty in the loss of the prime object of human existence, the attainment of content, a thing which money cannot buy.

Again, the life of any successful commercial house is longer than the life of any individuals who temporarily guide its destinies.

It has been well said that there are four classes of men as to range of mental vision.

1st. Those who are mentally blind—They look no farther ahead than the present.

2nd. The generals—They plan for a year.

3rd. The genius—He plans for a life-time.

4th. Finally, the seer, the prophet—He plans for generations yet to be.

There are a few (many in all) seers and prophets in the business world, the commercial world today—they are literally planning the work of the house which they represent, for generations yet to be.

They are so constructing the business now that it becomes a foundation upon which those who follow can build for lasting results—such men obey consciously or unconsciously the "just reward" part of the law of service.

Such men believe in *man-power* as the *cause of commercial power*.

They have either dimly or clearly perceived the basic truth that all commerce is made up of three kinds

of power, viz., money power, mechanical power, and man-power.

But as students of cause and effect they see that in final analysis it is all man-power.

Destroy all the machines and all the money there is in the world, but leave its man-power intact, and there will soon be more machines and more money, but, destroy all the man-power in the world and the machines that are will rust and dust and there will never be any more.

Seeing and recognizing this basic truth they look well to cause, to the building of man-power, just as a good engineer looks well to the generating of a sufficient supply of steam.

In the boilers there must be steam if the machinery propelled by steam is to do its work.

Back of the machinery of commerce there must be the steam of man-power in the form of human efficiency.

The engineer knows full well that to generate steam he must look well to the fire beneath the boilers—his fireman must add fuel, and keep on adding it, else the fires die out, the steam lessens and is finally lost, as the machinery slackens its rate of momentum and finally stops.

All too many of the 5 per cent. fail to see that the fuel which keeps the fires going which generates the steam of man-power in commerce is the fulfilment on their part of the law of just reward—the law of service from the master to the servant.

And in this I refer not to the pay envelope alone. That is but one of the constituent parts of the fuel.

Every father worthy of the name knows full well that his duty as a husband and father does not end with the handing out of the necessary funds to maintain the family. His duties are broader and nobler than that of providing food, raiment and shelter, the means of physical maintenance for his family.

The seers and prophets, the truly

wise men among the 5 per cent., and those too, who among other things are paying the best dividends, whose "houses" commercial are in the "best order." Those whose "lamps" are the "best trimmed" and whose commercial "lights" are burning the most brightly are those who see that their duty as Employers does not end with the handing out of the pay envelope. They see that the relationship of ownership carries with it certain moral relationships and responsibilities.

There is a maxim which expresses a fundamental law which reads:

"As above, so below."

This applies with unflinching accuracy to commercial relationships as between Employer and Employed.

Given justice, loyalty and refining influences and tendencies among the officers of a Company and you will find them finally filtering down through the ranks.

Given injustice, disloyalty and disregard for the finer and better things of life at the top, and you will find it all the way down through the organization.

"You cannot gather figs from thistles." "If you sow to the winds you will reap the whirlwinds."

No man or body of men or combinations of bodies of men can for long defeat the operation and logical outcome of natural law.

In spite of these basic truths, self evident to every wise man who reads them or hears them spoken, there are thousands of Employers who studiously keep their people as far as possible in ignorance and fear. They not only do nothing to uplift and enlighten those upon whose man-power the existence of their business depends, but who studiously bar any attempt in that direction by others.

Nations are but aggregations of individuals.

So is a business concern. The ultimate destinies of each is determined more than any other but the select few know, by the degree to which its

Government conforms to natural law.

Men as citizens will not permanently endure the consequences of persistent violation of fundamental natural laws on the part of those who hold the reins of Government, and who make and seek to enforce such of the man-made laws of nations as may be contrary to natural law.

Man-made laws which are contrary to natural laws are destined to be repealed.

Governments persisting in the enforcement of unnatural, therefore unjust laws are destined to pay the penalty of the loss of her best manhood and womanhood. Finally that nation is destined to rebellion and to destruction.

The same is true of that smaller aggregation of men known as the Commercial house.

Russia for years held to the policy of studiously keeping her people in ignorance—she thought she could govern them better, but she has paid an awful penalty in the breeding of the mental and moral leprosy of disloyalty and that secret hatred of her subjects for those in power which drives them from her confines and causes those who remain to care but little what happens to the powers that be. The Tzar must then needs travel heavily guarded, even to a wedding.

The history of the rise and fall of nations and the rise and fall of commercial houses is an interesting study in the psychology and philosophy of service. It is an interesting study of the operation of natural law.

I congratulate England that the motto on her Coat of Arms of the Prince of Wales is always "*Ish Dien*," "I serve."

If each succeeding Prince, as he grows into the stature of the reigning monarch, but takes that motto and all it implies seriously, and, along with him, those who make and enforce England's laws do the same, then England as a nation need never fear.

Again I quote:

"As above, so below?"

And as the Government of nations so, largely, in time, the Government of Commercial houses within the nation.

The race is gradually growing better because it is gradually growing wiser.

Drunkenness is on the decline.

Disease is slowly being conquered.

Crime is slowly but surely getting less.

Yes, Shakespeare was right. "Our only crime is ignorance." Let the employes and employers once become wise enough to grasp and apply the basic law of service, and the human race would march forward at a pace but few dream of today.

But let us analyze more closely this law of service.

First of all, what is "service?" Is it analyzable? Is it divisible into constituent parts? Are its elements universal? If so, do these elements combined equal service no matter what niche in the world's work one may fill?

The answer is "Yes" to all these questions.

1st—Service is analyzable.

2nd—It is divisible into constituent parts.

3rd—Its factors or elements are universal.

4th—The elemental things which combined equal excellence of service do this always and everywhere.

As certainly as that two parts of hydrogen combined with one part of oxygen make the natural element known to mankind as water, so do the three abstract elements of Quantity, Quality, and Mode combine equal service.

The accuracy of the chemical formulæ, $H_2O = \text{aqua pura}$, is not questioned by any chemist.

The time is coming when the accuracy of the formulæ $Q + Q + M = S$

will not be questioned by any scientific business man.

To make the soundness of the above statement clear we must pause at this point in our exposition of the law of service to enquire briefly into the psychology of commerce.

The commercial success of a Gas Company, or any other house engaged in commerce, is in direct proportion to its exercise of the art of securing permanent and profitable patrons or customers.

To obtain a new customer certain states of consciousness must take place in the customer's mind. These mental states or conditions are four in number. First of all the *favourable* attention of the prospective customer must be obtained. Secondly, his *interest* must become aroused. Thirdly, a desire must arise in his mind to possess that which the vendor has for sale. Fourthly, he must resolve to buy and *act* upon that resolve.

It would be helpful to all engaged in trade to be acquainted with the fact that there are laws of mind just as exact in the realm of mind as is the law of gravitation in the realm of matter.

And one of the laws of the human mind is this.

Favourable attention properly sustained changes into interest. Interest properly augmented changes to desire, and desire properly intensified changes into action. (In commerce this is the act of buying.)

But a house is known by the customers it *keeps*, not by those it *gets* alone.

Business building is the art of securing *permanent* and *profitable* patrons, therefore, the business man needs to examine more carefully into the psychology of commerce than merely the mental states necessary for the getting of a new patron started.

Examination of the mental states of the permanent patrons of any house reveals the presence of two

more mental states, viz., *confidence*, which is the universal basis of all trade; and *satisfaction*, which is the sustaining power of confidence.

To keep the customer *satisfied*, the seller must so conduct his business with him that he keeps his confidence.

Given *confidence* and *satisfaction*, then favourable attention, interest, desire and repeated action are natural effects.

But we are not back to final causes yet.

What *causes* a customer to be satisfied?

"We find the answer in service," consisting of $Q + Q + M$, or "Quantity" and "Quality" and "Mode of Conduct."

Service, then, is *cause*.

Satisfaction, confidence, favourable attention, interest, desire and action are all *effects*.

Again, we are reminded that if we look well to *cause*, effects take care of themselves.

Let us illustrate the operation of the law of service in its effect upon the customer and the reality of the constituent parts of service, as well as the all embracing inclusiveness of the $Q + Q + M$ formulæ by an example:

Let us suppose that in any given city, London for example, there are four gas companies. We will designate them as A, B, C and D.

Company A always gives a good *quality* of gas to its patrons. Its first "Q" is O. K.

It is careless, however, as to *quantity*. Its meters now and then register more than was actually supplied.

Its mode of conduct of each department of its business is good—prompt service and good book-keeping and all that.

No matter how excellent its first "Q" may be or how excellent its "M," the fact that its second "Q" (Quantity) is faulty makes the whole service faulty, dissatisfaction takes the place of satisfaction, confidence, the basis of trade, is gone, and the trade

or custom of one after another of its patrons falls, carrying with it often the trade of others, the friends or acquaintances of those made dissatisfied by reason of the fact that Gas Company A's second "Q" was off.

Gas Company B always gives the right quantity. It is very particular about the accuracy of its meters. The various departments are also well organized and rendering prompt and accurate service, hence its mode is O. K. But it gets careless as to quality. This soon breeds dissatisfaction among its patrons and the same results follow as those which happen to Company A. All because the first "Q" was not present in the formulæ of service.

Company C always gives good quality and good quantity, but the repair department is slow. A book-keeper sends the right bill at the wrong time or the wrong one at the right time—clerks not realizing that they are salesmen, are discourteous. So are the repair men. In this case the third element—the "M"—is lacking, and " $Q + Q$ " alone does not equal "S."

$2 + 2 + 3$ equals 7, not sometimes, but always.

$2 + 2$ never equals 7.

$Q + Q + M$ equals service, not sometimes, but always.

$Q + Q$ never equals service.

Company D knows this, and hence looks well to quality, just as well as to quantity, and with equal diligence sees to it that everyone connected with that Gas Company knows that he is doubly a salesman. First, that he is selling his services to the Gas Company, and, secondly, that the efficiency of his work has a vital bearing upon the power of the Company as a whole to persuade the public to purchase its products at a profit and to keep on purchasing them. Company D sees to it that the "Mode of Conduct" of each individual connected with the business is efficient through the application of those qual-

ities which make for Discrimination, Ethics, Accuracy and Speed.

Company D is then giving $Q + Q + M$, or good service to its patrons—its competitors for other forms of lighting find competition keen in that particular district. Company D enjoys the satisfaction, confidence, favourable attention, interest, desire, and repeated patronage of its patrons *BECAUSE* it is fulfilling to them the law of service.

It is building a good fire of service, and always will as long as it uses the fuel of $Q + Q + M$ —the patrons (customers) are then quite willing to pay the right reward to their servant, the Gas Company, and it is perfectly right that the Gas Company which gives good "Quality," good "Quantity," and good "Mode" should make money, and pay good dividends, for "The servant is worthy of his hire."

Dividends are the pay envelopes of capital for service rendered to the patrons of the house—natural law intended that the greater the fire of service, the greater the reward in warmth of pay—and good pay is rather warming and cheerful even to the most altruistic.

Here, there, and yonder we find employers who have awakened to the fact that the doctrine of *caveat emptor*, or "Let the buyer beware," has been repealed by the Court of Commerce—the voice and actions of the buyers of the world constitute that Court.

In its place has gone forth the edict, "Let the seller beware." Yes, Mr. Seller of gas or of anything else, if you would build your business, beware of the service rendered. Look well to your $Q + Q + M$.

Many employes in all have dimly or clearly perceived the law of service and are applying it.

Such employes look well to the quality and quantity of their service and to their mode of conduct towards employer, but where there is one who does there are many who do not, and

thus is the effort of the faithful and efficient few largely nullified.

A vast stride in advance toward betterments in commercial conditions will be made when the one truth is made plain to every employee that he has something to market, something to sell, viz.: his services—he is the seller; the employer is the buyer of his product, his service, and in the long run the sale of services is largely governed by that basic law of economics which rules in the sale of sugar or any other product, viz., the total price received by the seller is materially influenced by the quantity and the quality of the goods delivered.

How men, with services to sell, can continue to studiously plan as many do, not to see how much of the sugar of service and of how good a quality, but rather how little and of how poor a quality they can deliver to their customer, their employer, can be accounted for on but one of three grounds.

First, they do not want reward; or, second, ignorance of the law of service; third, belief that no matter how much service they render the employer their reward will be the same.

The vote is unanimous to discard reason No. 1. Men do want reward.

The reason why men tire themselves out holding themselves back exists in reasons Nos. 2 and 3. No. 2 can be cured by teaching and making plain the laws of human efficiency to the 95 per cent., including the basic law of service. Science is evolving the mathematics of success, and the human mind can no more reject its truths than it can reject the truths of arithmetic or chemistry. Reason No. 3 is all too often a reality—employers all too often violate natural law by withholding just reward. Reason No. 3 can only be corrected by the 5 per cent.

If you are in trouble and wish to find the fellow who is to blame for it, look in the looking-glass.

To the commercial house whose men are holding back, the employer

who is not getting a full measure of service from those on the pay roll, I ask him to look well to the $Q + Q + M$, which he is giving to his employees as well as to his patrons.

He may or may not be paying all that should be paid in money. In many cases all, and even more, is being paid for the poor service rendered than the service is worth. But let him look again and ask himself the cause for the inefficient service he is securing, if such it be. Remember again, "As above, so below." Has the service of your house to its employees been such as to naturally secure their favourable attention, interest, desire, action, confidence, and satisfaction?

Do you realize that the true function of the 5 per cent., the employers of the world, is that of "teachers"?

Are you giving to those in your employ the educational guidance necessary to uplift and upbuild and to make them healthier in body, mind, and soul?

Are you manufacturing man-power and more of it in your house of commerce as the days and weeks and months and years roll by?

Are you, as a leader of men, setting the right example to your men?

Men at the top must learn the great law that "to get one must give."

Learning and love are alike in this, that the more one gives the more one has.

To get of love and loyalty and enthusiasm and all those other qualities which, combined, make human efficiency, one must give freely of them and of learning concerning them.

Oh, yes. I know full well the ingratitude of men.

Examples are plentiful where men at the top have tried to do for employees in the way of welfare work in various forms only to have it seem like worse than wasted effort.

But the secret lies largely in the *spirit* and the *manner* in which the welfare work is done.

If the spirit is wholly mercenary, purely commercial—if the men at the top do things toward bettering conditions, solely for the purpose of gain, then the greatest possible gain cannot come.

Do the finer and better things, because it is right that you do them; take a real interest in your people and then keep at it, not being discouraged if the first attempts seem fruitless, and then results will be bound to come.

You will be building the fire of service to your people and you will enjoy the warmth of better reward as a natural cause—you will soon gain their favourable attention, interest, desire, and repeated action on your behalf—they will then give you $Q + Q + M$ in return. They will do the things necessary to get and keep your satisfaction, confidence, favourable attention, interest, desire, and repeated pay envelope.

Three questions confront us at this point of the development of our theme.

If our logic is correct thus far, the following are self-evident truths:—

1. That every commercial house should render its best possible service to its patrons.

2. That the 5 per cent. should render the best possible service to the 95 per cent.

3. That the 95 per cent. should render the highest possible maxim of service to the 5 per cent.

The "*what to do*" is plain.

The next question is "how to do it?"

First. How is a house to go about it to improve its $Q + Q + M$ to its patrons to the end of making more permanent and profitable patrons?

The answer is: By the employers fulfilling their true function, as teachers, and bringing into the lives of the 95 per cent. more of the light of education.

The universal laws of human efficiency are known to science today and

can be taught. The educational systems of our schools and colleges are lamentably lacking to-day from the standpoint of teaching the student the natural laws of success in the world commercial.

Until such time as our school systems are radically revised each commercial house must have classes of its own.

Men are but "boys grown tall," and education is a process which goes on all through life. It by no means ends with school days.

Many of our greatest commercial houses are vast schoolrooms, and those engaged in the service of them are constantly and systematically improving themselves.

One of which the writer knows, employing three thousand people, has these people divided into 30 sections of 100 each—each section meets one night each month—each of the 3,000 is thus met once each month by competent instructors. In the meantime he is studying at home in his odds and ends of time.

This Company has a harmonious business family—no strikes, no friction; it is paying larger dividends than any other Company in its line of business and it has passed all competitors in volume of business. Its $Q + Q + M$ is the wonder and delight of its patrons and the terror of its competitors.

As to question No. 2.

How can employer render just reward to employee?

Profit-sharing is evidently among the most, if not the most, practical solution of the financial side of the problem.

"Scientific management" offers suggestions and possible solutions. Welfare work, in its many phases and adaptations, points the way to the service from employer to employes in matters other than that of monetary reward.

It is not the province of this paper to discuss these in detail, but means do exist, and that is quite

enough for us to briefly dwell upon. The study and adaptation of them is a matter for each of the 5 per cent.

As to question No. 3.

How can the employee render better service to his employer?

His first step, once having seen the law of service, and having kindled the desire to increase his service rendering power, is to realize that there is a vast difference between *the desire to render service and the capacity to really render it.*

He must recognize the fact that commerce is a profession worthy of the best of talent.

He must quit wishing for success and do something to fit himself to deserve it. All too many have a wishbone where the backbone ought to be.

To render an increasing degree of service he must obey four basic injunctions.

First. He must know himself and how to develop his efficiency qualities functioning in, first, wise discrimination as to deeds done and words spoken; second, the ethical sense; third, accuracy; and, fourth, speed.

Back of these characteristics in men and women is the whole list of qualities, which, developed, make for service rendering power. They are some sixty or more in number. Included among them are—first, the powers of the head to think, remember, and imagine. Second, the positive, or efficiency qualities of the *feelings*, such as "the desire to serve, hope, faith, courage, honesty, justice, loyalty, and love." Love for one's work, among other things. Someone has said, "If you don't love your job, don't worry about it. Some other fellow will soon have it." Third, the physical qualities of health, strength, and symmetry, which, developed, make for physical endurance. Fourth, decision and action, which are the functions of the will.

"Head," "know how," or intellectual development makes for *Ability*.

"Heart," or *Character*, development makes for *Reliability*.

"Bodily Culture" makes for *Endurance*.

"Will Development" makes for *Action*.

The service rendering power of the individual is in direct proportion to his *AREA*, that is to say, to his *Ability* plus his *Reliability*, plus his *Endurance*, plus his *Action*.

Every normal man and woman in the world possesses a body, an intellect, feelings, and will. Each is therefore equipped with the raw material out of which to manufacture more and more *Ability*, *Reliability*, *Endurance*, and *Action*.

The rest is but a problem of systematic education or development of the efficiency qualities in the man.

Man's efficiency depends not alone upon what he knows about his work—he must know that. But his success depends upon what he *is*, and what he *is* depends upon the degree of unfoldment of the efficiency qualities of body, intellect, feelings, and will.

This, in turn, is but the problem of correct nourishment plus correct use. These two processes constitute, or equal, *educating*, and together they equal education, the root meaning of which is *eduction*.

$N + U = E$ is a formulæ which, like $Q + Q + M$, will one day be known to the business man to be as exact and unfailing as H, O in chemistry.

Nourishment and use of any quality equals its education or unfoldment, and in this simple fact nestles the secret of man's power to be and do and become—and hence to render service. But man must not only know himself and how to unfold, educt, and develop those qualities which beget the power to render service.

He must obey the second efficiency injunction, which is, "You must know the other man." That is to say, one must be a good judge of human nature.

Science is making vast strides in

this direction also, and man needs no longer to lean alone upon his own experiences in order to read correctly the great book of human nature.

Other things being equal, the best judge of human nature is the most efficient in his service rendering power.

The third efficiency injunction is this, "You must know your business, and know it through and through."

It is one thing for one to know his work well enough to hold his position or his "job." It is quite another thing to be a master of it in all its phases. The only road to exact and complete knowledge of any subject is complete analysis of it—a thing which relatively few take the pains to do.

The fourth efficiency injunction is as follows:—

You must apply your knowledge of self, the other fellow, and your business to the end of creating satisfaction, confidence, favourable attention, interest, desire and action in the minds of those with whom you come in contact.

The science of man building takes care of injunction No. 1. It enables man to know and build himself.

The science of character analysis takes care of injunction No. 2. It enables him to know his fellow men.

The science of logic, in its branches of analysis and sympathies, takes care of injunction No. 3. It enables him to know his business.

The science of commercial psychology takes care of injunction No. 4. It enables him to create the six mental states involved in the psychology of commerce.

The Honourable Lafayette Young once said, "The nineteenth century was a record breaker in progress, but it was not a beginning to what the twentieth century is going to be, and it is our blessed privilege to be standing in the grey of its early dawn." This is true, and education and the two processes involved in its making (nourishment plus use of the effi-

ciency qualities in men) is the key to the making of the light of the risen sun of progress.

That pearl of great price is lying there by the street as men go passing by, too busy or too heedless to pick it up.

We are standing in the grey of the early dawn of profit-sharing.

In the early morning of the day, too, when the man-power or educational division of every business is to be as regularly established and as carefully conducted as the credit and accounting department.

We are standing in the grey of the early dawn of the morning of the time when both capital and labour shall awaken to the fact that neither is independent of the other nor dependent, but that they are grandly interdependent.

Nature intended employer and employed to form a splendid team, and that both should pull together on the same rope, the same way at the same time—that's the only way to pull a big load.

We are standing in the grey of the early dawn of the day when employee shall seek to find not how little, but

how much, he can do for him who pays him for service rendered, and when the employers' motto shall be not how little, but how much, can I do for him who renders me service.

All too long the tendency has been the other way; all too long Labour has been shaking its fist at Capital, and Capital its fist at Labour.

The house divided against itself cannot stand is the crystallization of a basic natural law.

Let us all, employers and employees alike, unite and shake hands and try the way of service each to the other.

Let us make the light of a clear understanding of nature's basic law of service the sun to usher in the noon-day of that more glorious age prophesied by Mr. Young.

It is then that from the ashes of the regrets of many men made almost mad by strikes, contention, conflict, hate and fear, shall arise a nobler manhood and a sounder and a safer and more solid commercialization.

It is then that the light of natural law in the commercial world will cause our commercial troubles to fade away even as the mists flee before the rising sun.

The word "gentleman" is defined in this way: "A man who is clean both outside and inside; who neither looks up to the rich nor down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs."

—ANON.

Short Cuts *and* Quick Methods

WITHIN the last ten years our great railroads have spent many millions of dollars straightening curves on their lines, often just to save a few minutes' time. The late Mr. Harriman spent vast sums for this purpose. In early railroad days the great object was to avoid expense. The railroads often took a serpentine direction, winding around mountains, hills and long distances to avoid heavy cuts, fillings or bridges. Time was not so valuable then as now, but, as life became more strenuous, competition keener and men's time of more worth, the roads were shortened and better beds, heavier cars and heavier rails came.

Modern business men consider it great economy to take short routes and fast trains because of the rapidly increasing value of time. "*Anything to save time*" is one of the great mottoes of today.

Business men will pay more for any device of facility which will save time than for almost anything else. No expense or ingenuity is spared, especially by the great railroads which run competing lines, to accomplish shortened routes, to quicken service.

In the pioneer stage days of our history, before competition had become so fierce, a liberal education and special training were not so necessary as they are today. Now the youth must be a specialist, must spend years in training for his specialty. He must lay a larger and firmer foundation for preparation than formerly if he expects to get anywhere near the top of his vocation. He must remove all possible obstructions, must have a better training, better equipment and a more scientific outfit in every way, or he can not hope to succeed. As the railroad today which will persist in winding about hills and meandering long distances to avoid a river crossing or tunneling hills or mountains

stands no show for competition with up-to-date roads, so the young man who expects to get on can not afford any handicap which will retard his progress or reduce his chances of success.

The trouble with most youths is that they do not pay enough attention to straightening their tracks and reducing grades. They try to speed on crooked, ill-made roads and dangerous grades, with light rails, poor equipment, and the result is thousands of wrecks.

Every man should lay out a clean, straight, level track to his goal. All obstructions should be removed, all dangers and risks reduced to a minimum, making his road straight, firm, solid and safe.

When great railroads make test trials in competing for the transcontinental mails, they not only see that the tracks, the cars and the engine are in perfect condition; they even pick out the finest pieces of coal, those containing the greatest possible amount of energy, and which leave the smallest amount of clinkers or ashes. The utmost care is exercised in lubricating bearings. Tracks are kept clear, and everything possible is done to secure speed and safety.

Yet everywhere we see people making their great life race in poor, broken-down cars, on crooked tracks, light, loose rails, over heavy grades. They are always losing time by reason of hot boxes and accidents of all kinds, yet they wonder why they can not compete with those who are better equipped. They took little or no precaution to insure success when they started out on their trip; little regard was paid to the condition of the roads or cars, to the food fuel as to its energy and bulk, or to any of the essential things on which success depended. Yet they wonder why they do not win in the race.

Organization *the* Spirit of Progress

By C. R. TROWBRIDGE

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NOT long ago I had occasion to visit a certain state hospital for the insane.

Walking over the beautiful grounds half a mile from the main buildings, one morning, I came across an attendant in charge of 25 patients.

The attendant was a little chap, a sort of half portion. Many of the patients looked and weighed twice as much.

The comparison aroused my curiosity. I joined the attendant in his stroll and walked with him for some distance. In the course of the conversation, and naturally I was all questions, I asked:

"What is to hinder half a dozen of these big fellows behind you getting together and setting up a job on you and fleeing to the woods. If they should get at you all at once you wouldn't stand a ghost of a show. There is no help within a half mile at least and you are not armed," (this he had told me).

The attendant looked at his questioner in severe rebuke, then smiled and replied:

"You belong right here all right, friend. What is to hinder these men getting together and setting up a job on me? Why, the fact is if they could get together with anybody or anything, they would not be here. That's their trouble."

The badge of sanity is the ability to organize.

Organization is a modern policy. The organized man is a power, he moves shoulder to shoulder with his brother; the unorganized man is

merely a part of a mob, with no chart or compass to guide him.

Organization is the spirit of progress and the spirit of progress is the greatest asset a business or an individual can have.

The more people we can work with and for, the bigger and better you and I are.

We are living in an age of organization. Commercial and industrial enterprises, cities, men are thriving upon it.

We are living in an age of organized interests. Men get together to discuss things, to better conditions. They are doing it in a spirit of progress.

Reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation are combined in this spirit, and the greatest of these is co-operation.

Competition may have been the life of trade once, but it is no longer so. Competition died when the inventive genius of American engineers devised machines that will manufacture beyond our present economic wants. Competition, then, became suicidal and destructive and anything that is suicidal is dying—is dead. We have passed through the savage age, the stone, the competitive, and now we are passing into the co-operative. We will not be here so very long, anyway, and soon Death, the kind old nurse, will come and rock us to sleep—and we had better help one another while we may.

The idea of the brotherhood of man is no idle, vacuous dream and this idea of brotherhood is coming about, not through the preaching of ethics or

morality, but it is coming about as a matter of self-preservation.

The strength of unity is indisputable. Few things do more to retard the natural progress of a business or of a movement than a lack of co-operation.

The energy expended on a "tug of war" is not constructive. It is like one man pumping water out of a basin while another pumps it back.

There are two chief reasons for lack of co-operation; one is that men do not agree on what is best to be done. The other is that selfish motives deceive men into thinking that they can get more by going alone.

The remedy for the first is comparison of views, exchange of ideas and the establishment of the right idea in the minds of all. The remedy for the second is the knowledge that the common good is also the real good of the individual. Selfishness is often but another name for ignorance. If a man desires to obtain the most good for himself he should know that his legitimate share of a great common good is greater than any possible good he could obtain for himself, alone. The narrow-minded man fishes with a hook and thinks to have the whole catch for himself. The broad-minded fellow joins with others in using a seine and his portion of the returns exceeds by far what he might get with the hook.

Co-operation is greater than competition and we should constantly bear in mind, the great fundamental laws of the universe—the laws of interdependence. There is not a thing in the world which is not dependent upon some other favorable thing or condition. We all need each other and therefore should co-operate with each other. He who loses sight of this important law is bound to become worthless timber in the life of the world.

There are bigger markets than the world ever offered and there are bigger profits for the man who can elimi-

nate the grouch, get rid of his grab instincts and regulate his gobble and guzzle.

Organization is the spirit of progress!

You must stand for progress or fall!

Let your desire be to know what constitutes true success and the willingness to take the patient steps which lead to it; the desire to correct errors, traits and tendencies which retard advancement and the willingness to receive new ideas and to act upon them; the desire to act from sound motives and the willingness to give up false and temporary success for vital and permanent growth; the eagerness to utilize every wholesome opportunity; the enthusiasm to strive for excellence for its own sake, and the energy to push on, pausing only when victory is won.

With this spirit, development into rich reward is inevitable. It is as natural as for a tree to grow!

Forget price. Don't seek to control the action of the individual. Look rather to benefit from an exchange of experiences and be free with them. Don't be a peanut man. Little peanut men live by themselves. They imagine they have secrets and they are afraid of somebody getting the secret away from them. The fact is, we only grow as we give and anybody who locks the world out shuts himself in.

Organization—it is the spirit of progress!

The world may furnish many opportunities, appreciation will quicken some motives and the onward movement of the world can change some conditions, but that spark of fire—the spirit of progress must come from within, must spring up in a moment of noble resolve, must never be allowed to die, never to want, never to waver.

Organization binds men into a fraternity, which spells length of days, because it "serves" and its service is based on specific knowledge!

Scientific Selection of Salesmen

By GEORGE H. VAN ARNUM

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Observations From Long Experience on This Very Important Problem

SALESMANSHIP is an occupation or profession that dates way back to the days of Pharaoh, for we read that Joseph's brethren sold him to a band of Ishmaelites who were traveling through that country as traders. Later we read where Solomon made a dicker with Hiram, king of Tyre, and before he got through, Hiram got very little for his cedars. That was a case where a poor salesman got up against a "Cracker Jack" of a buyer. Another similar case was where the original John Jacob Astor "honswoggled" the Indians when he traded beads and baubles for valuable furs. They had the furs for sale but were poor salesmen.

It is fortunate for the world that men and women do not take kindly to swindling salesmanship. There is inherent in man, a supreme love of the square deal. He may fall short of it, but he worships it, nevertheless, even though it be from afar off.

A person thus therefore build on the right foundation, he must accept honesty as one of his basic principles.

A noted English lecturer addressing some ten or twelve hundred Harvard students said: "In 1776 and 1812 you conquered your father, in 1861 to 65 you conquered your brother. If you will permit an Englishman to say it, the next job you have on hand is to conquer yourself."

In the first place, and above everything else, the concern must be honest. The story is told of a grocer who was hiring a boy as clerk. He liked the boy's appearance and was about to hire him. He asked him if he could sell 15 ounces and call it

one pound—the boy replied that he *could*. He asked him whether he could say the sugar was pure, when it was in reality adulterated—the boy replied that he *could*. The grocer asked him how much wages he would expect, and he replied that for the services required, he would expect fifty dollars a week and after the first year a commission on his sales. Before the grocer had time to recover from the shock, the boy continued—"If you want me to sell honest goods and honest weight, I will work for you for six dollars a week."

The house as well as the salesman must be ambitious. Several years ago in calling on a customer, I happened upon a very peculiar proposition. There were two salesmen who complained to me because they couldn't get their boss to take an interest in his own business. This was a jobber who was a man of some means and fair ability, but who lacked ambition and zeal. The business was making some money and it was not that he was discouraged. He was in a rut and wanted to take it easy. His employes were trying to arouse him but could not. Shortly afterward I learned that both these salesmen had resigned and accepted positions with a good live house.

We, of course, do not have to dwell long on the argument that the management that would expect to secure and keep good men, must first do its own part. Like begets like.

It has been said that the fundamental primary requirements in all work are Health, Intelligence, Honesty and Industry.

Men of affairs realize today as never before what a vital factor in the success and development of a business, is the selection of men. Business today has assumed proportions that make it utterly impossible for the manager to attend to the detail that was formerly considered part of his duties. It is a question whether what we call system has made this great expansion possible or whether the competition forced the expansion and that in turn made necessary the system.

Before a business institution can spread out and open branch houses, it is necessary to have men who are capable of taking charge of these branch houses. So important has this become that the question of environment, co-operation and development is now worked on a scientific basis. Today health conditions, such as sanitation, safety appliances, plenty of light and ventilation, etc., are as important factors in the construction of the factory as any other feature. In answer as to why this condition prevails, I would say that ninety per cent. of it is so as to attract men and increase their efficiency.

Many men of genius would not be recognized under a superficial examination. In many cases the man of training can tell quickly whether the applicant has possibilities, but in others you have to learn to know your man. Either deficiencies will crop out which will absolutely disqualify him, or in other cases the man of the plainer sort will assimilate and develop into a wonder.

Elbert Hubbard might not be able to become a success at selection of men, but he is there "with the goods" when it comes to putting words together. He describes the man of genius as follows: "Most anybody can do business fairly well. Many men can do business very well. A few can do business superbly well. But the man who not only does his work superbly well, but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience and perseverance, making it

peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to all and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory—making of portrait photographs, writing, speaking, modeling, painting. It is that last undefinable touch that counts; the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man a genius."

One way of looking at it, everybody in the world is a salesman, and salesmen are divided into good, bad and indifferent. They are graded in the world's price list from \$1.50 per day to \$150,000 per year. Some salesmen sell labor, and a mighty poor labor at that. Others sell brains at bargain prices. The differences in salesmanship are due to relative inability to set forth attractively the advantages of the thing to be sold. We can only sell according to our basic knowledge and faith in the worth of the goods we offer.

Twenty-five years ago two young fellows worked in the same shop—at the same bench—in the same sort of job—at the same pay. Each spent three-fourths of his noon hour every day at the thing which interested him. One used his daily hour, as soon as his lunch was eaten, working out an invention which brought him half a million dollars. The other chap spent all the time he could spare every day for a year teaching a little dog to dance. He succeeded. The dog learned to dance better than any other dog in town.

What about the teacher? Well, he is an old man, working in the same shop—at the same bench—on the same job—getting the same pay. He spends his noon hours now grumbling at his luck and cussing the government because he is poor. The fellow who used to work beside him is a wealthy manufacturer and owns the shop.

A business firm once had in its employ a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful

and trusted employe. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him and complained to the manager.

Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the cause of all the noise in front of their building. The clerk went out and returned with the answer that it was a lot of wagons going by. The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat. The manager then sent him to ascertain how many wagons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and he returned, saying they were from a city twenty miles to the north.

The manager then asked the young clerk to be sent for, and said to him: "Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?" The young man went out and returned, saying: "Sixteen wagons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass tomorrow. They belong to Smith & Co. of A—, and are on their way to Cincinnati, where wheat is bringing a dollar and a quarter a bushel."

The young man was dismissed and the manager turning to the old clerk said: "My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you."

In each of the above cases it required the trying out of two men to get one good one.

A story is told in the Youth's Companion of a young man by the name of John Grant who at eighteen engaged to work in a hardware store at two dollars a week. "You can make yourself useful by becoming acquainted with all the details of the business and as fast as you prove yourself capable, we will recognize your services in some way," said his employers.

After several weeks, John, who had been closely watching, observed

that his employer always attended to the checking of the bills of imported foreign goods. These, he found, were in German and French. He resolutely set to work to study the bills, also Commercial German and French, in which they were written.

One day a larger assortment than usual came in, much to the dismay of Mr. Williams, who exclaimed, "I don't see how I can spare the time to mark these goods."

"Let me do it," quietly replied John.

On being told that these bills were in French, he explained how he had studied French and German—so as to prepare himself for just this work. He was tried out and then given the work regularly.

One month later he was called to the office and interviewed by both members of the firm. The senior partner said, "In my forty years experience in this business, you are the first boy who has seen his opportunity and improved it. I always had to do the work until Mr. Williams came, and one reason why he became a member of the firm was because he could attend to this part of the business. We want you to take charge of the foreign goods. It is an important position; in fact, it is a matter of necessity that we have someone who can do this work. You, only, of the twenty young men we have here, saw the place and fitted yourself for it."

Here is a case where the concern started out to hire a boy in the store. They drew a prize and got a department manager, and probably a future partner.

One of the most prominent business men of New York once said, "I have always kept a close watch on my employes, and availed myself of any hint which would show me which of them possessed the qualities requisite for success for themselves and usefulness for me. One day when I was passing the window of the counting-room, I observed that the moment the clock struck six, all the clerks with one ex-

ception, laid down their pens, though in the middle of a sentence, and took up their hats. One man alone continued writing. The others soon passed out of the door. 'Pettit,' said one, 'has waited to finish his paper as usual.' 'Yes, I called to him to come on, but he said if this was his own business, he would finish the paper before he stopped work.' The business man kept his eye on Pettit. He is now junior partner.

This same man happened to overhear the following incident.

A customer was looking at a piece of goods and remarked that it was very pretty and just the color she wanted, but added, "I am afraid it will not wash." One of the shop girls behind the counter bowed indifferently and turned away. The other said eagerly, "Are you going to another part of the store, madam? For it is my lunch hour, and I will take a sample to the basement and wash and dry it for you before you come back."

The color of the fabric proved to be fast, and the customer bought it, and asked the name of the obliging shop girl.

A year afterwards she was again in the same store, and on inquiry learned that the girl was at the head of the department. "She puts as much life into her work as ten other women," said the manager.

Each one of these examples was one where the man sold his services, and in each case the success resulted from a determination to make that service the very best that was in the man, or possible of attainment. Every man in the institution should be looked upon as a salesman for that concern. Be it a factory, the man who creates the goods or who gets out the order is responsible to a certain extent for the satisfaction the goods will give. The employee who answers the telephone is a salesman, and the intelligent, cheery reply will have much to do with the good will of the customer or prospect.

The buyer is a salesman — for by buying right he can help the house to be able to compete. The man in the machine shop who discovered a method whereby one machine could do three times the amount of work it formerly did, and better work at that — is a salesman, for he helped cut down the cost of the goods and improved the quality.

I was interested the other day in reading the sketch of the life of Thomas E. Dockrell, the Advertising Specialist.

He landed in New York ten years ago and started his career in this country by answering a want ad for an advertising manager in a Department Store. Not being wholly accustomed to American hustle, he was late in reaching the office where applicants were being interviewed, and he found a miscellaneous crowd of from twenty-five to thirty men ahead of him. He was last in the crowd. His chances of landing that job appeared to be too small to be worth considering. That is just the situation that set Tom Dockrell's thought factory working at full capacity. Two minutes later he walked out of that office and over to the nearest telegraph station. There he sent off this telegram to his prospective employer, "There's no one you want in the front of that crowd in your outer office, just come back to the rear and you'll find the tall Irishman you are looking for." He got the position.

There are times when a particular position has to be filled quickly, when there appears to be no one already in the service who answers just what is wanted. The last illustration may have been one of that class, but Tom Dockrell, while he filled his position perhaps as no one else could, yet the concern who depends upon getting men just as they need them, are not as happy in their selection as the concern whose policy is to have men in training or preparation.

A. T. Stewart, who died in 1876, had built up the most wonderful mer-

cantile business that up to that time had been known anywhere in the world. Yet, if you remember, the business practically died with him, for in only a few years this immense establishment had failed.

On the other hand, a few years ago Marshall Field passed away. He had built up a business even larger than that of A. T. Stewart. Mr. Field's policy had been to watch carefully his employees; when he would miss one from his place, he would inquire what had become of him, and upon finding that he had been promoted would again keep track of him. His business was carried along by his own giant intellect, augmented by an army of lieutenants. When Mr. Field died, there was hardly a ripple as far as the success of the business was concerned. He had not exactly been preparing for this, except through his broad policy of having men ready to

take the places of those ahead of them when through promotion or other causes, such changes were made necessary. In other words, men were constantly being prepared so that the selection could come from the ranks instead of having to look outside for new men.

In the selection of salesmen too many employers or sales-managers are always looking for so-called "star" salesmen. They seek the ready-made, experienced, competent men whom someone else has trained. The call today is for good men, but the best results can usually be attained by the making or building of such men.

E. P. Ripley, president Santa Fe Railway Company, says: "Recognize merit. Promote from the ranks. Help your men keep out of a rut. Most of our executives have grown up in our service."

Honesty and Wealth

A mechanic in any line of industry who consistently strives to be the master of his craft, who does his work skillfully and honestly, is entitled to wear the crown of success as much as the wealthiest man that ever lived, the greatest inventor or the most noted discoverer the world has ever produced.

The proper and persistent use of the lowliest talent manhood has ever been endowed with brings satisfaction and success in whatever line it may be faithfully applied.

While money or evidence of wealth are not to be despised, nor should any man cease from effort to obtain it, yet none must mark wealth as the ultimate goal of his efforts.

The poet has said "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Never truer words were written and no man is a success, be he poor or rich, be he humble or great, who does not hold honesty as the distinguishing mark of his nobility.

Who is the Rich Man in America

RECENTLY an employee said to me: "I am only an ordinary mechanic and my employer talks as though I were a failure in life because I am not in business for myself, and haven't got rich. He tells me that anybody with an ounce of brains and pluck ought to be able to make a fortune in this land of opportunity."

To everyone, from the immigrant, who comes here looking for dollars rolling along the streets, to the business men all over the world, the American "opportunity" means the opportunity to get rich. We are all trying to live up to this idea.

But the sacrifices we Americans make, the price we pay for fortune is really appalling. Just take a look at the physical and mental wrecks we see on every hand. Does it pay to sacrifice everything for which we ought to live, to get together a little more money? How often we see hungry, cadaverous men with big pocket-books. They have the money but that is all they do have.

What is more common than to see men and women starving the soul, and paralyzing the growth and expansion of the finer sentiments, which alone make life worth living, for the sake of piling up material wealth. A few acres of dirt, a row of buildings, a palace to live in, a few stocks and bonds, a little silver plate and fine furnishings, good clothes, are, after all, pretty poor sort of things to satisfy the longings of an immortal soul.

To be engulfed in one's occupation, swallowed up in a complicated life, harassed by the striving and straining, the worry and anxiety which accompany a vast fortune,—is this to be rich?

I happen to know a wealthy American who, when asked what deed of his life had given him the greatest happiness, replied that it was paying a mortgage off a poor woman's home, which was being sold over her head.

The probabilities are that this man had expected to find infinitely greater happiness in money-making, in trying to manufacture and sell more goods than his competitors, but in helping to save the home of a poor woman he had actually gained greater joy and satisfaction than in any experience of his business career.

Now this man unconsciously stumbled upon the secret of true riches, and the real meaning of the American "opportunity." There never was before in any country such an opportunity for developing the riches of personality through unselfish service to others as in the American democracy today. The cause of Universal Brotherhood claims us on every hand.

Beneath all our different races or creeds, sects, prejudices, there is a oneness of life, a unity of essences which, if we were only conscious of it, would dispel all differences of race hatred or class prejudice. Time and opportunity, the inclination and the means to help others and to bring happiness into their lives, are the most valuable things in the world, and if you cannot seize these, if you cannot utilize them to your own enlargement, your own betterment, you are poor indeed, and can never know the joy and satisfaction of true riches, although you may have millions of dollars.

The more a man hoards for selfish ends, the more he wants. Instead of filling a vacuum, it makes one. A great bank account can never make a man rich. It is the soul that makes the body rich. No man is rich, however much money or land he may possess, who has a poor heart.

Only soul wealth, generous disinterestedness, the love that seeks not its own, and hands that help and hearts that sympathize constitute true riches and fill the possessor with the joy of one who knows that he is fulfilling the real purpose of his life.

Can you regard a man as poor who may not happen to have money, but whose character is so exuberant and whose career is so succulent with the sweet things of life and experience that he has enriched and made happy a whole community? Can you regard a man as poor whose neighbors feel enriched by his mere presence? Can you regard a man as poor who lives in an attic, but whose very existence enhances the value of every acre of land and every home for miles around him? Do you think of Phillips Brooks, Thoreau, Garrison, Emerson, Beecher, Agassiz, as poor men?

Only he who seeks humanity's

good, humanity's welfare, to endow humanity with a fortune can find his own.

Perhaps the richest American who ever lived was Abraham Lincoln, because he gave all himself to his people. He did not try to sell his ability to the highest bidder. Great fees had no attraction for him. Lincoln lives in history because he thought more of his friends—of all his countrymen and the cause of humanity—than he did of his pocket-book. He gave himself to his country as a wise farmer gives his seed to the earth, and what a harvest from that sowing! The end of it no man shall see.

Why Are Not Americans Happy

“**E**VERY man we meet looks as if he'd gone out to borrow trouble, with plenty of it on hand,” said a French lady, upon arriving in New York.

“The Americans are the best-fed, the best-clad, and the best housed people in the world,” says another witness, “but they are the most anxious; they hug possible calamity to their breasts.”

Anxiety and care may be read on nearly every American face, telling the story of our too serious civilization. It is pitiable to watch the faces of even our young people in great cities and to see how sad, serious, and suppressed they are. If we were living perfectly normal and natural lives, we should carry youth into old age. There should be no such thing as premature gray hairs or signs of age upon youthful faces.

A very fine old gentleman of the best American type, accounting for his advanced age and his advanced happiness, said: “It is quite simple. Lead a natural life, eat what you

want, and walk on the sunny side of the street.”

The great secret of happiness that we Americans need to learn is to enjoy the simple things of life as we go along.

The vast majority of people do not extract ten per cent. of the happiness possible in their everyday life. We hear a great deal about the great loss of our natural resources, the coal, the water-power, and the forests—but they are nothing compared to the tremendous loss in the possible resources of human happiness. This loss is largely because we have never been trained to think of the normal sources of enjoyment. Our minds are blank, except for the little grooves which daily routine has stamped in the brain tissues. We are as ignorant of our possible happiness resources as the early Indians were of the natural resources of this continent, when the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock.

The whole world is full of unworked joy-mines. Everywhere we go we find all sorts of happiness-pro-

ducing materials, if we only knew how to extract it.

One of the greatest tragedies of American life is the postponement of enjoyment. How often we see young people start out with small capital and work like slaves for years, putting aside every opportunity for pleasure or relaxation, denying themselves the luxury of an occasional outing, or theater or concert, a trip to the country or the purchase of a coveted book, even postponing their reading and general culture until they have more leisure, more money!

At length a time comes when they decide they can afford to indulge in a little pleasure. They go abroad, or try to enjoy music or works of art, or attempt to broaden their minds by reading and studying. But it is too late. They have become hopelessly wedged into a rut. The freshness of life has departed. Enthusiasm has fled. The fires of ambition have died down. The long years of waiting have crushed and deadened the faculty to enjoy.

Such lives are repeated in thousands of homes about us. Most people go through life straining their eyes for something so far ahead and so impossible to attain that they trample down all the lesser joys, and atrophy the happiness faculties.

A man can have no greater delusion than that he can spend the best years

of his life coining all his energies into dollars, neglecting his home, sacrificing friendships, self-improvement, and everything else that is really worth while, for money, to find happiness at the end!

There is only one way to be really happy and that is to start out every morning with a firm resolution to get the most out of that day, to live it to the full. You may think that the routine of your life is extremely common, insipid, flavorless, but right alongside of you there may be others who lead the same kind of life, who are getting happiness out of it; who think that life is a glory instead of a grind. They may make play of their work while you make it a drudgery. They may find joy in it while you find nothing but slavery.

Resolve every morning, that you will get the most out of that day, — not of some day in the future, when you are better off, when you have a family, when your children are grown up, when you have overcome your difficulties. You will never overcome them all. You will never be able to eliminate all the things which worry, molest, and cause friction in your life. You will never get rid of all of the little enemies of your happiness, the hundred and one little annoyances, but you can make the most of things as they are. Everyday you live should be a holiday in the highest sense of the word.

Advertising sows the seeds of future business. Really great advertising anticipates what people will buy long before they know they can buy. Greater advertising carries these anticipations into effect, and lays its printed message in the hands of the World while Competition is dreaming over its campaign for "some time in the fall."

— CHANNING BARNES.

The Weighing of Employees

By A. M. BURROUGHS in *A Better Day's Profit*
Copyrighted 1912, by Burroughs Adding Machine Company

"In Scientifically Managed Stores, Every Clerk is a Sales Barometer Whose Readings Are Always Visible to the Manager."

THE head of a big Chicago department store, looking over the sales figures for the month, noticed that the clothing department showed a slight falling off from the preceding month and from the corresponding month of the preceding year.

On examining the reports for the sales of each employee in the department, he found that three of them had made less sales than during the preceding month, or during the corresponding month of the preceding year.

A further study of the figures proved that these three clerks had shown a steady falling off, while the other two clerks in the same department had gradually built up their sales.

The two clerks were costing about 8 per cent. on their gross sales as against 9½ per cent. for the same clerks for the preceding year, a nice increase in efficiency.

The other three clerks, who showed a falling off, were costing around 11 to 12 per cent. That is, their salaries equalled 11 to 12 per cent. of their gross sales.

This brought the salary cost for the department up to 10½ to 11 per cent. of the sales.

It wasn't necessary for the manager to call in the department head. No conferences were necessary. The figures told the whole story. Two of the five clerks were good clerks and three of the five were unprofitable, inefficient.

In a month the department sales had picked up until the salary cost was down to the regular 9½ per cent.—five good clerks were handling the sales.

In the big stores, clerks are judged and paid on a basis of the amount of goods they sell. If a clerk is paid \$6 a week, she must sell goods to the aggregate of between \$65 and \$70 a week. That is, her salary cannot exceed 9½ per cent. of her sales.

There is no *guess-work* about the value of employees in the scientifically managed stores. Employees are judged wholly by what they do, and the figures which are furnished to the head of the store are figures which enable him to absolutely *know* without a question of doubt, what every clerk is doing and what he is worth.

Every employee is a barometer, whose readings, in dollars of sales and per cent. of cost, are always on file in the manager's office.

If the salary runs to 8 or 7 per cent. the employee is scheduled for a raise. If it runs down to 5 or 4 per cent. the employee will soon be promoted.

Have you ever puzzled over the problem of whether to raise the salary of a certain employee who is looking for a better job?

Have you ever wondered whether the old employee who seems satisfied to stay on with you year after year without much increase in salary is really worth what he is getting?

If you have more than one clerk, are you absolutely sure which is the *best* one?

Do you know whether one of them is making himself "solid" with your customers by giving them long measures and over-weights?

Do you know whether the clerk who sells most goods is really bringing in the *most profits* or just selling the goods that go *easiest*?

Wouldn't it put some warmth in your words when you tell John that you are going to give him that extra dollar a week he asked for if you could turn to your records and see that John had been showing steady increase in sales day by day and week by week for many months past?

And wouldn't it put backbone into your decision *not* to give Henry a raise when you could see by your records that his sales were showing a steady falling off? Maybe you could even find another "John" to take his place.

Let John and Henry make out a sales slip for each sale. Have the figures on these slips tabulated by

days, then recapitulated into months. Then you can *know*, all the time which is the *best* clerk.

It wouldn't take much time. The big stores find that it pays *big dividends* in "weighing" clerks, in the prevention of mistakes, in supplying information about sales by lines of goods, by clerks, etc.

It costs them as much per clerk as it would you. Some of them have as high as 5,000 clerks, all making out sales slips on every sale.

The average big store can find out more about the sales ability of any one of its 5,000 clerks in five minutes than the average small store could tell about its one clerk in a whole month.

The success of big stores proves that it pays to keep records. Are you going to let the big fellows crowd you out of business, or are you going to defend yourself with the weapons they have sharpened for you?

Men who deal in millions and through them guide and control the great industries of the world are called great financiers and are lauded as the nation's successful men. But are they? With great wealth at their command may it not be a simple thing to work wonders or get great results?

How about the laborer whose every mite must be carefully guarded and economically spent, whose daily wage must meet the needs of wife and family and humble home, maintaining withal a clean, honest manhood. Is he a success?

Sages and philosophers who see things at their true value shall answer "yes," though millions may disagree. They know what care, what ceaseless effort must be expended to build a home, "be it ever so humble," on a toiler's wage.

Encourage Co-operative Buying

By WALTER JACK

Why Co-operative Buying Should Be Encouraged and Some Sales Possibilities Therein

IN creating market for manufactured product of interest to agricultural communities, sales to co-operative groups will solve the problem of marketing expensive machinery. This is but little practiced, and in it lies interesting sales possibilities. Farmers are awakening to co-operation in every form. The farm press is preaching it, the agricultural colleges are teaching the idea, and the subject is considered at almost every farmer's institute, and by each grange.

Not one community in fifty may be ready to organize on the same basis as the western fruit marketing associations, but they are ready to co-operate in the matter of buying farm equipment. Here is where the salesman can boost his sales record. Every community has a farmer who is a leader. Farmers imitate his methods, they discuss his crop rotation, and when he buys a harvester, they buy one like it. When he attends a neighborhood gathering, he is the center of a group of farmers. If he is honest, progressive and energetic he is the man above others to whom the first approach should be made. His recommendation weighs in making sales to individuals as well as it would in selling to a group. Two farmers on mutual terms will buy a manure spreader and gang plow together more readily than either one would buy each of the articles separately.

I know a farmer whose binder was in good shape, needing only a casting should be replaced. His neighbor

asked him to go halves on a new binder. This he did. Both farmers have the benefit of a new machine which neither would have purchased. I know of an instance where a manure spreader was sold to two farmers, neither of whom would have purchased and this sale led to several subsequent sales which equipped both farms well at half price. The manufacturers of a silo filling outfit featured the co-operative idea in their advertising, and I am informed this was very successful. I know a group of farmers who bought in this way, they have saved money, and they are planning to extend their purchases in other directions.

Not one farmer in a dozen can afford to buy a high horse power gasoline engine, a silo filler, a manure spreader, a new binder, new harvesting and planting machinery all at one time, for the figures pile mountain high in the mind of the farmer. A little time spent on a group of farmers will produce sales. It may be like driving sheep in a pen, for it will require careful coaxing and handling. The leader must be headed in first and then some one may break and run and the whole game may be off. It will require patience and tact to place heavy sales, prejudices between farmers and for and against machinery must be carefully handled. The farmer, however, is ready for a sales attack from this direction and it will mean higher sales and wider profit in the firm's annual report.

How Sam Made His Big Plunge

*Publicity, Even of An Undesirable Kind, is
Sometimes Useful—With a Certain Clientele*

SAM JONES stood at the door of his clothing store and watched the shoppers go by.

That was a habit they had — the habit of going by.

They didn't drop in at Sam's and come out laden with packages — not they. They went sailing right on past his store and down to the next block where they knew they would find genuine bargains.

Sam wondered what was the matter. He knew it wasn't his window display, for he had had the same things in the window for the last six months so that folks could get acquainted with his line of goods. He knew the fault wasn't with his one clerk, for he had the fellow trained in politeness and seldom would he give a customer any back sass.

And then a scheme came flashing into his brain, clearing away the cobwebs in a jiffy and making the future policy of his store as plain as Sam himself.

Shortly after dinner a dray backed up to the curbing in front of Sam's store. It was piled to the top with shipping boxes, big and little, some bearing the marks of a New York wholesaler and others the stamp of a big Chicago dealer. It took four men to get the first big box down safely to the sidewalk.

"Be careful with that box!" shouted Sam in a voice so loud that it carried for a block. "There's four hundred dollars' worth of fancy premiums in that box alone!"

Small boys on their way to school stopped and stared at the huge pile of boxes. Traffic became obstructed. People could hardly edge their way through between the boxes and the store. The policeman on that beat noticed the crowd and hurried up to perform his sworn duty.

"See here, don't you know you're violating a city ordinance in pillin' them boxes on th' sidewalk an' makin' folks walk way aroun' them?"

Sam didn't look around as he growled. "Make your streets wider, then, so's a merchant can handle his business."

The cop collared Sam and led him away to the police station, followed by an immense crowd that sided with Sam and geyed the cop.

The affair was soon settled. Sam was fined \$7.80.

"Keep the change!" he yelled as he jerked out a crisp ten-dollar bill. A couple of Sam's friends (paid by the block) lifted him to their shoulders and bore him in a triumphant procession back to the clothing store. The news of Sam's arrest had spread and by the time he reached his place of business the street was black with people, who blocked the passage way, swarmed up on the New York and Chicago boxes and clamored for a chance to spend their dimes and dollars.

And the new goods in front! They were simply some old boxes that had been stored in the basement for nearly two years.

"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year."

The Wonderful Miracle of Tact

*Tact is the Oil on the Waters of
Modern Business—It is the Dis-
tinguishing Mark of Great Men*

WHEN William Penn went to pay his respects to Charles II, true to his Quaker principles, he kept on his hat. But the Merry Monarch, instead of showing anger, respectfully doffed his. "Prithee, Friend Charles, put on thy hat," said the great Friend. "No, Friend Penn," replied the king, "it is usual for only one man to stand covered here."

Some one has said, "The secret of all success lies in being alive to what is going on around one; in adjusting oneself to one's surroundings; in being sympathetic and helpful; in knowing the wants of the time; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear, what they need to hear at the right moment. It is not enough to do the right thing; it must be done at the right time and place."

Tact is an extremely delicate quality, difficult to define, hard to cultivate, but absolutely indispensable to one who wishes to get on in the world rapidly and smoothly.

Some people possess this exquisite trait in such a degree that they never offend, and yet they say everything that they wish to. They apparently do not restrain themselves, and say things with impunity which, if said by many others, would give mortal offense.

On the other hand, certain people, no matter what they say, cannot seem to avoid irritating the sensitiveness of others, although they mean well. Such people go through life misunderstood, for they cannot quite adjust themselves to circumstances. The way is never quite clear for them. They are continually running against something. They are always causing

offense without meaning to, uncovering blemishes or sore spots. They invariably appear at the wrong time and do the wrong thing. They never get hold of the right end of the thread, so that the skein does not unravel, but the more they pull, the worse they tangle the threads.

It is a great art to interest oneself in others, to be able to strike a responsive chord so that you will make a stranger feel at the introduction that there is something in common between you. It is said that the test of a beautiful woman's popularity is that she seems to belong to everybody.

How easy it is to meet tactful people for the first time! No matter how embarrassing or strained the occasion they put us at ease at once. They make us feel perfectly at home. This is the test of tact; that you can put shy people, timid people, people who have had little experience in the world, at ease at once. Never mind what you know. Do not try to dazzle others with your great knowledge upon a certain subject. Just try to find out what will interest them, and make them feel comfortable and unrestrained.

We always admire people who interest themselves in our affairs and who are not forever trying to talk about themselves and their own interests.

"Talent is something, but tact is everything."

Napoleon actually terrified ladies by his coarse brutality and his selfishness in conversation.

He once said to one of the most beautiful, courtly women of his time, Madame Reynault, in a large company and in hearing of court ladies who were envious of her, "Do you know, Madame, you are aging terribly?" She was only twenty-eight and replied with exquisite self-command. "What your majesty does me the honor to say to me would be very painful to hear were I of an age to be afflicted by it."

On another occasion, when introduced to a lady whom he was very anxious to meet, he said, "Why, they told me you were very beautiful."

King Edward VII was the most popular man in the United Kingdom, because of his never-failing tact and urbanity.

"Talent is no match for tact; we see its failure everywhere. In the race of life, common sense has the right of way."

Thousands of people accomplish more with small ability and great tact than those with great ability and little tact.

When the French Revolution was at its height and the exciting mob was surging through Paris, a detachment of soldiers filled one of the streets and a commanding officer was about to order his men to fire, when a young lieutenant asked permission to appeal to the people. Riding out in front of the soldiers, he doffed his hat and said: "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." The mob at once dispersed as if by magic,

and the street was cleared without bloodshed.

In the home circle tact frequently plays a serious part. I know a man who is so disagreeable that he would keep his family continually upset were it not for his tactful wife.

Sometimes he is so domineering that the servants threaten to leave immediately; but the wife in her tactful manner smooths everything over.

She always seems to be equal to any emergency, and usually manages to calm the storm, to pour the oil of gentleness and sweetness upon the troubled waters. She goes about the home like a ray of sunshine, shedding light, warmth, and beauty everywhere.

Oh, the marvelous power of tact! A physician's personality and his tact are often much more important than his remedies. A gloomy, sad-faced, moody, tactless physician is a poor health restorer. Only those who are happy and cheerful should administer to the unfortunate sick. The personality of a physician has a great deal to do with his success, and with the chances of his patients.

Everything which tends to depress and discourage and take away hope should be kept away from the sick. A patient ought to be benefited by a visit from a physician even without medicine. The coming of the physician ought to be a signal of encouragement. Hope and confidence should come with him. He should radiate cheerfulness, encouragement. A brutal, tactless physician is a calamity to the community.

You should be ve-ry careful, you know you might get interested in your work, and let your pipe go out.

—JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER.

Character and Hand Writing

By W. E. VON BARY, London, England

The problem of judging character from handwriting is an important one. My friend von Bary says it is very important, and he ought to know, because he has made a study of it. He has written an extensive article on the subject. He has divided the article into chapters. I expect his object is to make it more easily remembered by cutting it up in this way. He has kindly given me permission to print it for the B. P., and I hereby pass it along to the big B. P. family, hoping it may prove of some service.—MR. SHELTON.

CHAPTER I—GENERAL OUTLINES OF GRAPHOLOGY

WHEN you receive a letter from one of your friends you recognize its sender by the handwriting. You can easily distinguish the letter from your school-mate, and without stopping to think you can choose between the letter from your father and the one from your mother; therefore, something must be expressed in the handwriting which is typical of the writer: the sender, consciously or unconsciously, has put his personality into the writing, for you are at once convinced "No one can have penned that but friend Smith."

It is the task of Graphology to read, to interpret, the personality that is expressed in handwriting.

Long continued observations have succeeded in classifying all the earmarks into a system. Thus Graphology is a subject that can be taught and learned. You need no particular talents: anyone can become a graphologist in the same way that one can learn to write and read.

In order to obtain a graphological character-study, certain principles must be followed. These principles range themselves around two factors. First, the general character of the handwriting: whether large or small, upright or sloping, angular or round. Second, the letters by themselves. This double analysis will give a clear picture, and enable you to know more of a man in a quarter of an hour than the friendship of

several years can reveal. The larger the specimen of writing and the greater the number you have of them, the more reliable will be this picture.

The important point is to have a specimen of natural handwriting, not a simulated one; that is to say, the words ought to have been traced at a moment when the writer was not aware his production would be judged graphologically. Only then is it like a snapshot, which, we must all admit, shows more of the individuality of the subject than an ordinary photograph for which you try to look your best—and fail.

Of course no man is the same all the year round. "The same man," says Lavater, "acts differently: Yet, all his different acts have *one* colouring, *one* stamp, *one* earmark all in common. The good-tempered man may be angry once in a while; yet his anger is always that of a good-tempered man and of no other." Further he says, "Handwriting does reveal character. Do not some handwritings at once convey to you that the writer is a slow, orderly, steady-going man, or, in other cases, quick, untidy, easy-going? And, again, the somewhat different writing of the same man is only a reflection of his different mood. When he is sending an angry reply to an insulting letter, he will lend his writing a different appearance to when he carefully pens a humble letter of request."

CHAPTER II

LARGE AND SMALL WRITING

There are people who could write the whole of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" on a post-card. To save room, or to save anything else is a habit with them. When writing letters, these economical people cram

judges by one manifestation alone. Only the sum total of all the signs gives a good idea of the character, and it may well happen, that in one and the same writing contradictory signs appear which to a certain extent equalize each other, just as a man may be generous in one thing and extravagant in another.

never mind the expense

Large Writing

everything on one page though there may be four of them at their disposal. These are the stingy ones who are infinitely sorry that decency forbids them to tear off the back page.

cannot afford it. Small Writing

Generous people, on the contrary, write a large hand; and when the size of the writing is so large as to be quite out of proportion to the space at disposal, we have to deal with a spendthrift.

Between very small and quite big writing there are, however, many degrees, just as between meanness and extravagance. But this certainty exists: that large writing means pride, nobility, aristocratic manners; and small writing, a small nature. Likewise, in a general way, large letters indicate a synthetical mind; small writing, the analytical mind. Then with the help of other signs may be found whether this analytical and clever mind works out on the plane of craftiness and stint; or the nobility in the direction of extravagance or not.

Analysis and Synthesis help us to find the facts.

Analytical and Synthetical Mind Combined

These are the two extreme types. However, generosity and economy are both good qualities, and before coming to any decision in judging the character of the writer, a certain amount of caution is necessary. Only the extremes—the very small and the very large writing—can be interpreted as a sign of avarice or extravagance, and even then only if there are other signs to confirm these characteristics. For this must be understood first of all: that the graphologist never

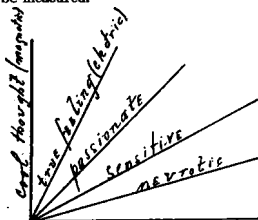
CHAPTER III

UPRIGHT AND SLOPING WRITING

At school one is mostly taught to form upright letters. Yet as soon as the restrictions of school-life disappear, everyone writes as he likes, as his temperament inclines him. Judgment is not difficult here. In general one can say that uprightness of writing indicates a predominance of understanding—magnetic, the sloping handwriting a predominance

of the emotions — electric, and the more so of course the more upright or the more sloping the writing is. In the rare cases where the writing inclines too much to the left we have to do with a person who is affected and reticent.

The degree of the incline, and thus the degree of the preponderance of understanding or feeling, can directly be measured.



CHAPTER IV

ANGULAR AND CURVED WRITING

The angular writing indicates the same characteristics which in every-day-life we call angular. It expresses

If, for instance, we have an angular handwriting that at the same time slopes a great deal to the right, then the slope tells us that the writer is very sensitive, while the angles say that he is hard. And we know that a man who is both sensitive and hard, is an egotist of the first order. Should the writing be small as well—the sign of thrift—then we are confronted with a man who is to be pitied: he is envious and avaricious.

Conversely, a large, sloping, and rounded handwriting is the welcome proof of a benevolent person.

These two examples suffice to show how by combining the various signs, an idea of the character of the writer is obtained.

CHAPTER V — ASCENDING, STRAIGHT AND DESCENDING WRITING

Many people write perfectly straight lines without the paper being ruled. Others never bother about the line though clearly marked; their writing ascends towards the end, or falls below that line on which the letters are supposed to rest. With some people the writing ascends first and falls after; with others it is the reverse; while a third class of people write in lines winding like a serpent.

am not in harmony

Angular

hardness and obstinacy. But those people who round off their letters, have in every-day-life, too, the same desire to round off, to polish their manners: they are pleasant people to meet.

The meaning of the different treatment of the line is simple to read. The straight line is the outward visible sign of a love of order, constancy, straightforwardness, an even, calm temperament — reliability. The as-

will accommodate you

Curved

Now we must combine what we have learned. In the second chapter it is pointed out, that the graphologist never judges by one sign alone. We are now able to combine different signs and arrive at a result.

cending line is the evidence of exuberance, hopes and aspirations; the descending line, of shattered hopes, pessimism, recoiling enterprise.

Thus handwriting that first falls and then ascends, belongs to the man who is able to recover quickly from misfortune. But writing that first ascends and then falls, is the brand of a man whom no stroke of good fortune can revive.

The serpentine line, falling and ascending as it continues, is traced by him who is remarkably adaptable: he is a diplomat in all affairs.

ing also be upright and angular, then you can declare the combination as the sign of a coarse mind.

CHAPTER VII

GRAPHOLOGICAL SIGNS ON SINGLE WORDS

A number of signs that we have learned by the general character of the handwriting can be found on the single words. Words, for instance,

Remain loyal to my friends

Straight Line

*Hope our enterprise
will succeed*

Ascending Line

fear that I shall fail

Descending Line

like lines, may rise or fall at the end.

But now we can go still further. In some writings the last letters of a single word are larger than the first.

CHAPTER VI

THIN AND THICK WRITING

The shading of the down-strokes requires a slight amount of will-power. Thick writing, therefore, indicates great amount of energy and action.

Thin writing, that means writing where there is no difference of shading in the up or down strokes, shows lack of energy, weakness, delicacy of body and mind, the latter particularly should the writing be curved as well.

Shaded down-strokes indicate warmth of nature, and ardour, generally the vital temperament; muddy down-strokes, or any muddy writing (unless the pen is at fault) indicates sensuality. Should the muddy writ-

This is a sign of inexperience of the inclination to misplace one's confidence, and of thoughtless much speaking. It is the writing of children or childish people, and always stamps the "enfant-terrible."

The contrary is to be met in the handwriting of people who, because of bad experiences, have become distrustful, who must know you well indeed before they confide in you. Their reserve and doubt is disclosed in the very small letters at the end of the words which sometimes thin out to an extent that you must begin to guess. Between these two classes of people stand the "straight" men who neither babble nor secret.

Characteristics are expressed even by missing words or missing letters. A letter or word may be left out in rapidly traced writing. One is inclined to ascribe this omission to untidiness. In truth such it is, but when the writing bears witness of an educated mind—your own experience and intuition tells you whether or no—then the omission of a word or a letter means spirituality or a rapid

thick and end abruptly, it means vehement resolution: if thin, economy, love of order and circumspection. The loops of g, j and y turned back: generosity of affection. The

Will mind will let. for know
 Infant-terrible
 Cannot communicate

activity of brain: the pen cannot follow the rich influx of ideas.

If letters are all connected with one another, then the writer is a logically reasoning being. Letters ingeniously joined together are the hallmark of a powerful constructive imagination and of ability—Mental temperament.

Careful Speakers

stem of p long below the line—great physical strength and endurance.

If the Capitals are quite too big in comparison with the whole of the writing, it means boastfulness; in the contrary case, are they too small, the writer is a modest man.

The letter M tells us a lot. Is the

Never any more
 Resolution

The letters mostly connected, but here and there an isolated letter, then this isolated letter signifies intuition, mental penetration. Should, however, most letters be disconnected, it indicates a mind that is too receptive for every sort of new impression.

CHAPTER VIII—SINGLE LETTERS

Letters o, a, g, closed on top signify secretiveness, or, at least, a certain amount of cautious reserve. Are they open, they suggest an open, communicative nature. In exceptional cases where these letters are open *below*, you are confronted with a hypocrite.

Some people leave out the loops of g and j and merely make the down-strokes. If these down-strokes are

first down-stroke higher than the second, it means pride (if very much too high, conceit). If the first down-stroke is lower than the second it betrays nature that has no self-esteem.

All three down-strokes of equal height: a quiet, artless, sincere mind.

The middle down-stroke higher than the rest: pride of caste.

The middle down-stroke lower than the others: pride of possession (*nouveau—riche*). The down-stroke far apart: arrogance.

The down-strokes very close together: lack of self-confidence and reserve.

The finals are particularly important in judging handwriting. Generous persons extend their finals as they

do their hands. The finals very long indicate extravagance (particularly if waste of space is also noticeable). If cut short, the finals express thrift. Little hooks at the end of letters, if turned in and back, express selfishness and vanity.

The cross stroke of the t gives many clues of character. Very thin, points to a fine and delicate mind; thick,

careless and untidy. Punctuation marks carefully placed show a good memory; if most painstakingly placed, love of order that may amount to pedantry.

CHAPTER X—SIGNATURES

Some people write merely their names, in plain letters; others draw

I rejoice to comply with your

Generosity

Millions

Morgan

Miller

Nouveau Riche

Lack of Self-esteem

Calm Mind

means energy; very thick and club-like, will-power and resistance; long, vivacity; short, tenacity and firmness; its absence, humility.

The cross strokes high above the line indicate the power to rule; if placed low, show obedience and humility. If the cross strokes begin thick and end thin, the writer is critical and satirical; ascending to the right, of an aggressive nature; if ascension is very pronounced, quarrelsome: descending to the right, obstinate.

Tell you to do

Desire to Rule

flourishes—instead of writing their names.

The plain signature has the plain, unassuming, justly-proud bearing of its owner.

The flourish may consist only of a

Morgan

Pride

will not say

Obstinacy

Enjoyed the theatre

Humour

The cross stroke taking the form of a curve speaks of humour and joviality.

CHAPTER IX—PUNCTUATION

Punctuation affords us similar guidance. If absent, the writer is

line under the name, and if the family name alone is underlined, indicates pride of family. If the line under the name forms a loop, it is one more sign of an aggressive nature; the name enclosed in a circle, the writer is of a selfish disposition.

CHAPTER XI

DIFFERENT GRAPHOLOGICAL SIGNS

Many people love to use exclamation marks. This always shows enthusiasm, particularly if the exclamation marks are drawn finely and sloping.

Even the use of the dash has its meaning. If very long and drawn out to fill space, it is a sure expression of suspicion.

No margin at all means, of course, economy. The artist who is inclined to leave a margin on either side of the page, expresses thereby his love of beauty and symmetry — and his

lack of business instinct. The business man who does likewise is for the moment an artist working for an effect.

CLOSING REMARKS

Graphology is a splendid pedagogue. It teaches us the importance of writing a good hand. "Endeavor to write a neat hand," says a well-known graphologer, "for you cannot help but profit by its reaction on your mind. Who always strives with might and main for a neat and careful handwriting is bound to develop the qualities of neatness and carefulness, and beauty of form, resulting in culture of mind and soul."

True Success

THIS is an opportune time to register a protest against the common belief which measures the success of any man by the amount of land he owns, bonds or mortgages he holds, or the number of dollars he may be worth.

Money or wealth does not make the man, nor does the lack of it entitle him to a certificate of good character.

The successful man is he who lives a clean life and maintains a personal integrity which commands the respect and admiration of his fellows and satisfies the highest demand of his own conscience.

No matter what position a man may occupy in this world he may be classed as a success or failure according to how he performs his part in the world's work.

The unskilled laborer, rough and uncouth as he may be considered by those who assume the right of criticism, may be the peer of any man if he does his duty well.

It is a wrong view point to see wealth as the only measure of success. The greatest men the world has ever produced are not those who were richest, nay more than that the rich men who have attained enduring fame have done so through some other avenue than mere wealth.

No man with wealth alone ever attained the throne of greatness—something more than that is required. Wealth may aid, lending the opportunity for the display of strong character, generalship, great ability, talent or genius, but it cannot make the true man. It may only lend him power to prove his worth.

To be a good bricklayer, a good carpenter, a good blacksmith, a good machinist, a good craftsman of any kind, or a good laborer in any field, not merely an expert in any line of endeavor, but a good man who is master of his craft is to be successful in the truest sense.

To be envious of another's worth, to feel bitter because of another's gain, to be discouraged because you have not gained all you have striven for, is to voluntarily assume a burden, which will hold you back from the goal of your ambition.

The man in overalls who is a competent workman earning his daily wage by doing his work well, and when his toil is over spending his hours of rest with his family, is an example of true citizenship which is the sustaining influence for good in any country. Such as he is the back bone of a nation, without which there is no true progress and without which civilization must fail.

He who plans to live and build a home in accordance with his means has as much right to be considered a success in life as any man. He is a success when measured by the proper standard. No greater mark of success can be written into the epitaph of any man than "Here lies an honest man." Someone has truly said, "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow."

The measure of a man is character no matter what his position in life may be. Therefore, he who builds character lives an honest life and is a success.

The Business Philosopher

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON, Editor

Volume X

APRIL, 1914

Number 4

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

HARVARD had a football team once, which was getting badly beaten.

Its coach was a very good player, and prided himself upon his practicability. He tried to teach by example. To show the boys by example how it was done was good as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough to arrive. He could not play the whole game.

He was a good individual player, but a poor teacher. He failed as a coach.

The team got a new coach, who understood the rules of action or conduct, or in other words, the natural laws of good football playing.

He could teach them as well. He called the team together, watched the boys play a little while, and then he called one of them, named Barney, aside. Barney was a big fellow who weighed some 200 pounds.

Barney was good football playing material, but it was raw material, and was frequently bowled over.

The coach's lecture to Barney, with the rest of the squad listening, was like this:

"I see what's the trouble with you, Barney, you don't place your feet right. You sometimes get one foot directly in front of the other. Then your opponent can bowl you over from either side.

"Sometimes you get one foot directly at the side of the other. Then you can be bowled over from the front or the rear.

"Now if you will always see to it that you have one foot a little ahead of the other, and also to one side, you form a brace, and you can defend yourself from front or rear or either side.

"But remember *always* to have your feet in the form of this brace—so—

"That's a fundamental principle. If you violate it, you pay the penalty of getting bowled over."

The story goes that after Barney got his feet placed right on that principle, they didn't go through him again for four years.

This story shows the trouble with many business coaches. The sales manager is to his sales force what a coach is to a football team.

Some are good players at the game of selling, but poor teachers. In such a case, their team generally gets whipped, unless the firm changes coaches, or the sales manager changes tactics.

The ideal sales manager is both a good individual salesman and a good teacher. He can teach the principles back of the sale, and he can also put the principles into practice. He can go out on the firing line and give an ocular demonstration.

Of the two, however, the teaching of the principles is the more important.

In the old days, when competition was less keen, the system was to hire the likely-looking man, load him up with samples, assign him his territory, and after that it was a case of sink or swim.

That day is passed.

The concept of business by most wholesale houses used to be to load the retailer to the utmost. "We are in business to make money, and it's orders we want. Bring orders. It makes no difference what becomes of the retailer. Load him up, and let him clean out the stuff at cost or below if he has to."

The modern house has caught the idea that the money it makes is an effect; that the cause of that effect is Service rendered to the retailer in Q plus Q plus M, which means Quantity plus Quality plus Mode.

Desiring a big effect, they look well to Cause, and then the Effect happens in accordance with natural law. Let a salesman once get his foot placed right on the principle of Service to the patron, and it is rather difficult to bowl him over.

Let me see. Have I told you the story of the lumber merchant? Once upon a time there was a man in the lumber business. He employed many people, among the rest a junior and a senior clerk. His business grew apace, and there came a time when it was necessary to open a branch office.

The senior clerk had been in the employ of the lumber merchant for many, many moons, and he wanted to get the job of managing the new branch. But he didn't get it.

The junior did.

Whereupon the senior, whose name was George, was exceedingly wroth, and made bold to ask the lumber merchant, "Why the injustice? Why this lack of recognition of my life-long service?"

Mr. Merchant said: "All right, George, I will tell you why. But there is something I want you to do for me first. Please go and see if any logs were brought into the yard last night."

George ambled forth, and in due course returned, and said unto the merchant: "Yes, sir. Some logs arrived last night."

"How many?" asked the merchant.

George said, "I don't know. I didn't notice."

"Please go and see."

Again George went to the yard, and upon his return—which event

happened in time—said to the merchant, "Twelve cartloads, sir."

"What kind were they?"

"I don't know," said George, "I didn't notice."

The merchant asked him to go and get that information.

When George finally returned, he informed the merchant that there were seven cartloads of oak and five of maple. Whereupon the merchant rang the bell, and the junior, whose name was John, stepped briskly in.

The merchant said unto John: "Please go and see if any logs came into the yard last night."

John departed, came back in a much briefer time than had George on any one of the several occasions, and said:

"Yes, sir, twelve cartloads came, seven of oak and five of maple."

And then the merchant said unto the waiting senior:

"That's the reason, George."

John had the mental feet of his understanding placed right on the principle of *observation*. George *hadn't*.

But George might have been *taught* that principle.

Don't laugh at George. The employer was as much to blame as he was. The employer was of the "There's your job, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" sort of man.

Men can be *taught* the principles of success as certainly as they can be taught arithmetic. The true function of the employer is that of teacher, and employees are fast coming to see that the duty of the employer does not end with the handing out of the pay envelope once a week.

Victors

By being and doing we shape our career.

Mistakes will occur, but inaction, with fear

Of misstep or failure, and what might be said

Of intents and motives, has never yet led

A soul to find greatness or goodness or joy.

We must, to succeed, constant effort employ;

For we find as we strive that our strength we renew,

And are able to vanquish the False with the True.

—AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL.

The Weight of Unused Yesterdays

By ORVILLE ALLEN

HOW much knowledge did you gain yesterday that you can use today? How much knowledge did you gain last week, last month, last year that you can recall when you need it? Only those things are valuable to us which we use. This applies to mental, moral and spiritual things, and to material things too, up to a certain point.

That adage about knowledge being power is only a half-truth. Knowledge is power only when it is classified and organized so that you can reach back and recall it to use. All other knowledge is just extra weight, making a heavier load on your good ship Personality.

"We are weighted down with the inertia of our unused yesterdays," says Edward Howard Griggs. Every one of us has faint recollections of mental things received in our yesterdays, but they are entirely too faint for us to recall and use. And the accumulations of these faint impressions make the mental load we have to carry heavier and sap the strength we should use in acquiring knowledge today. It develops that great destructive quality, "Scatteration."

A good memory is one that can recall the facts needed—but a good memory does more. It dismisses those facts after it uses them and goes on to the next task. Don't think for a minute that a good memory will forget when it dismisses. A thing—a mental thing—never really becomes a part of us until we use it. By using it we get it—we have the power to recall it when needed.

We are weighted down with the faint recollections of our unused yesterdays. We fill our mental selves with non-essentials, with images and concepts of very little or no value and are weighted down with the load until it is almost impossible to make progress.

All progress is made by elimination—*dis-missing* the non-essential for the essential. That is a natural law. Everything in this good old universe is in a continuous condition of change. There is no going back. The only thing is to go on and grow. And if we don't grow we will soon cease to go. We will be weighted down with our unused yesterdays.

Of course we will have to think. But the reward is worth the price. And now is a good time to begin—to-day—to think.

Many people are such slaves to the opinions of others that they don't dare express themselves; their energies are tied up; they are slaves of Mrs. Grundy. These people do not have opinions of their own. They are governed entirely by those of others.

Is Procrastination in Your Blood?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

*"Heaven never helps the man
who will not act"—SOPHOCLES*

WHEN General Leonard Wood was an interne in the city hospital of Boston, a child was brought there who was in great danger of choking to death. For an interne to perform an operation without the consent of the house surgeon was against the hospital rules, but young Wood did not wait for the usual red tape. He performed trichionomæ quickly and saved the child. He was severely reprimanded and, if I remember correctly, expelled for this violation of rules, but his prompt action saved the child's life, and showed that the young physician had initiative which could act in an emergency. It was this very ability to act quickly in an emergency which attracted the attention of President Roosevelt, who helped him in his unprecedented rise from an assistant army surgeon in a Western military camp to the head of the United States Army.

One of the best surgeons I ever knew, in an emergency case in Italy in a remote part of the country where he could not get any instruments, performed a delicate operation with an instrument which he manufactured himself in a blacksmith shop. If only an ordinary surgeon had been present the probabilities are that the woman would have died before they could have gotten her to civilization.

A poor workman is always excusing his poor work and his lack of skill as due to poor tools, while the really skilled workman would do good work with almost any kind of tools. It is the resourceful man that is in demand everywhere, the man who can see a way out in an emergency or in

a critical situation, when others stand dumb, and paralyzed. I have been present when an accident has occurred in the streets of a great city when hundreds of human beings would crowd about and stare, helpless, and powerless to act, when perhaps there was only one man in the whole crowd who was equal to the emergency and who knew what to do.

If procrastination and vacillation run in your blood, if you are always waiting for somebody to start things, to begin things for you, if you feel paralyzed by the very responsibility of deciding things, beginning things of your own accord, just make up your mind that if you ever are to amount to anything in the world you must strangle this habit. The only way to do this is to form the counter-habit of starting out every morning with the grim resolution not to allow yourself, during that day, to waver, or wait for somebody to start things and show you the way. Resolve that during that day you are going to be a pusher, a leader; that you are not going to be a trailer, not going to wait for somebody else to tell you what to do and how to do it. You are going to take the initiative, start things yourself, and put them through without advice.

I have known several men who have suffered from lack of confidence and fear of failure whenever they have attempted to act on their own initiative, to get great benefit from self-encouragement through suggestion. They had a heart-to-heart talk with themselves something after this fashion: "All this time my life has been seriously crippled, my career

jeopardized, by a serious lack in my mental make up, which I am going to overcome; otherwise, instead of being a leader as I believe I am capable of becoming, I shall plod along in mediocrity and be a nobody. I have a fair education, good blood in my veins, and I am very ambitious. I am keenly aware that I have a lot of ability, barring my one weakness, my lack of initiative. I am simply paralyzed at the mere thought that I must act on my own initiative. I cannot seem to begin things of my own accord. I can work like a steam engine after I get started, but the very thought of beginning anything of importance for myself and putting it through without assistance or advice from others seems to paralyze my faculties. I have leaned upon others. I have depended upon them so long and acted under instruction for so many years that my faculty of initiative has never been developed.

"Now, from this time on, I am going to be a different sort of a man. I am done with this vacillation, the habit of balancing, reconsidering, the habit of asking everybody's advice before I dare to begin things. I am going to start out to-morrow morning taking as my model some man who is noted for his vigorous initiative. Now, for this day, I am not the vacillating John Jones that I was yesterday, I am James J. Hill, or I am Mr. Wanamaker. Things have got to move to-day. There will be no dilly-dallying, no shilly-shallying, no wavering or balancing as heretofore. My decisions to-day will be quick and final. There will be no opening them up for reconsideration.

"I may make mistakes, but I am going to do things. I am going to learn to trust my judgment. I do not propose to be a follower, a leaner, a trailer, all my life. I am going to be a leader. I am going to be noted as a man who does things. I am not going to wait for somebody to tell me what to do or to start me. I am not

going to come back to my superior every little while, like an automobile that is run out of gasoline, to be recharged with energy. I am going to furnish my own motor power to-day and I want everybody around me to understand that this is not John Jones, not the man around here yesterday who did not know his own mind, and who was so timid that he never dared to start anything of his own accord. The John Jones of yesterday has been ousted forever. I have found a dynamo inside myself and hereafter I am going to furnish my own motor power."

You will find that you tend to take on the qualities of your model man more and more as you try to put yourself in his place and do your work as you think he would do it. You will gradually develop another personality—stronger, more self-reliant, more independent. There is everything in making and keeping this resolution.

If you have been a victim of waiting for somebody else to take the lead, you need to cultivate more projectile power. A bullet starts from the rifle with what we call the vigor of projection. There must be sufficient force back of every such initiative effort to carry it to its goal. Just make up your mind that wherever you are placed, things around you have got to move. Resolve that you are going to show your employer and those around you that you are a vital living force. Make up your mind that you are going to surprise your employer, that you are going to show him that he never realized what kind of stuff you were made of. Just say to yourself: "My employer does not dream that there is a man here who has yeast in him and is going to rise to the top. He has got the sand, he has the grit, the determination to get on, and he is going to make himself felt." Before you realize it, the employees about you are going to begin to whisper of the great change in you. These earmarks of ability that win will not

long be kept from your employer. Just as the telescopes of astronomers are ever sweeping the heavens for a new planet, a new star, so every employer is constantly on a sharp outlook for the star employee, the exceptional employee.

Reports of the evidences of your improvement, of the marked change in your endeavor to get on, will get to your employer just as quickly as the opposite report, that you are shirking, that you are clipping hours, that instead of being away from your work an hour at noon you are taking five or ten minutes of your employer's time to get ready to go out, and it is five or ten minutes after you come in before you are ready to work.

We all know how quickly every now and then a young man emerges from obscurity and forges to the front after he has had some great responsibility thrust upon him. Perhaps it was the death of the superior manager or proprietor which thrust him into a position of great responsibility. Previous to this he had, probably, never shown any very marked ability excepting the fact that he was always on the job, that he was industrious and was always trying to improve something somewhere; but as his faculties were to have greater responsibility, they developed wonderful strength.

When he began to depend upon his judgment and to trust it, it improved rapidly. He quickly developed a vigorous initiative and although, perhaps, he only stepped into the gap temporarily, only until someone could be found to fill it, the responsibility called out unexpected reserve power. The work did not sag as was expected, there were no evidences of breaks along the line, and he was made the permanent head. These things are occurring all the time.

There is nothing like responsibility to call out resourcefulness, inventiveness. What a pity that every young person could not have the op-

portunity to see what a great responsibility would bring out in him. How often we see young men who have never shown any very marked ability starting out in business for themselves, without capital, when everybody expects they are going to fail, and the first thing we know they have established themselves for life. The very fact that they had committed themselves before everybody they knew, so that failure would be a disgrace, helped them to self-discovery, and tended to call out reserve powers which they never used before and probably never knew they possessed, and in a little while they became successfully equipped men.

There is no mental faculty which is not susceptible to very great development, enlargement or shrinkage, and every faculty must be expanded by vigorous exercise or it will shrivel from inaction.

I know a young man who has such a negative mentality that for a long time his life threatened to be a practical failure. He was constantly mocked by an ambition which he did not seem to be able to satisfy and finally was so humiliated by his failure to get on that he began to study himself closely and to take stock of his mental assets. Then he got a glimpse of the difference between the success group of mental attributes and the failure group, and he immediately began to exercise a positive mental attitude in everything. He was naturally a waverer, a balancer. He had a perfect horror of settling anything of importance finally; he always left a loop hole in case he wanted to reconsider his decision, which he invariably did. But now he forces himself to decide quickly, once and for all, everything that comes up. Even though he knows he may make a mistake, he will not allow himself to procrastinate or waver because he has learned that to hesitate is failure.

He has begun to replace his old pessimism with optimism. He will not allow himself to think failure possible.

He has put self-confidence and courage in the place of his former mistrust and timidity, and in a single year this young man has so developed his positive, creative faculties, his leadership, his executive faculties, that he has doubled his efficiency. His rapid progress has encouraged him to get on, and to-day, instead of the weak, timid, vacillating, hesitating, shrinking, doubting man of former years, he is a strong, vigorous, powerful personality.

There is a great deal of misapprehension regarding the real meaning of initiative. It is really the ability to do the next thing, without being told, in the best way and at once. Initiative and skill are twins. It means, also, to keep things going in the most effective manner. It often takes much more initiative to keep things going than to start them. Sometimes men with very ordinary ability will start a thing that only a giant can keep going.

A great many people seem to think that there is a sort of intelligent force abroad in the world that will start things, and keep them going, which will ultimately benefit them without their own effort. They seem to think that things will somehow come out to their advantage, even if they can not decide just what to do themselves. So they wait for this indefinite something to do something, without realizing that, so far as they are concerned, everything in this world would stop just where it is and never move a particle until they started things themselves and pushed them. The most fortunate day in a young person's life is that day when he discovers that there is nothing in the world for him which he does not originate and carry through himself, that all the other people are thinking of themselves, and have no time to help him. Many youths get the unfortunate impression that they are going to be pushed along, going to be boosted into a good position.

I have in mind a man who is extremely talented, and if someone will only open the door for him, he is a giant. He is like a fish thrown upon the sand by the waves. He has all the mechanism for swimming, but is powerless to get into the water of his own initiative. However, if someone comes along and puts him in the water, he starts off at terrific speed.

Some minds are not strong enough to create a current of their own; they simply drift in other people's currents and are carried along by stronger wills. The great mass of human beings are exploited by others, used by others to carry out their own ends in almost any way they wish, just because they have never developed self-assertion, self-reliance, initiative; because they have been passive instead of active, negative instead of positive. Such become weaklings instead of giants. Then there are other men so constituted that everything they touch moves, and everybody knows that when these men take hold of a thing it will go. They are success organized, natural pushers, thinkers, doers, achievers.

George Eliot says that much ability is often lost for want of a little courage. On every hand we see men with apparently fine ability and good education who never seem to amount to much because they lack courage to branch out, courage to begin anything new, to start out for themselves. They can work well under somebody else, but there is no dare, no initiative, in their natures. They are afraid to take risks; afraid that they will fail and people will laugh at them. And so they settle down into mediocrity and lead a spiceless, flavorless sort of life.

I know a man who would undoubtedly have been a tremendous success but for that one lack in his nature. He had a strong mental grip, his mind was well trained. He had good ideas, good judgment, but he was afraid to begin things; somebody must start

him. It was the one weak link in his character chain,—no courage to undertake things; and all his other magnificent qualities were practically lost to the world because of that one lack. Had he been taken in hand as a child this could have been remedied by encouraging him to try to do things for himself, by pushing him out upon his own resources, thrusting responsibilities upon him. But his widowed mother was easy with him. She shielded and protected him. The result was he grew up almost a nonentity when he might have been a magnificent figure in the world's activity.

There is everything in committing yourself courageously, without reservation, to one unwavering aim. Burn all bridges behind you so that you will never be tempted to retreat. One reason why so many young men have such milk and water careers is because they never half committed themselves to their choice of a career. Wishy-washy resolutions never accomplish anything. It is only the grim resolution and iron determination, backed up by grit which never lets go and never turns back, that accomplishes things.

Most young men do not get a firm enough grip upon their vocation. They play at life. They do not play the game for all it is worth. They are not dead-in-earnest. They dabble on the surface, and do the easy things, the pleasant things, first, dreading the hard tasks, postponing the disagreeable ones. They are like the timid general who goes through the enemy's country taking the easy

posts, the forts which offer little resistance, leaving the difficult places untaken, which harassed him from the rear and weakened his army by picking off his men.

There is only one way to play the life game and that is to play it for all you are worth. Play it as crack teams play football. How large an audience do you think the average man could attract who played the life game in such a weak, milk and water fashion that he aroused no enthusiasm, attracted no attention? Often at these great ball games, fifty thousand people are gathered to witness the desperate battle of brain with brain, muscle against muscle.

I know young men who say they are anxious to get on in the world, who are like weak, silly boys in school who go through their arithmetic or algebra, skipping all the difficult problems, doing only the easy ones. They just barely manage to squeeze through school and when they get out in the world these skipped problems are constantly bobbing up all along through their careers, as stumbling blocks to mar their progress.

The people who are always skipping the tough problems in life, who slide along the line of least resistance, people with negative mentalities, never make any dent on the world. Negative mentalities never get out of mediocrity, never make much of an impression anywhere. It is only the strong, resourceful, absorbing, unwavering aim that wins. It is the vigorous initiative, the faithful resolution, the determined character, that succeeds.

Character: It is capital, credit, opportunity—all. Don't be afraid of truth. She is no invalid.

The Value of Environment

“WHAT I most need,” says Emerson, “is somebody to make me do what I can.”

To do what I can, that is my problem; not what a Napoleon or a Lincoln could do, but what I can do. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I bring out the best thing in me or the worst—whether I utilize ten, fifteen, twenty-five, or ninety per cent. of my ability.

Most of us have an enormous amount of power, of latent force, slumbering within us, which could do marvels if we would only awaken it.

The judge of the municipal court in a Western city was in middle life before his latent power was aroused—an illiterate blacksmith. He is now sixty, the owner of the finest library in his city, with the reputation of being its best-read man, and one whose highest endeavor is to help his fellow man.

What caused the revolution in his life? The hearing of a single lecture on the value of education. This was what stirred the slumbering power within him, awakened his ambition, and set his feet in the path of self-development.

I have known several men who never realized their possibilities until late in life. Then they were suddenly aroused by reading some inspiring book, by listening to a sermon or a lecture, or by meeting some friend—someone who understood, believed in, and encouraged them.

It will make all the difference in the world to you whether you are with people who believe in you, encourage, and praise you, or whether you are with those who are forever breaking your idols, blasting your hopes, and throwing cold water on your aspirations.

Our Indian schools sometimes publish, side by side, photographs of the Indian youths as they come from the reservation and as they look when they are graduated—well dressed, intelligent, with the fire of ambition in their eyes. We predict great things for them; but the majority of those who go back to their tribes, after struggling awhile to keep up their new standard gradually drop back to their old manner of living. There are, of course, many notable exceptions, but these are strong characters, able to resist the downward-dragging tendencies about them.

If you interview the great army of failures, you will find that multitudes have failed because they never got into a stimulating, encouraging environment, because their ambition was never aroused, or because they were not strong enough to rally under depressing, discouraging, or vicious surroundings.

Whatever you do in life, make any sacrifice necessary to keep in an ambition-arousing atmosphere, an environment that will stimulate you to self-development. Keep close to people who understand you, who believe in you, who will help you to discover yourself and encourage you to make the most of yourself. This may make all the difference to you between a grand success and mediocre existence.

Stick to those who are trying to do something and to be somebody in the world—people of high aims, lofty ambition. Keep close to those who are dead-in-earnest. Ambition is contagious. You will catch the spirit that dominates in your environment. The success of those about you who are trying to climb upward will encourage and stimulate you to struggle harder if you have not done quite so well yourself.

Man in Control of the Elements

By WILLIAM. T. GOFFE, Author of *Problems in Retail Selling, Analyzed*

Sir Oliver Lodge is a scientist. He points out a definite thought looking to a part accomplishment. He is reported to have pointed out to us that, "The sun discharges a mixture of ions with positive and negative electricity, and that the magnetic poles coax the positive portion to the polar regions where they waste in aurora borealis, while the warmer climates get only the negative ions." He is said to have suggested a possible shifting of the magnetic poles to some extent by means of a copper rod to be placed round the earth parallel to the equator which would be able to discharge enough amperes to correct present climatic vagaries. He also discussed the fact, as reported, that the action of the sunlight upon trees causes them to discharge into the atmosphere a negative electricity which should be retained by the earth.

IF the title of this article puzzles you, my reader, until you feel like saying to me, "How do you know that?" I reply, "I am no scientist. I have at hand no organized and classified knowledge on the subject, and accordingly I must be frank and say to you, that I do not 'know' this thing or state of things, is to be accomplished." It would be sheer presumption then for me to say, "I think that man will some day, in some manner, assume the reins of government in nature, and rule the regulation of the seasons and control the elements."

Such would be presumptuous in my case, because in order to think scientifically, and thus effectively, upon any subject, one must more or less

definitely and comprehensively sense, image, conceive, ideate, judge and reason, upon and regarding it.



WILLIAM T. GOFFE

This, I am frank to say, I have not been able to do, regarding this proposition. Nevertheless, I will say to you that I have the subjective power to entertain a very firm belief that it will become a fact as humanity's sphere broadens, that man will in due time become master of things physical, both in earth and sky — things concrete and objective; that is, things which may be sensed and imaged.

I assure you, also, that I am personally well

satisfied that this belief, or speculation, call it what you will, involves no irreverence toward the Creator of the Universe and All

Things that Are, to whom we owe all possible love and loyalty. How you may feel about it, of course, is your affair, and with which I am not entitled to find fault. In any case, stopping to consider for a moment if you so please, will reveal to you a picture of far too many people disposing themselves to a pliant mental and spiritual attitude of mere acceptance regarding things that are as inevitables, presuming that they wouldn't be but for a Special Providence and its dispensations. Any other view of what they denominate God's Will, they say, invites His displeasure.

Such people, "good" as they may be—if goodness and spiritual stagnation are to be bracketed together—never did, nor ever will, while in that state, make discoveries of a nature calculated to lead the race on and up in the scale of being in this, God's good world. This class of men and women is made up of the "we've reached the end of all wisdom" kind of folks, who oftener than not are well meaning enough,—to speak of them with charity—but some consideration of the type will reveal that they had their prototypes away back yonder in Gallileo's time, and even more remotely.

All history, present as well as past, is literally crowded with that character of men and women crying "It can't be done," "It isn't true," or "It's sacrilegious." But, as in the past, when progress stalked ahead in total disregard of them, so today.

"*News*" is the world's daily bulletin now, and tomorrow is not going to differ from today, except in increased volume of things newly accomplished. The drags, and drones, and doubters of today, some of them, trace their ancestry back to the days when Queen Isabella of Spain sacrificed her jewelry that she might enable Columbus to undertake the expense of his "crazy" venture out upon the uncharted Atlantic, in search of the Indies. That day when Darius

Green jumped off the barn in his flying machine and came to grief, their kind guffawed most hilariously in derision of his attempt at aviation. Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" dreams, supplied an unfailing source of amusement to these people, who of course "knew" Jules Verne was "crazy." At any rate his readers were, especially those who dared to dream also. This same sort said the steamboat was "impracticable" and that Stephenson's railroad was merely a "play-thing."

When a Pennsylvania farmer found that he could burn dirt, as it appeared, and proceeded to do it as a means of tempering the rigors of winter, the idea of this being coal from the bowels of the earth, they said was "foolish," and but little short of genuine sacrilege.

Ben Franklin's act of "drawing lightning from the clouds," they said, was presumption of the rankest kind, and deserving of nothing less than Deity's anger. While the idea of making that discovery of electric control commercially feasible in more than a hundred ways, had it been suggested seriously at that time, would have created a panic amongst the genuinely good and reverent (?). These found in Franklin's accomplishment, crude as it was, material sufficient for almost unending indulgence in the wiseacre's well-known, and still more worn, head-wagging and predictions of disasters dire, and failures certain.

And finally, as though to cap the whole long and insistent list of sacrileges (?) and irreverences (?), after the lands and water of the earth were strung thick in all directions with wires numming with millions of messages of commerce, and of love, as well as with sorrow at times, the seas and mountain peaks giving up their secrets to man, here comes Marconi and his followers, who actually speak out into open space, words *without*

wires, girdling the globe in the same sort of service.

Indeed, who of all the earth's inhabitants a thousand years ago, I would venture to ask, yea, of even five hundred years ago, or of *one* hundred years ago, could have dreamed of the present with its tremendous advance in everything making for the betterment of both conditions and men? None did, practically; but whatever prescience any may have had and formulated into thoughts or opinions, was promptly extinguished by their being made the target for the sneers and condemnations of the wholly wise (?), and the ultra good (?);—so-called and self-assumed, as it usually was.

Nevertheless the object was attained so long as a bar was raised to progress. That was the sole and entire aim of those in the past whose capacity of understanding was surrounded by the *then* merely; as it is of those whose ideal is expressed by the *now*. The future, they say, they are content to trust (?); and as for the past with all its achievements and uplifts for the race, they accept as undeniable, now that it is, together with all its fruits.

Many men and women say that it is best and wisest just to "trust" that everything is as it should be; that "All's well with the world," as the old saying has it, and that a mental attitude of this kind is in every way best; as we can do nothing to prevent discomforts of climate, and elemental dangers to life and property. Such people pretend that in thus accepting things as they are, and meekly enduring them, we pay due homage to the Higher Power, and in this way only find merit through meekly conforming to what they call necessitous environment.

The greatest hardship imposed on you and me, and others, who would be disposed to expect that the discoveries and achievements of the past

are to be duplicated, and even quadrupled in the future, is that they recognize no question as to the "necessitous" element in our environment. They say that environment is necessarily limited, and in effect say to you and me, "Just be glad you are alive." That suits the view of average humanity, doubtless, for the reason that average men and women actually use less than three-tenths of their inherent mental powers—so declared by scientists.

Now I propose to you, my reader, that *we* grow out of the average class. Let *us* learn how, and proceed to develop some, at least, of the seven-tenths native capacity with which, as average mortals, we are endowed. Some may say—(I do not believe you will, because the very fact that you read this article proves your higher plane)—that this is speculative, this question of "inherent capacity," and its possible cultivation and development. However, I believe it to be both possible and practicable; just as I believe that untoward seasons and elemental conditions, such as floods and droughts, cyclones and tornadoes, are without rhyme or reason—foolish, in short—and should be controlled, so that their injuries may be obviated.

I'll ask you, for example, whether, if you were owner and proprietor of a tract of land and water which is a constant fire and flood menace to the community next door, and which has repeatedly caused destruction to life and property in that community, you could doubt but that the means would ultimately be found and put into operation to compel you, as the responsible owner, to at least lessen, if not to overcome altogether, that danger to others? If, for a further example, you were possibly proprietor of, and responsible for weather conditions in and throughout the State of Kansas, wouldn't it be the sane thing for your tenants to strenuously except to your allowance of

periodic and destructive droughts, provided especially you were recognized as possessing power and understanding necessary and sufficient to prevent them? Most certainly.

Well now, we see that the races of man have, one after another, discarded the spear, the arrow, and the stone hatchet, and so forth, for the greater efficiency of powder and shell, and the greater propulsive still, dynamite, in war. These latter, as were the former, are used and operated subject to natural law, the difference being, that present-day battle winners both know the law under which they operate and *know* that they know it. Thus are they more effective than their predecessors—who knew, but were not fully conscious of the law.

The question might be asked by "fixed standard" people, "Why not let it go at recognizing these new implements as inevitables, and meekly endure them when used against us by enemies?" But you and I know that such a question wouldn't even be noticed, much less answered. In the meantime we go on pitting powder and shell against powder and shell in our defense when attacked, while we constantly seek for new and greater natural defenses, which, when we discover them, we adopt in feverish haste, lest they be secured by others and turned against us. And we do this without stopping to question the matter of the irreverence or the opposite of our action.

Were I to say here that, no war of men against men, and make it plural—wars—have ever compared, nor ever will compare in terror and des-

tructiveness, with the war steadily waged against men and things by elements, such as floods and temperatures, gone mad and cavorting wildly and illicitly hither and yon; you would respond (if you agreed with me), "It is wrong and costly without measure that haphazard should prevail in the realm of the elements and the seasons."

I say to you that men, "the Sons of the Most High," "but little lower than the angels," as we are reliably taught, *must* learn to know and apply natural law here, as elsewhere in life, and learn to rule for the mental, moral, and spiritual, as well as physical good of the race and the world.

Let me repeat, that how it will come to pass I do not know. But that it will be accomplished, and that possibly within the lives of the children of today, it is reasonable to believe. And I do believe that man will come into his own as his Father's son, and will extend control and influence delegated to him over states and conditions previously regarded as beyond his powers. One reason why I thus believe, is because I have observed the law of re-action. In society—and society is but the expression of men and women in the mass—we have had our moral and ethical leaders, as well as social and commercial leaders. As our heads have been lowered before these leaders, the latter have tended to gain control and still further control, over our lives. And this has gone on until now the law of re-action is seen to be beginning to operate, when less and less of the sacerdotal obtains, and more of the all-oneness of men with God, is to be seen over the world.

*"When you smile another smiles,
And soon there're miles of smiles;
And life's worth while, if you smile."*

A Notable Business Achievement

By ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

How an English firm overcame public prejudice by furnishing and advertising quality

ONLY a few years ago any business firm in the United Kingdom which utilized salesmanship by the written method — i. e., advertising — to any great extent, was an exception to the rule. The use of advertising in anything like an extensive way is much younger in the Mother Country than in America. The firms which were wise enough to appreciate the business-building power of good advertising, and to be among the first to utilize it in a large way, have been richly blessed in the rapid growth of profit-making power.

Both in England and Scotland I meet every now and then very keen advertisers, and among them is R. J. Thomson, Managing Director of the Craigmillar Creamery Company, Ltd., whose headquarters are at Craigmillar, near Edinburgh. The business of this company is the manufacture and sale of margarine, called in America, oleomargarine.

I previously mentioned Mr. Thomson in a brief editorial, and promised then to tell more about him and his business later.

In this man Thomson one finds one of those rare personalities which it is well worth while to study. He is an example of the old adage that a business is but the lengthened shadow of a man.

Mr. Grimstone, the secretary of the Craigmillar company, has kindly furnished me with a few particulars as to the history of margarine in general, and of the Craigmillar company in particular. This history is all the more interesting because it gives a valuable example of the

breaking down and overcoming of prejudice.

At one time trade in margarine was looked upon as being scarcely respectable, while the capital now invested in the industry can be reckoned by millions, and the article itself, once so despised, is now sold openly, and is recognized as a real boon to an enormous number of people.

The trade in the article was originally greatly harmed by the dealers and distributors of butterine, as it was called, selling it as butter. The industry did not flourish because the dealers were violating the law that Confidence is the Basis of Trade. This practice was the immediate cause of the legislation to restrict the sale of margarine, although probably the legislation was influenced by the agricultural interests, who naturally wished to restrict the sale of an article which was competitive to butter. Yet despite these restrictions, the consumption of margarine in Britain is now over 3000 tons weekly.

Mr. Thomson was the pioneer of the industry in the United Kingdom. The small building in which he started the manufacture in 1884 still forms part of the present large factory at Craigmillar.

Mr. Thomson's ideal was "Quality," and he has ever sought to keep the standard of his product at the very highest, sparing no pains to achieve this. He personally supervised and directed the actual manufacturing, as well as conducted the business generally, and in nothing was he more particular than in being sure the quality of the materials used was always the best, and also that the machinery

and equipment of the factory were kept at the greatest efficiency.

This policy had its reward in the steadily increasing turnover, and in 1891 a limited company was formed, which has continued to carry on the business up to the present time. Mr. Thomson has been the managing director and controlling influence right through.

Two factors were responsible for the continuous progress of the margarine industry: first, the frequent legislation which forced on manufacturers the necessity of using improved methods to keep up quality against the restrictions imposed by law; and second, the discovery of new edible fats, which to some extent have revolutionized the trade.

The original margarine or butterine, as invented by a French chemist, was a mixture of refined beef fat with milk. Before the second act of Parliament, which restricted the use of butter in margarine, this beef fat mixture might contain as much pure butter as the maker chose to put in, or the public would pay for. Since then no margarine can contain more than 10 per cent. of pure butter. This meant that a better quality of margarine had to be made in order to obtain a buttery flavor from other means than incorporating a large proportion of pure butter in the mixture. This was done by improving the milk with which the fat was churned.

The Craigmillar company was one of the first to adopt this new method of treating the milk, whereby a buttery flavor was imparted to the margarine without the use of butter.

Equally they have always been ready to consider the use of other materials where these promised further improvements in quality. While beef fat still remains an important ingredient, many other fats are now used in the making of margarine. In recent years the use of coconut oil, which has been brought to a high degree of refinement, has made a great difference in the manufactured article

and as this vegetable fat is generally much cheaper than beef fat the margarine turned out by it has commanded an enormous sale both on account of its cheap price and its sweetness of flavor.

The history of The Craigmillar Creamery Co., Ltd., covering as it does the period embracing all these changes, has not been without incident. Difficulties have had to be overcome, not only due to the need for keeping up with the times with new methods but also due to the changing conditions of distribution. At one time sales were made principally to wholesale merchants who distributed to the retail shopkeepers. Later, these retailers were supplied direct by the manufacturers, while a further development has been the establishing of shops by the manufacturer himself.

These changes have made it necessary for the Craigmillar firm to be constantly on the alert to find the proper outlet for their goods.

Very early in their history they decided to sell their goods direct to the shopkeepers, and although now they have neither retail shops of their own nor any interest in such, they have been practically unhurt by the change in the retailing of margarine because the bulk of their trade has always been among the bakers. Thus the shifting of the trade from the single shop grocer who used to sell all the margarine the public used, into the hands of the manufacturers and large company shops, has affected the Craigmillar trade but slightly. On the contrary, during part of the period that has witnessed this change the Craigmillar trade has increased by leaps and bounds, the turnover in 1912 being more than double what it was just seven years before.

Situated as they are near Edinburgh, famous for its bakers the world over, it has no doubt been the result of experiences gained in meeting their local baker friends' require-

ments that their trade has largely developed into that of specialists in bakery margarine. The increasing demand for margarine among bakers consequent on the disappearance to a large extent of the prejudice against the name, coupled with the special suitability of the Craigmillar product have made its name a household one among bakers all over the country, and accounts to a great extent for the magnificent increase in its output.

These increases, of course, could not have been made by quality alone. Buyers had to be told where to get the margarine they were looking for. Mr. Thomson understands full well the value of good advertising. I have before me an advertisement of Mr. Thomson's for "Apple Blossom" margarine, and shall make a few comments on this particular advertisement of Mr. Thomson's.

It is a folder slip intended to be placed on grocers' counters. On the outside of the folder the word "Margarine" does not appear, and the customer cannot tell with what the slip is concerned until he opens it.

The outside of this slip is eminently adapted for getting the favorable attention of the customer. All that appears on the outside is a beautifully printed spray of pink apple blossoms, and just the two words, "Apple Blossom." At once there is aroused in the customer's mind a positive suggestion of sweetness and freshness by this charming spray of flowers. Butter, of course, has a suggestion of pastoral sweetness with it, but Mr. Thomson's desire is to connect sweetness with margarine. Hence, the exterior of this folder.

The favorable attention of the customer thus aroused by the slip, he or she naturally opens it to see what it is about, and then for the first time discovers that it refers to margarine. I give the interior of the advertisement in full:

APPLE BLOSSOM MARGARINE—Is made from specially selected Butter, Milk and Oleo. It is impossible to make a better article, and is practically Butter in all but name. This brand is made under the special supervision of our Managing Director, and every genuine packet bears his signature.

ONE MOMENT—Have you ever bought the highest grade of Margarine it is possible to make? Probably not. Why? The price of the raw material Oleo we make our "Apple Blossom" quality from has sometimes cost us upwards of 8d. per lb., and special picked butter we use has often cost us 1s. 4d. per lb. and over, bought in wholesale quantities. This is the reason we ask you to pay 11d. per lb. for an article that has all the magnificent fresh flavour of newly-churned butter. We put up this quality daily in special air-tight packages fresh from the churns; there is no exposure to the air, smell, or dirt before you use it on your own table. The package is dainty, don't you think, and the contents have the sweet and delicious flavour of Butter straight from the churn.

Please ask your grocer to send you a pound to-day with your household requirements.

Thanking you in anticipation.

THE CRAIGMILLAR CREAMERY Co., Ltd.,
Craigmillar, Midlothian.

Another excellent advertisement of Mr. Thomson's is this letter from the railway company which does most of the carrying for the Craigmillar company. The original is pen-written, and Mr. Thomson has had it duplicated in facsimile. I give the letter herewith:

THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY COMPANY
GOODS DEPARTMENT
Duddington Station,
15th August, 1913.
The Craigmillar Creamery Co.,
Craigmillar.

DEAR SIR:—When comparing our accounts with previous years I was pleased to note a very substantial increase in your July account. The increase for carriage charges actually amounts to 47½% over last year. This is very gratifying and I hope to see a still further advance.

Yours faithfully,
J. SHAW

Our readers will appreciate the convincing nature of this testimony to the large increase in the sale of the

Craigmillar goods, coming as it does from a third party.

Another excellent advertising idea of Mr. Thomson's was to supply bakers, who are large users of margarine, with celluloid scrapers for scraping their baking tins. The scrapers are a useful article and are constantly used by the baker, who thus has the Craigmillar products, which are of course advertised on the scraper, kept well before him.

If I were to give all of the excellent advertising methods of the Craigmillar company, I should take up the whole of this number of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, but the following little paper on advertising in general, and on the advertising methods of the Craigmillar company in particular, seems to me so interesting that I give it in full. It is written by Mr. R. J. Thomson, Managing Director of the Craigmillar Company. Here it is:

"Perhaps a few words on the important subject of how the Craigmillar Company did their advertising during the years the business has been worked up will be of interest to your readers. As mentioned in the earlier portion of this article, I have always treated advertising as one of my hobbies. In fact, there is no subject of more importance in any business than right advertising. What is meant by right advertising is advertising that pays the cost of the advertising out of the profits earned on the article advertised. Without this no advertising can be called successful. Of course, the advertising expert in any business has always to be very careful to keep down the cost of the advertising to an amount commensurate with the amount of business that is being done, and one of the least expensive ways of advertising is to enclose an attractive folder (please note the word *attractive*) in all the invoices and accounts which are sent out by the firm. The special attraction of this from a cost point of view is that it costs nothing for postage, and if the circu-

lar is sufficiently well gotten up and the 'Ginger Talk' sufficiently strong the receiver of the advertisement will lay it aside and go through it at his leisure after the business rush is over, whereas in the case of a representative calling he is very apt to be turned down with the usual expressions of either 'Not buying to-day,' 'Do not wish to open another account,' or 'Have no time to speak to you.' But the artistically attractive circular is always read. Some of our most successful folders were in the form of what we called 'Village Talks.' The village talks took place between two imaginary Scotch characters, which were illustrated on the inside pages of the circular. One illustration was placed at the top and the other at the bottom of the circular, and an imaginary conversation takes place between the two Scotch worthies, the one being called Sandy and the other being called Jamie. These conversations usually took the form of discussing some topical interest of the day with special reference, of course, to the merits of Craigmillar Margarine. Another form of advertising which did not add much to the advertising bill was travelers' advice cards. As everyone knows, the usual advice post card in black and white is, as a rule, thrown away and forgotten, and in order to avoid this being done we got up several series of attractive post cards in colour. One series consisted of famous poems by Scott, such as 'Lochinvar.'

"We also ran a series of Tennyson poems and a series of typical representatives of the various regiments in the British Army, and sailors in the Navy. What happened at the customer's end was that our travelers were often asked to send No. 2 and No. 3 of the series so that the collector could eventually get the whole series of these advice cards, naturally keeping the buyer in mind of Craigmillar instead of the advice card being perhaps thrown away in the

waste paper basket. As the time went on these colored cards lost interest, and in order to keep up to date we published photographs on the travelers' advice cards, two of the most interesting and successful of these series being our present King's visit to Edinburgh after the Coronation; also his Majesty's visit to India.

"The Indian photographs lent themselves splendidly to pictorial effect. Another form of very successful advertising was issuing what we call in Great Britain giant post cards illustrating the meaning of Free Trade, Reciprocity, and other political topics of the day in a humorous way where no offense could be caused to either side of politics. One of the series was Mr. Chamberlain giving a fictitious political address on Craigmillar margarine, which was supposed to be transmitted by wireless telegraph, an illustration of the instrument being in the background. These cards were so successful in Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's constituency, that many of the grocers put their cards in their windows out of respect for Mr. Chamberlain. We also distributed these post cards in thousands at some of Mr. Chamberlain's meetings when the feeling was running so strong on Free Trade v. Protection. What we have also found very successful in these giant mail cards are views of Scotland in color, such as Loch Lomond, Loch Achray, Linlithgow Loch, and other beauty spots of Scotland lending themselves very well to this form of advertising, with the chief merit of being kept. We have also illustrated very successfully in color bits of old Edinburgh, such as Advocates' Close, Cardinal Beaton's House, etc.

"What we have found in our business experience is that it is most important to have all advertising literature, stationery, etc., of the highest class that one can afford because naturally a prospective customer gets his first impression from the stationery

and advertising literature that may be sent him from time to time before he makes the acquaintance of the business house. Many times we have heard an expression such as this, 'Craigmillar must be an enterprising and a good firm to deal with, otherwise they could not send out such expensive and good advertising matter.'

"We have also sent out booklets from time to time. 'Craigmillar Castle and its Surroundings' was the title of one. Another was 'Yachting,' with photographs of the leading yachts, when feeling was running so strong regarding the rivalry between the American yacht and Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht. In fact, we made the 'Shamrock' a special feature of our advertisement.

"We have no desire to weary the reader with long details but no doubt it will be of interest to know what we at Craigmillar consider one of our most successful advertising efforts. One of our most successful advertising efforts was sending a piece of bridescake made with Craigmillar Special Butter Bridescake Margarine and done up in the latest style of wedding cake box, showing the effect of using our margarine in the highest class of cake it is possible for a baker to make. Along with this bridescake and enclosed in the box was an invitation card having a Scotch thistle in silver on the outside of the card and the following wording:

THE CRAIGMILLAR CREAMERY CO., LTD.

REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY
AND CO-OPERATION AT THE WEDDING
OF YOUR CAKES WITH

CRAIGMILLAR

SPECIAL BUTTER CAKE MARGARINE

This means a Match for Life, as you can judge
from the rich butter flavour in the
Enclosed sample of cake.

CRAIGMILLAR, MIDLOTHIAN

"These were sent broadcast to the Master Bakers and of course resulted

in not alone the joke of the baker enjoying the advertising idea, but also the baker trying to 'sell' his own friends and perhaps his family by asking them 'Who do you think has got married,' etc., etc.

"The most expensive advertisement we ever indulged in was at the time when the Master Bakers of Scotland held their 21st Anniversary Conference in Edinburgh. On this occasion we engaged all the four-in-hand conveyances which were to be procured in Edinburgh, and we drove all the guests who accepted our invitation from the North British Hotel in Edinburgh down past Holyrood Palace, through the Queen's Park out to Craigmillar creamery. About 600 accepted the invitation and after being shown through the creamery in various parties they were again driven in the conveyances to Craigmillar Castle and entertained there at a garden party. We had a large tent erected, with tea, coffee, and refreshments of various kinds, and also strawberries and cream, the latter being a production of the creamery, of course. We also had a band in attendance and Highland dancing. After the visitors had enjoyed a round through Craigmillar Castle they were conveyed back to Edinburgh. In connection with this visit, a small booklet was gotten up giving photographs of the various places of interest during the drive including Duddingston Loch, Craigmillar Creamery, Craigmillar Castle, etc., etc., and also historical notes on Holyrood Palace and the various places of interest passed on the drive. These booklets were very artistically arranged and we posted one to every master baker in Great Britain and Ireland. The advertising effect was tremendous.

"We have always been great believers in leaving something with the prospective buyer wherever our traveler goes. These can take the form of a piece of advertising matter, say a recipe for making cakes, biscuits,

shortbread or pastry, nicely printed, and the recipe put in such a straightforward way that the baker can make no mistake when trying it. We also believe greatly in leaving, say, a pen-knife with our advertisement on it or a paper knife, or penholder, or even a cigarette case containing cigarettes with the words Craigmillar Creamery on every cigarette. The important point with the cigarettes is to have these of the very best quality so that the customer can enjoy smoking the cigarettes and perhaps pass one on to friends in the trade. The idea being that the quality of the cigarette being so good reflects on the standing of the house offering the cigarette. Quality tells its own story.

"We do not wish to bore the reader with more details, but the principle in Craigmillar advertising has always been: 'Do not exaggerate in any way in your advertisements the quality of your goods. Let your goods always be a little better than the advertisement, and the chances are you make a customer for life. Dishonest advertising will always react on the advertiser'."

Besides realizing the importance of salesmanship by the written method, i. e., advertising, Mr. Thomson realized the importance, also, of efficient machine power. But above all, he realized the importance of efficient *Man Power*, upon which, in final analysis, the two other kinds of human power, Machine Power and Money Power, depend.

Sometimes I have come across directors in firms who have said to me, "Yes, Mr. Sheldon, but if we increase the efficiency of our men, and make them worth a higher wage, they will then leave us, and get other situations."

I answer that my experience is just the reverse of this, and that when we train men to increase their efficiency, we find that we increase their loyalty to their employers. This is also Mr. Thomson's experience.

He set himself to build up a force of efficient salesmen. He found that young men trained in the office of the firm, where, beginning as juniors, they go through all the stages of the inside work and thus get an insight into the business they could not otherwise get, make salesmen who are full of loyalty, enthusiasm, and ability to succeed.

The Craigmillar business has been built up by attention to Q plus Q plus M—that is, Quantity, plus Quality, plus Mode. The article which the Craigmillar company sells is cheap, and a boon to thousands of people who cannot afford to buy butter. The quality is the finest obtainable by adopting all up-to-date methods and improvements, and so far as Mode is concerned—to which Mr. Thomson's good salesmen and good advertising attend—the Craigmillar company could not easily be surpassed.

A business built on such a foundation is not only a permanent one, but it must be a progressive and a successful one.

Mr. R. J. Thomson is a living dynamo of moral courage. I have met with few if any men who are better examples of the power of fearless conviction. Mr. Thomson believes in margarine. He also believes in himself. He also believes in humanity. He is not only a great salesman by the written method, but he is a great personal salesman.

Several years ago he became a convert to Christian Science. He knows that there is more or less of prejudice against the Christian Scientist, but he doesn't care about that. He believes in Christian Science, and he doesn't care who knows it. Furthermore, he lives and practices Christian Science. He literally "treats" his business.

He no longer has the time or opportunity to do much personal selling, but he is not above going out to show the boys how to do it once in a while.

He went to London at one time, and called in to see an old customer of the house. The manager upon whom he called had been drinking too much of something besides creamery produce, and happened to be in a very ill humor. He was very rude to Mr. Thomson, in fact, quite insulting, and he added injury to insult by heaping on insults in the presence of some members of the staff. Mr. Thomson rarely gets angry but he does feel on occasion righteous indignation. This was one of the occasions. He listened to the insults for a little while—not very long—and then informed the manager that he evidently did not want any margarine, but that what he wanted was a good thrashing, and that if he would just come out into the middle of the floor he would give him the best he had ever had. This astonished the manager. He quieted down, and refused to accept the challenge, whereupon Mr. Thomson informed him that the Craigmillar company wanted no more of his business, and would not sell him goods under any circumstances. This incident happened before Mr. Thomson took an interest in Christian Science.

Did I hear you say that this was not good salesmanship? If so, take it back. Mr. Thomson is quick in perception, and had sensed the situation. That firm failed in less than a year, and Mr. Thomson, by refusing to sell the man any more goods, saved the Craigmillar company from quite a considerable loss.

Mr. Thomson has plenty of tact when it is necessary. He once called upon a customer who was extremely uncivil, and told Mr. Thomson he was altogether too busy to talk to him. Mr. Thomson expressed his regret, telling him he had come quite a long way for the purpose of seeing him. He did not argue the question further, but neither did he retire. In the presence of the busy man he took up a newspaper, went over to the window, sat down in a chair, and began

to read. After a little while the busy man asked him what he was doing. He told him that he was waiting until he had time to see him, repeating the statement that he had come a long way, and could not afford to go away without seeing him, even though he had to remain there two days. Whereupon Mr. Busyman instantly discovered that he had time to talk with him a little while right then, the result being the placing of quite a good order and the beginning of an account covering several years.

Mr. Thomson came into the management of the business of which he is the moving spirit, when it was very small. It is now very large. His life and his business teach a lesson which

all business men, everywhere can study to advantage.

I have given in this editorial quite a number of the children of the fertile brain of Mr. Thomson in the form of specific advertisements of his goods. If you are interested in advertising, I would suggest that you write to the Craigmillar company and ask for some samples of their circulars, booklets, and so forth. You may not want to buy any margarine, but if you are keen on advertising, Mr. Thomson will be glad to send some of these booklets to you. By the way, it is no wonder that Mr. Thomson is so good an advertiser. He is a keen student of "The Fra," and "The Philistine," is a member of the Immortals, and believes in Hubbard.

*Think health, and health will find you
As certain as the day,
And pain will lag behind you
And lose you on the way.*

*Think love, and love will meet you
And go where'er you go,
And fate can no more treat you
Like some malicious foe.*

*Think joy, and joy will hear you,
For thoughts are always heard,
And it shall nestle near you
Like some contented bird.*

*Whate'er your sad condition,
What'er your woes or pains,
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition
As surely as God reigns.*

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Building Confidence in Business

By HARRY N. TOLLES, Vice-President of the Sheldon Schools

*Here is an address of vital importance
delivered before the Rotary Clubs of Kansas
City, Buffalo, Chicago and Saint Louis*

"BUILDING Confidence in Business" is a subject in which every Rotarian is interested. It applies alike to the retailer, the wholesaler, and the manufacturer. The professional man as well as the salesman builds his business through confidence.

The Law of Confidence is the greatest law that operates in the business world. We can all agree that there are fundamental laws, truths and principles in business success, just as laws which govern in the physical and the natural world. Those who succeed must of necessity obey consciously or unconsciously nature's human nature laws.

I like to state the Law of Confidence this way: "Every word a

man speaks, every act that he performs, every thought that he thinks, either adds to or subtracts from confidence in business." There is not a single employee connected with any organization that is represented here

today who can go home tonight and sit around that little family circle with nobody there but the loved ones and say a knocking or disparaging word about his fellow employees, his

firm, about the management of the business, about the business itself, or about the buying public, and go back on the job to-morrow and do as good a day's work as if he had not said it. Why? Because I firmly believe that thoughts are things, and they influence our feelings and our feelings are expressed in our conduct.

You have not a man representing your house but that the quality of the goods and your service is judged by the amount of confidence that the people have in that representative.

If I believe in you, then I will believe in your merchandising. If you believe in me and I represent an institution seeking to sell you something, you are going to judge the service of my institution and



HARRY N. TOLLES

its goods by your confidence in Tolles.

And so today what you get from this talk is going very largely to depend upon the confidence you have in the speaker, and, Mr. Chairman, if you will permit, I will try a test. If you lack confidence in what I have to say, we might just as well save your time and mine by stopping right here.

Suppose I should tell you that I have something in my pocket that I have never seen and you have never seen and no one has ever seen, how many of you would believe me, simply because Tolles said so? Let us see the hands.

(Only two or three were raised.)

I am going to take it out of my pocket and show you something that you have never seen, I have never seen and no one has ever seen. You can go home and tell your family that you actually saw something today that you had never seen before.

Now, that thing will disappear, I will never see it again and nobody will ever see it again. Let us see the hands on that. How many can believe that?

(Just a few hands were raised.)

(The speaker then took from his pocket an almond, broke the shell and said:)

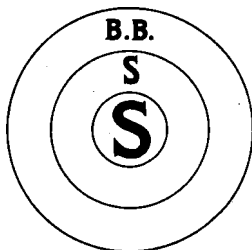
I hold here a kernel of an almond that sees the light of day for the first time. No one has ever seen it before. So I have actually shown you something you have never seen before. Although you may have seen something similar to it, you never saw this one before. It now disappears (eating it). You will never see it again, I will never see it again, and no one will ever see it again. (Laughter.)

Now I have a purpose in using that simple illustration. In the first place no salesman has any right to make a statement that he cannot back up, and if he makes a statement which is beyond the experience of the prospective purchaser, he should prove his point before he proceeds.

Further, no man has any right in business to express an idea in terms which the man receiving the idea cannot understand; in other words, if you speak German and I speak French, I cannot tell you anything until I can speak German. And so, therefore, the salesman wants to be able to put himself in the position of using the vernacular of his customer.

A BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATION

To illustrate the points in "building confidence in business" I am drawing this outline on the blackboard here.



Your business can be presented by these three circles. The outer one (the B. B. circle) is business building. Defined, "business building is the power to," do just two things, "make permanent and profitable patrons." There is no use trying to do business if we cannot build a permanent trade.

On the question of "profitableness" I stand committed to this proposition, that the man who cuts the price below the legitimate mark—all that he cuts off is one hundred per cent. profit as he does not cut off anything from the cost but all from the profit side—admits that he is not a big enough salesman to get the price to which he is legitimately entitled. It is an admission right on the face of it.

This second circle represents salesmanship. Salesmanship, as you all know, after having heard Mr. Sheldon so many times, and many of you are students of his philosophy, salesmanship is the power to persuade people. It is the power of getting the other fellow to think the way we want him to think.

If you have a form on which your salesmen report the orders taken and one of your salesmen goes around to these various stores and simply takes the order off the hook, so to speak, and does not actually persuade somebody to purchase something, teach that salesman to be honest, have him scratch out that word "salesman" and write "order taker" down at the bottom, right under his signature.

I maintain that persuasion is a universal principle; that it applies in every human relationship. The preacher as he stands before his congregation is a persuader — a salesman; the lawyer as he stands before the judge and the jury is a persuader; the doctor as he stands at the bedside is a persuader, selling his services; the stenographer as she sits in front of her machine is a persuader; and what they receive in payment is in proportion to the quality and quantity of the goods or service that they are able to deliver. They, also, are working on a commission basis of payment.

In fact, I believe that matrimony is a sales game. I have tried it. I say sometimes if I had known one-half as much about salesmanship during my courtship days as I do now (and I don't claim to know it all), I could have landed my prospect in half the time. It took me ten years to land my prospect. (Laughter.)

Here it is (referring to the blackboard), simply the *power to persuade people to purchase at a profit* that which is for sale. The longest definition I have ever had of this applied to a particular line of business was

by the California Fruit Cannery's Association in San Francisco which honored me by closing down their establishment for two hours one afternoon to give me an opportunity to talk to their employees on this subject of salesmanship. I had pointed out that insurance men say that "salesmanship is the *power to persuade plenty of people to purchase policies at a profit*"; that down in Fort Wayne the Packard Piano Company tell their salesmen that "salesmanship is the *power to persuade people to purchase Packard Player Pianos at a profit*," and the canning people came along with this definition that "salesmanship is the *power to persuade plenty of people to pleasantly purchase preserved peaches, pears, plums, prunes, pineapples, peanuts, etc.*"

The body of your business is "business building"; that life blood is "salesmanship," but the heart that pumps this life blood of salesmanship into the body of business building is "service." (The big S.)

Now that is not a new principle. In fact, Mr. Sheldon does not say that he has "created anything new." He has discovered and correlated a lot of fundamental laws and principles that do apply in every man's business. The Master in Galilee announced that principle of service when he said: "Let him who would be the greatest among you be the servant of all."

Business Building, Salesmanship and Service have to do mainly with the things that take place within the four walls of the institution — I wish to speak mainly today of those things that make for Confidence building outside of the institution.

THE TEST OF A GOOD "AD"

The real test of a good advertisement is: "Does it gain or destroy confidence?" In one of the Chicago city papers, I saw an advertisement which read like this: "Most Startling of All Drug Sales." Then it said: "Lease gone, stock must go,"

a good strong statement. Then under it: "Everything sacrificed at fifty per cent. or better." Then in brackets a 10 cent article of some patent medicine of some kind or other as an illustration was shown at half price, but the very next quotation was a 50 cent article for 29 cents. "Fifty per cent. or under!"

There were only two articles in the whole list that were as low as 50 per

Most Startling
of All Drug Sales!

Lease Gone—Stock Must Go

Our \$65,000 Stock at 1/2 and Less

We quote just a few typical values for TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY:

BRONX SELTZER 5c	HAY'S HAIR HEALTH 29c
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Five Big Items 25c Toilet Articles Cheap 50c

cent. Why, I would not go and do business with that man on a bet, and you wouldn't either, because confidence was destroyed.

Your advertising deserves your best thought.

Some of the highest salaries paid in business today are paid to advertising men. Do you realize, gentlemen, that the price you pay for your advertising frequently costs more per word than the price of a telegram or a cablegram, and yet you will rattle off any old thing that comes into your mind and hand it to the copy boy when he is waiting for it, not applying the test of confidence. When you write a telegram or a cablegram, what do you do? You write it and then try to put yourself in the frame of mind of the man receiving it and ask yourself, "Will he get my true message?" And yet we put up most any

sort of thing into our advertising and then we say: "Advertising does not pay."

THE LETTER TEST

Do you remember the first letter you wrote? I do mine—I went to a stationery store and bought, not the most expensive, because I do not believe that correspondence needs to be on the most expensive paper, but I bought what I thought would best represent my idea, went home, went up to my room and locked the door. I sat down and wrote the first letter and looked at it, and then the second and the third. I wrote four letters and laid them side by side and finally picked up one I thought would carry the message best. Then I carefully folded the letter, put it in an envelope and stamped it and then I addressed it very neatly, the very best I could. I sealed it and carried it to the letter box and dropped it. That was as far as I could go. I was sorry I could not go any further at that time. (Laughter.)

What was I doing? All I was seeking to do was to establish confidence in the mind of that young lady. And yet, the word of an expensive correspondent is often destroyed by a two dollar and a half a week office boy in folding and enclosing the mail in a slip-shod fashion. I maintain that a letter should be carefully spaced, correctly spelled and well paragraphed; I like to see a letter equal in white margins all the way around, just as if it was put into a frame, an equal amount of white space all the way around. Now what often happens. It is given to the office boy and he slams it into an envelope any old way to get it in and get home before bed time (by poor and thoughtless management his mail often does not get to the boy before closing time) sometimes as bad as this one here, and sometimes even worse (holding up an irregularly folded letter).

After making an address in a Missouri town one night, the secretary of

the Y. M. C. A. asked me if I would not come around to see him. I called on him the next morning. He showed me the correspondence from a number of concerns. He said, "I got a letter just the other day from a St. Louis furniture house with which I thought we would close. I put their letter away in the desk here," and he took it out saying, "and I did not understand why I could not trust them with my business until I heard your talk last night." He gave me the letter which I have yet as a horrible example. It was badly folded.

Confidence destroyed. Why? Because, as he said to me: "Mr. Tolles, if that man is not more careful with the letter before he gets the business, what will he do after he gets the business? I could well expect that something would be short, the furniture would be scratched in delivery or not properly handled in some way." Confidence is the basis of correspondence.

WINDOWS THE EYES OF THE STORE

Next comes the window display. Your window displays, I may say, are the eyes of your institution. You and I do not like to do business with a blear-eyed man. I was going down the street one evening in Salt Lake City and I saw the sign "Par excellence" in electric light. I thought, I would like to see what that excellent establishment was. The next day I went in and it was a house furnishing institution, with a splendid stock, well displayed, but there was something that did not impress me very favorably as I entered the store. To the right was a window that looked as though it had not been cleaned and retrimmed for two months. It was full of dead flies and dust and dirt. I tell you sufficient attention as a rule is not being paid to window decoration. It was in Chicago I saw a window with a placard down at the bottom which said, "We do not keep all of our stock in the window." Many stores keep too much in the window. A few items or perhaps just a single

article, well displayed in a clean, neat window, gets Confidence—think of the thousands passing the store who might be brought inside by the right kind of window display persuasion.

TELEPHONE OPPORTUNITIES

Next is the telephone. It is a great assistant to bigger business, and yet I have heard business men after business man say, "I wish I could kick the thing out." You pick up the "phone" and you hear something like this: "Hello! what do you want? No!! We can't do that!! Good bye."

Do you realize why the girls in the telephone system right here in this city are trained to always use the upward inflection of the voice instead of the downward? Because it is much more pleasing than is the downward inflection. I tell you that over the telephone we should use the most cultured well trained voice. *Test your own service and see the kind your patrons receive from your office.*

I met a young man in Los Angeles who went out there from Philadelphia. He was a consumptive and was flat on his back. He was up against it—a Sheldon student, by the way. He must find some way of paying his room rent. So he had an extension telephone put alongside of his cot on his sleeping porch, and over that telephone he commenced to do business. He conceived the idea of organizing a company to use trained salesmen and sell all sorts of things over the telephone. He took up an old laundry route, that could not support even one wagon. New business was solicited over the telephone by this man until the firm had to cut the route in two, and then they cut it again, thus finally making four routes out of a route that was not sufficient for one.

In our Executive Club of Chicago we heard a man tell about how he sold coal by the carload for 150 miles around Chicago over the long distance telephone. I tell you, gentlemen, we are not getting ten per cent. efficiency out of the telephone that is on our

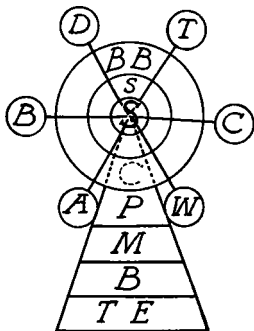
desk. Confidence can be destroyed or helped through the telephone.

THE DELIVERY A BUSINESS ASSET

We come now to delivering the goods. Many a good institution, well represented with good service and good goods has lost business because of the delivery by a rawboned horse that has not seen a square meal since he arrived in town, with a harness broken and tied together with strings and an old wagon that rattles hopelessly. Billboard advertising pays, they say. I believe it does, but do you realize, gentlemen, that your delivery wagon is a billboard going up and down the street advertising you and your institution all the time, either for the good or for the bad?

WATCH THE BILLING

In Philadelphia I went into a man's office, the proprietor of a big firm. He was going over a great stack of bills



personally. I said, "Do you mean to tell me that you check over every bill that goes out?" He said, "Not a bill goes out of this institution unless I see it." I said, "How do you account

for that?" He replied, "Well, I will tell you. You know that these people have my goods and my money also, and I want the money. If there is anything inaccurate or anything repellent, they will hold up the bill. It gives them an excuse to delay payment." Confidence is either lost or destroyed through the billing.

Now I want to give you a little further illustration on the board here. Confidence is the unseen. If you will allow this to represent the pyramid; I call this the whirligig of business. The unseen part in this service is confidence. That rests upon personality, not good looks and good clothes, — sometimes they help, sometimes they hinder. Personality is that which rings true in a man's voice, it is what flashes sincerity in his eye; that which in every word and deed of the man is calculated to do just one thing, and that thing is to build confidence in the minds of the people with whom he associates.

Personality; what does that rest upon? That rests upon the mind and the body of the individual. True education is the enrichment or the development of the entire man, body, mind and soul, through a process of proper food and proper exercise. I emphasize these words, proper food, because I think there is a great point there. Too many business men are feeding their minds upon husks. They are not consistently and carefully putting the right kind of mental food into their minds.

I just want to say on this question of proper feeding — what does it do? It develops the body and it develops the mind. Truly educate the muscle and you develop the physical man. Truly educate the mind and you develop the mental man. That develops a strong personality, and it is that strong personality, the development of the physical man and of the mental man that helps us to increase our power to serve — "He profits most who serves best," and that in-

creases the "salesmanship," and in that way we build a bigger business, or more profits and more permanent business.

Now, about this mental feeding. I have some very strong convictions on the subject of the right kind of mental food. I maintain that if I pass a glass of carbollic acid around and every man here drinks from it, all must pay the penalty by death. Some people say, "If you don't know it, it won't hurt you," but I affirm that it makes no difference whether you know it or not, if you drink carbollic acid you will suffer the consequence. I am not permitted to give you carbollic acid. There is a law that holds me responsible for the poisoning of a physical man, but I can tell you a dirty, vile, filthy story and there is no law in this land that can touch me.

In Battle Creek one night I was talking along this line to the employees of the largest department store in the city. I said: "Just this afternoon I heard a story and I would give twenty-five dollars if I had never heard it! If I tell you that story I poison your mind and there might be many here foolish enough to take up the story and pass it on and on, and we do not know how far the story would go. I am going to perform a service to mankind by stopping it right here. I will never repeat it."

Well, I talked pretty emphatically for some time and then I returned to the hotel and went directly to my room. Scarcely had I seated myself to read when a knock came at the door and I said "Come in," and there stood in the doorway the man that had told me that story. In a flash I realized for the first time that that fellow was in my audience that night and heard me tell about the story. I thought he stood there several minutes, it may have been for just a part of a second, but he came forward and grabbed my hand and clenched it. I thought he would smash it. Then after another

tremendous pause, he said: "Mr. Tolles, that was the best lesson I ever had in my life. I promise you that I will never be a party to repeating that story or any other story like it again."

Gentlemen, all that you and I are and all that your employees are is a total of all of the things that we have heard, seen, smelt, tasted or touched, plus the use that we have made of those things, from our birth up to the present moment. If that is true, the five physical senses can be likened to photographing machines, moving picture photographing machines, if you please. All the time we are awake they are constantly making their impressions, millions of them a day, and if that is true, why in the name of heaven would a man consciously take that moving picture five-lens machine down an alley around the corner and into a place where he knows he is going to get poisonous mental food?

I determined, gentlemen, that night, after a half hour's talk with that fellow—we had a heart-to-heart talk—that I was going to use every bit of influence and power that I have with men, if I have any at all, in the carrying of the pure mental food messages to men.

There is a lot being said over the country about pure physical food; laws are being made. I believe that one of the greatest movements that could be started in this day and age is one for pure mental food, and wherever I have a chance I talk about it. In fact, I am starting a movement along this line, and I am asking for backers of the movement. I do not ask you for a penny. I do not ask any expression from you of any character. All I ask you to do is to put in operation the thought and use your influence to the end of human betterment.

Back of the advertising, the correspondence, the telephone, the window display, the delivery, the billing,

the service, salesmanship of the institution, and the business building is a living human being that is susceptible of higher development—Every man from the proprietor down can grow greatly if he will but feed the mind and body on proper food and exercise correctly. The greatest opportunity in business today lies in the expansion of the man-power of the units in the institution.

One of the officers of the steel trust told me a week or two ago, "I believe the time is coming when the institutions are going to be forced to educate their people, not from an altruistic standpoint, but from a money-making standpoint. The greatest asset any man has in his business is his man-power."

It is the greatest asset in any business.

We have had no time for story telling today. In closing I call your at-

tention to an old Arabian proverb which reads:

"Man is four:

"He who knows and knows that he knows; he is wise. Follow him.

"He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; awaken him."

(There are lots of employees who are asleep and they just need a little awakening.)

"He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool; shun him.

"He who knows not and knows that he knows not; he is a child; teach him."

All wisdom comes, gentlemen, when we are willing to humble ourselves as little children, recognizing that we can learn from one another. I am glad to observe that this spirit is becoming more and more prevalent in the Rotary club movement.

Don't be Afraid of a "Call Down"

Don't look sore and disgruntled when the boss has "called you down," or immediately turn to a fellow-employee and commence to discuss the boss' faults and how little he knows about this or that.

Go off by yourself for a few minutes; think it over from a general, not personal, standpoint. See if after all it wasn't some fault of your own or of your work that brought out the "call down."

The boss, you know, is usually the man who knows more about the job than the employee, or he wouldn't be boss.

There are always two or three ways to do a job—"leave it to him" to know the best way. You should even be glad of the "call down," because it points out a better way you could be doing that work.

The man who turns a "call down" into a helping hint is the man who will get the raise and whom the world is looking for every day.

—THOMAS RIEGER

The Individual as a Power Plant

By MELVILLE W. MIX

President Dodge Manufacturing Company

The wear and care of your physical power plant, scientifically discussed, with some excellent points on efficiency of man power

THE modern scientific and economical development of power and its utilization in the mechanical field needs no illumination by me at this time. You come in contact with it in some form or other every day of your lives.

I am not certain as to whether the basis of my remarks should be the individual as a power plant, or the power plant as an individual.

If there could be a mechanical spirit or soul, an elementary unseen controlling force which with the grace of God and the power to think, I would prefer from my mechanical training, to discuss the power plant rather than the individual.

I know more about power plants than I do of individuals. All individuals know more about the fixed tangible things than they do about the spiritual things. We pay more attention to the material things because we can test out the properties thereof; we can control those forces in a known way and record as well as compare results. Motional efficiencies are more tractable than the emotional.

The spiritual forces are not tangible; they may seem to be controllable; we think we can control them, but, banish the thought; they have the power of control only within themselves.

We put so many tons of coal under a given size and standard of boiler in ten hours and may expect a certain amount of horse power in steam as a result. This may be varied, however, by the quality of coal used; by how it is fed; by the quality of water supplied for evaporation; by the condition of the draft in the furnace or in the stack, by the manner in which the waste or ashes are removed, and in numerous other controllable ways, the expected

results may not be what we calculate.

After the generation of the steam, it must be conveyed to the engine, and from the engine to the shaft, or machine—and again from the central power stations to the various points of use. From the coal in the mine or the oil in the well to the whirling machine, or trolley car, the way is beset with chances for dissipation by



MELVILLE W. MIX

waste, or by incorrect methods, that are within the control of the human brain.

Much time might be spent in detailing these conditions and burdening you with mechanical terms and practices which would only be uninteresting and beg the real question. You have been in boiler and engine rooms where steam was leaking at every joint, every moving part was groaning and jumping, giving every evidence of waste that even to a layman seemed appalling. No matter how hard or skillfully the boiler was fired—the waste continued and every working part was “on the hill” and strained to the limit. A few thoughtful repairs would have stopped the waste. Somewhere, someone was asleep on the job. More money was being lost daily in coal and effort than would have paid for the repairs, but the moving spirit was lacking.

You have seen coal used that wouldn't make steam because of its impurities,—perhaps you have tried it in your own furnace. A false economy or ignorance in purchasing causes a big loss as against coal containing more energy or heat units to the ton. It is a matter of knowledge and selection; somebody was asleep on this job; there was a spirit lacking that would have improved the results of that power plant.

Taken all in all, the master mind controls whether in mechanical or spiritual things. Our bodies are power plants. If we do not provide good fuel in the shape of wholesome food at proper intervals—taking care not to overcharge the furnace by overfeeding, not to smother the fire by excess charges of fuel—we do not get good results.

There is no mechanical stoker for the human body, and the quality of steam produced corresponds entirely with the wisdom and common sense we use in keeping the boiler in good

condition from day to day and supplying the right fuel in the right way.

Efficiency has been defined as the relation between what is and what *ought* to be. In other words, it deals with a standard and measures the performance by that standard. We cannot ignore standards and be successful, or at least we cannot measure performance without first establishing the standard. This may not be the final standard, but we attain better results through improving our methods and facilities. We may re-establish the standards from time to time, and thus progress along sane, rational lines, playing against a new bogey, as it were, as we acquire proficiency in the golf links of life.

There was a time when a boiler was doing good work to produce one horse power of steam for one hour with 12 pounds of coal; it is now done in many modern plants with $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 lbs. of coal.

The life insurance is, without doubt, the best defined efficiency business in the world. In fact, it is not a business as at present conducted; it is a cinch. It takes no chances, every detail has been developed through a series of standards of the widest experience and calculation.

The companies do not take much risk on the present schedule of rates and standards of examination. The bet made on a man's life is a safe one, for it is established on averages worked out from a hundred thousand or more similar cases. They know how many men at forty years of age are going to die this day or that day that they made a bet on ten years ago, and the standards were mostly established years ago when medical science was not so well developed; when health conditions were less developed; when the death rate was higher. Experience shows that with the increase in civilization and correct ways of living and nursing the sick, that these standards are high.

When collecting \$100.00 for a premium, they know they are going to be able to return 20%, or some other goodly percentage, of that amount at the end of the year. The percentage is not affected by experience with the risk so much as by the methods the respective companies pursue in conducting their business. Their efficiency in their respective departments controls some of that returned premium or dividend.

What was once a good standard is now a bad standard. Some day "the powers that be" in life insurance will realize to what extent this is an adverse factor in business-getting. Instead of pointing to a high dividend return, which is in fact returning a part of the excess premium charge—they will point to a lower first cost and increase the amount of insurance a man will carry. That is real efficiency, and in no line is it more definitely exemplified than in the life insurance business,—but, I am digressing.

Should we not measure our physical power plant along some line of standardization? If we eat more than we need to produce good results, or stuff our bodies with the wrong kind of fuel, we are sorely trying the machinery with the additional strain of disposing of the excess fuel charge. Our pipes become clogged; the pressure is reduced, and we take on the air of an over-dosed steam plant. Scale forms in the tubes; circulation is bad; and the trouble is generally met by heaving more coal, and adding further burdens to the plant when we ought to be cleaning the fire and removing the cinders.

In boiler practice, there is a compound frequently used to clean out the tubes of scale—it is a nostrum of notorious reputation, but it "helps some" at times; but as a permanent attachment to the boiler, it is a very bad thing, for it produces an excess of sludge which must be blown out frequently and performs an operation in

the boilers that could be more effectively accomplished outside and these properties removed before the water goes into the boiler.

We individuals have much the same experience—only we take a dose of another sort to stimulate our power plant; it may be medicine, it may be booze, but in any event, the need seems to be created in much the same way and detracts from our efficiency.

"Correction at the source" is the real remedy.

To use 12 pounds of coal where 3 will be better; to keep two firemen busy where one should be sufficient; to fill the air with steam that ought to be going to the engines; to transmit power through crooked, misaligned shafts and through bad belting systems to the machines, are all physical losses and defects that we correct as quickly as we become aware of their seriousness and how they affect our particular pocketbooks.

We don't apply these principles to our bodies, however. We take better care of our kitchen ranges than we do of ourselves—Why? Because in taking proper care of ourselves, we run counter to our pleasures, our tastes, our habits, yet they all detract from the efficiency of our physical power plants in just the same way that they reduce our steam plant efficiencies.

For, friends, the Sage of East Aurora says: "I know that bodily health is necessary to continued and effective work;

That I am largely ruled by habit;

That habit is a form of exercise;

That up to a certain point, exercise means increased strength or ease in effort;

That all life is the expression of spirit;

That my spirit influences my body,

And my body influences my spirit.

That the universe to me is very beautiful, and everything and every-

body in it good and beautiful, when my body and my spirit are in harmonious mood."

I am reminded of a recent press report of the discovery of a new kind of fox that lives on a cone-shaped mountain about fifty miles southeast of Hinton, W. Va. For several generations, it says, these foxes have been in the habit of running in one direction around the mountain. This has resulted in the legs on one side becoming shorter than those on the other. Because of this, the foxes are capable of running at a terrific rate of speed.

On the straight chase no man or dog has ever been able to run them down. The only way to catch them, Mr. Murray said, is to run around in the opposite direction and head them off. Then, he explained, they turn and, because of the difference in the length of their legs, cannot help but lose their balance and tumble head over heels down the mountain.

All one has to do then, it was said, is to run down the mountain and pick them up.

The power plant of a factory is its main stay; if it gets out of whack, time is lost, production is reduced and profits fall off, and workmen lose their earning power during such intervals.

If we get physically knocked out, we are not on the job the required time; we don't produce the business we should, and we may cause a loss to someone else through personal deficiency and incapacity that we could control if we would realize to what extent we have that power within ourselves. You often meet men who give you the impression of a runaway power plant—bustling, storming around like an engine without a governor, blowing away at every joint, making noise like 100 miles an hour and going about 10. Sometimes you wonder if they are not running backwards.

Keep the boilers clean, buy and supply good fuel at regular intervals, cut out the nostrums, keep the pipe joints tight, waste no steam, and keep the pressure up you can best maintain without strain. Keep the engine and all of the parts in good shape and you will have a power plant that will produce the results the world expects of you and that you are capable of producing.

You would raise the Old Nick with an engineer or fireman that would operate a power plant with some of the defects I have mentioned, but you will eat three times as much as you should, and of food unfit for steam purposes, sit up half the night with the Royal family, hoist in a cargo of booze, and do a lot of other foolish things eminently more destructive to your power plant, and think nothing of it.

I want to call your attention to one feature of any engine that is strangely analogous to the human being. What do you do when you hear a knock in your automobile engine? And, don't you instinctively step back and away from a locomotive or a large steam engine that has a knock on its bearings? Surely you do, because you recognize trouble. You hurry to the repair shop with your automobile. You know that it is only a question of "how soon it will happen," for such weaknesses have only one result.

Is there any really different condition surrounding the "knocking" individual? He represents the advance guard of trouble. You don't like to hear it from anyone, and your knocking does not carry any more pleasure to him. Whenever we have the hunch to "knock," we should get it out of our system at once; tighten up the bearings with a loyalty monkey wrench, and put on some of the lubrication of human kindness, and the "knocking" microbe will vamoose—in the language of our friend, Elbert Hubbard.

There is one thing we must always keep in mind! Steam pressure of itself doesn't mean anything. Its merchantable value depends upon its utilization in effective channels without waste either in transmission or conversion into power. Intelligent direction and conversation means engineering. You are the engineer of your own steam plant; you must direct the forces there generated; you must look out for the losses, for the direction thereof into channels and through media that produce motion, power and thus perform good work. As you fail, the boiler inspector may appear on the job and condemn you for the purpose employed and put you on the slide to the junk dealer.

Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said: "My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault, or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I

performed my part as a keel-boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon river. It had a five-foot boiler and seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

There must always be some balance in a steam plant, for blowing the whistle all the time, however much pressure there may be behind it, won't get anywhere, if the boiler isn't big enough to do the useful work relation between our steaming and whistling ability.

Remember this too,—the manufacturer can buy a new power plant, on any specifications he wants to submit, when the old one wears out, but you are up against an entirely different proposition. You have only one, the specifications for which were drawn up before you had anything to say about it, and your "factory" will only do business as long as that one is kept in proper condition—no renewals are possible—you take a chance and get some part or another "fixed," but with it all, you can't buy a new one or change the construction of the one you have, but you can control its care and up-keep.

An efficient power plant is a model of organization; no lost motion, no unnecessary work, no leaks—every part for a purpose and every purpose having a part. We can organize ourselves just as scientifically if we have the will, the desire, and—why shouldn't we do it? Why should we trifle with the greatest machine that has or ever will be invented when we take such extraordinary care of the every physical production, the replacement of which means but a few dollars?

The question is, do we realize the possibilities?

Free Power for Manufacturers

*Will free power for manufacturers
prove a profit to municipalities?*

THE founders of the preplanned city of Lomax, Henderson County, Illinois, realizing the fact that the manufacturers' interests follow the center of population westward, gave especial attention to ideal conditions for factories in outlining plans of their model city.

They have, in unusual degree, the four greatest essentials for factory profits and comforts:

1. Shipping facilities.
2. Power.
3. Labor.
4. Living conditions.

Their plans for factory encouragement are somewhat unique, inasmuch as they are furnishing power upon the following basis: They will give to each manufacturing plant free power for at least 90 years on the basis of one horsepower for each male employee, charging for additional power, at the rate of \$20 per horsepower per year. This, I believe, is a plan never heretofore undertaken by a municipality.

This, as well as the many other splendid provisions for a better city, is protected against future adverse legislation through a deed of trust which prohibits any change of plan.

Their factory district is separated from the residential district, and comprises several thousand acres of ideally located land; and these locations will be built upon where desired, the manufacturer being allowed to pay for the site at acre prices, and the buildings at actual cost; paying as low as 2% per annum on this investment, until the entire cost price has been paid; when the property will belong to the factory owner.

For shipping, they have two trunk lines, one lesser road, and the Mississippi River, since the building of the Keokuk dam, is navigable for large vessels. Two more roads are being financed. The spur and yard system for factory district is the most comprehensive and safe, in the writer's opinion, yet planned. Each factory will have its own trackage at the door, with a vast network in union yards. And still this will be so enclosed that no one can possibly get on the track unintentionally, or meet with accident.

Labor problems are largely settled in advance by low rentals (based on 2% of actual cost) of workmen's homes with no crowding, no tenement quarters; a chance to buy and build on small rental basis, without cash.

These conditions have brought the better class of working men in great numbers. There can be no liquor, gambling, or other forms of vice, as the community is protected against this forever by the above mentioned deed of trust.

Living conditions, as outlined, are as nearly perfect as careful study and control can make them. Markets are handy, as this city is in the center of the richest region of the country, near the center of population, and a circle drawn around Lomax will show within 200 miles in each direction, a population of over ten million people.

I was very much impressed by the free power plan. I believe it can be worked out with profit to any city. The workings of this idea will no doubt be watched with greatest interest by cities and manufacturers over the entire country, with a view of testing this method, instead of free sites or bonuses.

How to Run a Retail Store

By JAMES W. FISK

Some points on organization and forethought that make for efficient service

"IF I was in your place, John," the visitor was saying, "I'd change a lot of things around here. I hope you won't think I'm 'butting in' and I believe you understand my friendliness well enough not to take offense at what I'm going to say. Trouble is, that a man in your position often gets so close to his work that he doesn't see what is going on and that's no reflection on your ability either."

John Oliver, manager of the Millbank Department Store, leaned back in his office chair, query stamped on his countenance. "I know there's a lot of things that are not right," he finally blurted out, "but for the life of me I can't see any way of changing them."

"I'll tell you what's the matter," answered the visitor, "you try to do everything at once. Now, if you would divide things up and take one at a time, you could get a whole lot more done. Of course, the things that are radically wrong should be corrected first, but some of the others will need considerable 'digging' to find where the fault lies."

"To begin with, your store needs organization. Only last week, so I am told, while you were away a very urgent matter came up and no one knew what to do or who should do it. What do you think would happen if you dropped out of sight tomorrow? I'll tell you, John, depending on one individual is too uncertain. The day of the one-man business is past and you ought to suggest the subject of understudies to your department heads by having one yourself. You would be in a pretty pickle if your

dress goods buyer quit tomorrow, wouldn't you?

"Tell your heads that they needn't worry about assistants crowding them out of their jobs but that they must make these assistants competent to handle the work in case they are absent."

"And, John, here are a few ideas that I would be glad to have you think over and decide if they are good for this business. It has seemed to me that we can't speak with any great degree of certainty as to just what our goods are or what they will do. Any statements we make about worth are based on either the reputation of the house we buy from or pure guess work. Now, I've been fooled lots of times. I've thought fabrics all wool when they were fully ten per cent. cotton. It seems to me for the protection of our customers and so that we may be sure we are telling the truth, we ought to install a chemical laboratory to test every yard of goods that comes into the store. Definite knowledge helps to sell goods and to impress customers with the fact that you know your business."

"This is just one of a great many things that might impress your customers."

"I believe that a man in any business should not conform too closely to established customs but should do a great many things that others don't do because they can't or haven't thought about it. Surely it takes nerve to leave the beaten track, but you know the old adage, 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.'"

"Take our special sales, for instance. We have been running the

best bargains in the back of the store to draw the crowd past our offerings of regular goods, and every store uses the same plan. Next week, let's try putting our best items up in front where those outside can see the crowd gathered and be induced to come in through curiosity. We ought to get a lot of people in the store that way that have not read our advertising in addition to those that have. Then, too, every one who came in the door should be handed a card telling about specials in other parts of the store; a brief summary of our regular newspaper advertisement. We might also mention on these cards some things not advertised. There are always some lots too small to be advertised broadcast, yet sufficiently large to accommodate those who would normally come to the store.

"Talking about getting things 'up front,' I believe if we were to fix up that large corner window for a rest room, it would draw attention at least. You know our rest room on the fourth floor isn't used much because it is out of the way. You may be sure that any woman passing by would stop and probably come in if she saw one of her friends in the window resting-room.

"Just another thing about providing comforts for our customers. I would suggest taking out the aisle tables in the silk section and putting in a row of comfortable settees, down the center of the aisle. And here's another thing; on hot summer days, I believe it would be policy to have uniformed girls distributing ice water as they do in the theatres.

"Maybe all of these ideas won't be practical. That is for you to decide.

I'm bringing them to your attention to induce more thinking on your part.

"Take out-of-town telephone service. We are offering it free, of course, to those who wish to place orders. Wouldn't it be a good idea to remove this limitation? How many people do you suppose would accept our generous offer without at some time becoming patrons of the store?

"Then there are a number of people that for one reason or another find it inconvenient to come to the store. Couldn't we arrange to send some one to their home with samples of the goods they are interested in? Wouldn't this extra service make a good impression on the customer? We could use much the same means in working up trade in surrounding territory for our mail order department. I believe it would pay to send out a representative with samples to show, not to sell.

"I've often wondered, too, why some store didn't arrange a moving window display of various lines of goods, plainly ticketed with price and other information. Somewhere not long ago I saw an electric sign that flashed something like fifty different phrases. I believe the novelty and effectiveness of this method would bring us a lot of business.

"Why wouldn't it be a good stunt to run a card in the street cars simply announcing a sale for a certain day and stating that everyone who came to the store would have her fare refunded?

"Now, I hope this bunch of suggestions won't induce brain storm. Sometime I'll tell you more of my dreams of increased business."

The things you do today, this week, this month, will show up in your business batting average next year.

What a Sales Record Teaches You

By A. M. BURROUGHS

A Chapter from "A Better Day's Profits," Copyrighted 1912 by the
Burroughs Adding Machine Company

*"It is by knowing what has sold, that
the chain store fellows are able to make
such enormous sales on such a small stock."*

THE banana man who sells his entire stock of bananas every night can tell you the exact number of bananas purchased and the exact number sold during any business day.

He knows all there is to know about the "sales end" of his business. It isn't *guess work* with him. He knows absolutely what he has done; what he has sold; what he has purchased; what profit he has made.

With him each day's business is a separate business, just as much so as if he were a banana merchant on Monday, a peanut vender on Tuesday, and a baseball player on Wednesday.

If he over-buys, he just cuts the price to make his stock move. He doesn't carry any dead stock. It isn't necessary to take an inventory at the end of the day to find out how much stock he has. He has *none*.

What he doesn't know about his sales and purchases isn't worth bothering about.

He has a "statement of his business" that makes him look like a wizard compared to most retailers.

He has *sales analysis* down to a fine point.

Yet the banana man doesn't need to keep books. He has only one line of goods; he is his own and only clerk; he closes out his business every day—it is comparatively simple to arrive at all the sales facts.

But even the smallest retailer has a much more complicated business.

The average retailer has many lines of goods. He has several clerks. He

doesn't close out his business every day. It continues from day to day, week to week and month to month. He doesn't even close it out at the end of the year.

On account of its being *bigger*, he can't know as much about his business unless he uses *bigger methods* for getting the information.

If a man has a mind *big* enough and *magic* enough and *superhuman* enough to grasp all the details of a big retail business and to store them up in his memory for weeks and months —

Well, then, he would be *wise enough* to use records instead of brain cells for a bookkeeping system.

He would do just what all the successful retailers, the chain store fellows, and the really successful one-man businesses are doing.

There is a chain of big clothing stores, doing business in a number of cities, employing from twenty-five to a hundred clerks in each store, which can give you just as complete information about its sales as can the banana merchant who sells but one line of goods, has but one clerk, and who closes out his business every day.

This chain store company is not unusual; its methods are unusual only in that they are typical of the methods of other *successful* merchants in every line of business.

For every sale that is made in each of the stores in this chain, the clerk makes out a sales slip giving the name and amount of the goods sold and the price.

The bookkeeper tabulates this information and is able to tell at the end of the day how much goods of each line has been sold, the number and the amount of the sales by each clerk, the number and the volume of sales in each department, and number and the volume of sales in the entire store.

In the home office, the bookkeeper tabulates this information so that the managers of the great corporation which conducts the stores can tell at a glance exactly what profit has been produced by each line of goods, and by each clerk in each store.

If the expenses in each store, for instance, exceed by one-fourth of one per cent. the established average on the total sales, that store is going to hear from the Home Office before long.

Each store is allowed about 10 to 10½% of its total sales as salaries. After the manager's salary in each store is taken out and allowance made for bookkeepers, stenographers, janitors, watchmen, etc., about 8½% to 9% is left to pay the clerks.

If a single clerk shows sales in such small amount as to raise the percentage represented by his salary to above 9%, he will very quickly hear from the manager.

If the condition continues for any considerable length of time, the clerk is certain to be dropped and some one else put in his place who can reduce the cost of sales behind his counter to 9% or less.

If a clerk sells enough goods to bring the percentage represented by his salary down to less than 8% of his sales, the management watches him and soon raises his salary or promotes him.

And then if a certain line of collars, for instance, doesn't sell as readily as some other line, the line which sells best (the store is in position to *know* what lines sell best), will soon be the only line of collars carried—the line which will be pushed.

With complete sales information these stores are able to quickly eliminate the goods which *won't* sell and to replace them with goods which *will* sell.

And no store which doesn't keep a complete record and which doesn't *push* lines which show a fair profit and *drop* lines which don't, can long hope to compete with stores like those in this chain.

Apply these methods to your business for a while and see if you don't increase your sales and decrease your ratio of expenses.

Obituary Notice

Died of starvation, Ambition, Daughter of Hope and Discontent.

Her daughters, Courtesy and Cheerfulness, are very low from the same cause and her sons, Energy, Activity, Alertness and Loyalty, committed suicide on her grave.

A little appreciation would have saved all their lives.

"She asked for bread and they gave her a stone."

—F. T. WATSON

The Emptiness of a Large City

By AUSTIN WOODWARD

This article sounds a strong note of warning that deserves consideration

ALL over this broad land are thousands of young men and women whose crowning ambition is to make a big city their home. In consequence, thousands of hopeful—very hopeful—young people flock there during the course of a year, to meet with almost certain disillusionment.

William Dean Howells once characterized New York as a "squeezed orange"—viewing it, of course, from a literary standpoint. That was more than fifteen years ago. Were he to have made that statement yesterday, he could, with considerable appropriateness, have used the term "lemon" instead. And not without reason. For in many regards New York, or any large city, is a lemon in the fullest sense of up-to-date slang vernacular. No one can deny its manifold advantages to people of means who would sojourn there for a time—to the student of art, music or letters, for instance. Needless to say, it is not for such that this article is intended.

It is to the young man or woman who seeks a commercial career in the city that I would speak; to those who, enthused by articles they have read, imagine they can follow, to some extent at least, in the footsteps of Wanamaker, Stuart, Field and a score of others who have "cornered" success in our larger cities.

In rare instances, possibly in one case out of a hundred, a man of strong physique will manage to climb above the writhing horde. But unless he be a man of exceptionally strong

constitution, not many years elapse before a younger, fresher animal is filling his place, so great are the demands upon human endurance.

For in the great centers, men are as horses—valued either for their swiftness or for their strength—worked for all they are worth, and quickly disposed of when disabled. Nowhere, in fact, is the law of "the survival of the fittest" better exemplified; and doubtless more men in the big cities live in the constant fear of "losing their jobs" than in other localities on earth, because in no place is there such a constant shifting of employees.

In a large, uptown advertising agency in New York is a placard which reads: "Any employee found scattering paper about the place, will be instantly discharged." For what matters it in the city, how trivial the cause for dismissal, how clever or talented any employee—are there not dozens of others, equally capable, waiting like ravenous flies outside the door, to rush in and fill the vacant place? And is not the waiting list inexhaustible?

Glance through the Want Columns of the city paper any morning; visit any regular employment agency; go to the employment bureaus of any of the numerous typewriter concerns at nine o'clock on any working-day, if you doubt the existence of an anxious throng. Question any of the hundreds of applicants for work, and you will be surprised at the preponderance anywhere from five to twenty positions there, within a remarkably brief period.

If you would better understand the *why* of these conditions, visit any portion of the business section—the feverish financial district—the wholesale district—the produce district—the long row of sky-scrapers with their hundred of offices, their thousands of occupants, keyed, for the most part, to the highest pitch. Go where you will, you cannot get away from the pervading sense of fearful pressure and unrest—of rush and steady strain. Both employer and employee seem tangled in the nerve-withering turmoil. You ache for them, and turn away in pity.

A false idea prevails that in the city salaries are much higher than in other places. This is very far from true, although in consideration of the greater cost of living, it should be so. To be sure, top-notch positions do pay well indeed, but that is true anywhere. The average position, however, commands practically the same emolument it would in other places—sometimes even less. Let us take a few cases:

The big department stores are filled with weary people who, for the greater part, sell their services for a mere pittance. One cannot but wonder how some of them manage to live at all.

In the freight offices of a large railroad in one of our principal cities are dozens of married men who receive only \$45.00 a month, and have small hope of ever getting more. Were it not for the fact that the company provides free transportation to small suburban towns, it would not be possible for these men to pay for the bare necessities of life.

One of the largest and wealthiest printing establishments in the world pays its traveling salesmen only \$25 a week. And those who don't soon reach a high standard of efficiency, are dismissed. The private secretary of one of the most prominent life insurance executives receives but \$100 a month.

So it is, throughout the various commercial ramifications; and the man who reaches the \$200-a-month mark is decidedly in the minority. And yet, what does even that amount to in a major city, where rents are abnormally high because space is at so great a premium?

So the city dweller of moderate means, in selecting a home, has to choose between two undesirable things: To pay a large rental for a dark, stuffy place, in "town," or else become a commuter and spend from two to four hours on the cars each day—frequently longer.

In sharp contrast with the ideas of many, are those of a Detroit lumber dealer who told the writer he would like to live in New York if he could afford it. And yet, this man is rated by Dun at two million dollars—a sum which, if invested in three per cent., government bonds would yield an annual income of \$60,000.

"Oh it makes me so tired—so tired!" a friend once remarked after returning from a visit to the city. And well it might, with the incessant rush and dust-laden atmosphere; the stifling heat and humidity that frequently prevail from early spring until fall; the spirit of eternal unrest; the attitude of cold, unreasoning suspicion in that city of all cities where next-door neighbors remain strangers all through the passing years.

Most of us are familiar with the oft-repeated sentiment that they who seek happiness are least apt to find it. If your real city man ever believed this, he forgot it long ago, for he is ever seeking new sights, new sensations. Nothing is too startling, too novel, and the things that interest most people are trite—blasé—to him. Those who have ever had an opportunity to observe a genuine city man trying to enjoy a vacation in some quiet, country place, will better understand my meaning.

The large city—home of the homeless—nowhere else on earth is the

struggle to earn a livelihood half so keen, so wearying; and while there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that one can keep the pace and "make good," the price in broken health and frayed-out nerves is far too great to warrant continued effort there.

Contrast, if you will, the artificial life I have briefly outlined, with that of some quiet village or small city where grass, trees and earth abound

in place of brick, stone and cement—where you can behold, on every hand, a vast expanse of sky; where the ozone—buoyant life-giving—flows fresh from Nature's vast reservoirs.

Let those who have some temporary advantage to gain, go there if there is no alternative; but they who have in view a contented, peaceful, well-rounded existence, must surely avoid the great city as a place of permanent residence.

Shall China Have a Navy?

THE great nations of Europe acknowledge freely that the continued building of armaments is not only useless but constitutes an enormous drain on their resources. It is only because they have embarked on the vicious policy in times past and are afraid to stop unless everyone agrees to stop, that they do not immediately cease building battle-ships. The new Republic of China is facing for the first time the problem of a navy. Will she follow the example of the European nations, or will she take advantage of her opportunity and refuse to commit herself to the waste of money? The *Republican Advocate* of China has a good editorial on the subject, called "Why a Navy?"

"If the formation of a Naval Board is to lead the country into a heavy

expenditure for fighting ships it had better be immediately abolished. China's most urgent need for many years to come is the development of industry and commerce; but if we spend our money for ships we shall have little for such purposes.

"China is not able to build ships herself, and the labor necessary for their production will in no way benefit any section of our people. The ships must be built, if they are built at all, abroad, but the bill must be paid by China, and the enormous cost of their upkeep will also be China's. Moreover, when they are built they will be useless excepting for show, or for some such purpose as that which occupied our ships this summer." Will China be the nation to inaugurate the new policy?

"The time when 'everybody will know about you' will never come. The audience of the business man is a constantly changing one. You have got to tell people who and where you are and what you are offering. And you have got to keep on telling."—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN, in *The Baltimore Sun*.

Fortunes in Word-Coining

By H. W. Peet

*Interesting side lights on the origination
of some famous advertising names*

IT may be true that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." A moment's reflection, however, will prove that many of the things we swallow or handle every day of our lives would not be in constant use had it not been for the distinctive, striking names they bear.

"Kodak," "Bovril," "Odol," are all words which had no existence till minted in the fertile brains of the "godfathers" of these goods. The best proof, if proof were needed, is that today several of these names of household requisites, not in existence a generation ago, have now become such a recognized part of the language that they find a place in the dictionaries.

THE CASE OF KODAK

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. George Eastman, a maker of photographic plates, at Rochester, N. Y., made the first roll films. The apparatus in which these were exposed he christened, under a happy inspiration, a "Kodak." Both the goods and the name were an immediate success, and today the term is applied not only to many forms of photographic requisites but to the famous American firm which manufactures them. Indeed in everyday conversation, "Kodak" is used to describe any small camera, but woe betide the trader who should seek to pass off under this name any apparatus not made by "Kodak Ltd."

The word "Kodak" is almost a palindrome, and was built up, after much thought and experiment, by Mr. Eastman. It was, on the other hand, through a fortunate misunderstanding

ing that the well-known photographic paper, "Solio," was so named. In the early days of the company's history in this country, their offices were "up one flight" in Soho Square. In the course of a discussion, Mr. Eastman wrote the word "Soho" on a piece of paper and suggested it as the name for the new paper. An assistant misread the word as "S-o-l-i-o," and, it being realized that this was a more effective cognomen, "Solio" the paper was dubbed.

THE BOVRIL INSPIRATION

Who knows "Johnston's Fluid Beef"? Just a few people, whose memories go back to the seventies. "Bovril," on the other hand, is known in every quarter of the globe, including the—usually—uninhabited, for it is part of the equipment of every explorer. Yet the two articles are the same, both being the happy invention of the late Mr. J. Lawson Johnston. The "Fluid Beef" had all the merits of "Bovril," but the latter name, derived from "*Bos, Bovis*, an ox," and "Vril," the unknown force dealt with in Lord Lytton's book, "The Unknown Race," caught the imagination of the public, and made Mr. Johnston's fortune.

"Lemco" is a word of more recent origin. The Liebig's Extract of Meat Company found that there were so many inferior imitations of their specialty being put on the market that they built up from the initial letters of their title the word by which their extract is now known.

The evolution of the trade mark, "Oxo," was not so simple, and yet it is unique in effectiveness and simpli-

city. Curiously enough, the word was suggested by no fewer than ten persons in a competition held to help in solving the difficult task of the choice of a name. Not only is it a perfect palindrome, but it reads the same from all points of the compass, and the ingenuity of the advertising manager can read it in many a classic border and ornament. Quite recently it has been discovered in the gilt circles and semi-circles of the gown worn by the architect in the new "King Alfred" Panel at the Royal Exchange, while by a curious coincidence it was found spelt out in coloured bricks, forming a decorative frieze of a wall of a house purchased a few years back by one of the directors of the company!

OTHER WELL-KNOWN NAMES

"Vaseline" is one of the best-known words in the language, and yet it may only be applied to the petroleum fat products of the Chesebrough Company. This word is, indeed, a hybrid, for it is derived from the German "*Wasser*, water," and the Greek "*Elaion*, oil," but it is a description which fits the goods admirably.

Of pure classic origin is "Hovis," the famous brown bread, for it is only a contraction of the Latin, "*Hominis vis*," "the strength of man," a phrase which at once describes the outstanding qualities of the food.

Classic in derivation, too, and suited to their serious purpose, are the nerve foods, "Sanatogen" and "Plasmon." The former may be translated as near as possible into English as "health producer," while "Plasmon" is derived from the Greek word "*Plasma*," which denotes the inter-cellular substance, the basis of building up.

No special significance surrounds the choice of the Latin words, "Vim" and "Lux," as the trade marks of Messrs. Lever's famous goods, although the "strength" of the cleansing properties of "Vim," and the

pure as "light" appearance of goods washed with "Lux" are evident to all their thousands of users. "Viyella," the famous fabric deriving its name from the Via Gellia Valley, near Matlock, where it is woven, is perhaps seen to its best advantage when washed with the latter flaked soap.

All the goods touched on have brought new nouns into the language, but only one or two have come to be used as verbs. No word has, in recent years at any rate, so caught the popular imagination as "Zog," and we now "zog" off dirty marks as often as we "rub" them away.

"Zog" is a pure inspiration, as the description of the famous cleaner of paint and silver, and occurred to the inventor one morning as he was shaving. That happy thought must have brought him in a very nice little fortune.

MEDICINE NOMENCLATURE

Among medicines there are several examples of catchy descriptions, but as they are usually associated with the goods more in the adjectival sense, the title being completed by pills, ointment, or "syrup," most are outside the scope of the present article.

There are, however, two entirely new nouns which have "taken on" particularly well, namely, "Zambuk" and "Peps." Neither has any significance apart from the articles to which they are apportioned, and yet each is known to every man, woman and child in the kingdom.

The word "Zam-buk" is a pure invention of one of the directors of the company, its origin or derivation being "wrapt in mystery." So also unaccountable is the inception of the name for the popular lozenge, the "Peps," in which the name as well as the article suggests the smell of the pine forest.

THE MORAL OF WORD COINING

We all know that "you can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can-

not fool all the people all the time." There must be the goods there as well as the wrapping paper, and though the well-known articles mentioned have doubtless brought fame and fortune to their proprietors owing to the catchiness or aptness of their titles, yet in every case there has been real quality behind what was offered.

The psychology of advertising is the most modern and one of the most intricate of sciences, and the choice of a good name is one of the elemental rules for the successful offer of an article. When the good name is applied to the good goods then the proprietor is on a good thing.

Are You Travelling Upgrade?

By ORVILLE ALLEN

"THE greatest moment in our career," says Dr. Frank Crane, "is when we awaken to the shining truth that our life, to make or mar, is wholly in our hands; that neither dark destiny nor grim fate, nor the stars, nor the decrees of the gods, nor the machinations of men or devils, can cheat us of that greatness of soul and serenity of mind which are the crown of real success."

Have you had that moment in your life yet? If you have, you may feel pretty sure you are headed upgrade.

A young man came under my observation not long ago who had reached that critical point in life. Up to that time, he had always sailed along holding down his job, under difficulties, but "getting by." He changed positions often and his reason was always about the same, "that so-and-so had it in for him and because he could not get along with him he thought it better to leave the organization."

But he finally arrived where, to get another job was no easy matter. He had no record to give his prospective employer. He had gotten along without a record of past performance up to this time because he was just

entering the business world and did not demand much of a salary. At the time I speak of though—the time he got the awakening—he had been in the business world several years and was getting above the average salary. Then when the same trouble came—the trouble of not getting along with certain ones in the organization because they had it in for him and he was forced to leave—he found that the biggest sale of all was to sell his services. The sale was so big, in fact, that he almost lost it. He did, however, finally land a job and is now headed upgrade.

The terrible thing about this moment coming in our lives is that it usually makes or mars us, and there are far more failures after this moment than there are successes. To feel that the odds are against you; that all the irresistible forces of a cruel fate have combined to down you; to see nothing in your future but failure is in far too many cases the outcome of this moment.

But to get through this critical moment and discover that we ourselves are master, and that no outside forces can make or mar our life is to have reached the opening vista of limitless opportunity and be ready for the more pleasant journey upgrade.

The Psychology of Salesmanship

By WALTER A. OLSEN

*Some contrasts between the old and
the new methods in salesmanship*

NOT so long ago the prime requisites for a successful salesman were supposed to be glibness of tongue and a reservoir of snappy stories with the faculty for humorous presentation. After two or three risqué yarns were spun the salesman, by a broadside of vehement and enthusiastic language, was supposed to clinch his sale, with the merit of the merchandise and adaptability to the merchant's needs a secondary consideration. Even to this day of modernity the lay mind, to a great extent, still entertains this alluring phantasy as the sum and substance of the traveling man's calling.

Those of us in the ranks know how distorted this analysis by the lay mind is. Even the young salesman, just breaking in, is bursting with suppressed stories which he knows will completely bury the merchant's wisdom under an avalanche of laughter while he calmly walks off with the order, extracted from said merchant's humorous admiration. However, these illusions soon disappear under the microscope of real, adamant fact. For the initial period of "breaking in" they serve their purpose in buoying up our enthusiasm and aspiration, but after the novitiate is passed the gruesome truth is forced upon us that brains and concentrated thought, is the magnet that draws the orders.

The salesman with a good joke and hearty laugh is still welcome, but the salesman with a goodly store of "gray matter" actively residing in his upper story is more welcome. He who most harmoniously combines both faculties and makes a judicious appli-

cation of the jokes and the "gray matter" is the most welcome of all. Personality, of course, plays its important part, but what is personality if not the most winning way of presenting one's intelligence? Personality is that faculty of dominating the other man by your own intellect in such a subtle way that he will not be conscious of the fact. The moment there is a clash of intellect the seller's personality becomes persistency by reason of the buyer's own salvation.

And so when you see a traveling man enjoying pronounced success you can rest assured that it is not because he can tell a better joke than the next man, but simply because his "gray matter" is of a more active and absorbing substance. True, the house he represents may be more prominent and progressive, but remember again that some salesmen, at some time before, made these things possible. Therefore the hypothesis devolves down to the fact that it required salesmen of the highest calibre to first establish the reputation of the house, and later salesmen of equal efficiency to maintain and increase the prestige of this reputation.

As a consequence of the new order of things, traveling men today measure up to a far higher standard of education and application than the outsider is generally aware. His story-telling propensities have almost been discarded to the limbo of forgotten things entirely. Progress is so fleet of foot that the merchant has no time for jokes. His whole thought is centered on the merchandise, and if the salesman can tell him

how best to sell it, so much the better. Right here brains supplant jokes. The pedestal of the good story is usurped by the reality of concentrated thought. Intense application to the matter in hand leaves no time for the display of facetiousness. Even after the transaction has been consummated the buyer either wants to learn of the business conditions and possibilities elsewhere or else has other vital duties awaiting his attention. And the salesman who is not a success, who loses the order in the majority of cases, looks about him for the cause.

We are gradually evolutionizing into that analytical state of mind where our attention is being concentrated on causes—not effects. And this literally marks a promotion in the cycle of reasoning. Up to the present time effects have occupied the major part of our time and study. By this process, while undesirable effects were at times obliterated entirely or modified, the causes of those effects still remained to assume annoying maturity. And so, in the end, instead of freeing ourselves from the fetters that bound, we merely loosened them to tighten upon the slightest provocation and first opportunity.

If from the beginning we had searched into the causes of things we probably would not now have the undesirable effect of petty bribes, etc., in the guise of luncheons, shows, banquets, prize fights and a host of other apparent obligations to the buyer when he comes to town and sometimes in his home town. Only recently we have witnessed the fall of one of the most prominent buyers in the largest department store of New York. This buyer voluntarily confessed and made affidavit thereto that he had taken a bribe of ten dollars for every piece of a certain kind of merchandise he had put in stock. And there were five different manufacturers each handing him his little bribe, which each year aggregated thousands of dollars.

This bribe imposition is at the present time the most vital effect before the traveling salesmen of this country. It is an effect that demands immediate annihilation. It is fattening on the fetters of its victims. Many remedies have been advanced to obliterate the effect. Some have been commendable, but all have failed because of the utter disregard to the paramount issue—the causes.

The advertising solicitors as a class are not obsessed with this imposition, because from the beginning they have discouraged the causes. Now, while they are in clover in this respect their brethren are seeking a way out of the mire. Like the weed, they are trampled upon by their customers with utter abandonment because they have invited the anticipation in every instance of favors in the shape of extra discounts, special prices, sectional confinement, free lunches and entertainment of various forms without cost when the customer comes to the city.

But many salesmen will say, "I have to do those things. If I don't the representative from a competitive house will cut in on me and get the business. I didn't start the custom, I am merely a victim of circumstance. I have to hold up my end in this regard or go under." By submitting to it, however, you are a party to and accessory after the fact.

Here in the beginning we have a cause. The effect of the cause will go on forever unless someone takes the initiative. When a new salesman starts out on the road, nine times out of ten it will be found that these effects have had their influence in the formulating of his plans. And so it is passed down from one to another, until it finally becomes a fixed idea that it is a natural policy of the house he represents. After that there is apparently no remedy so far as practical purposes are concerned.

And so the issue becomes more significant than ever—we must get at

the cause if we hope to establish a permanent cure. And in the composition of this permanent cure, the salesmen form the most vital composite. It can be safely said that the salesmen are the cause of fully ninety per cent. of this petty bribery. A child can take an order—but it requires scientific salesmanship to sell so as to abstract zero profit therefrom. The promise of some added inducement will awaken a responsive chord in any red-blooded man's bosom, simply because he imagines he is "putting one over" on the seller. I have heard buyer friends of mine innumerable times express themselves as highly elated after giving an order because they had secured certain advantages of a more or less personal nature.

Their common acceptance of the matter was, to quote them, "I got the best of that salesman."

Every avenue of productive cost is yearly mounting higher. The margin of profit, which is in sympathy with this increase, diminishes consistently. The more leeway the buyers are given, the more they take. The customers naturally derive *all* the benefit. This forms the one big reason why the petty bribe system—or concession system—supposed to be a "service" rendered the customer, is now assuming a real menacing form and shapes up as a positive bugbear. It has been nurtured and fed on the fact that it was not given much attention as long as the profits were large enough to make worry about items of expense unnecessary.

The worst feature of it, however, is that a number of times the salesman has to bear the expense himself, or in another form his commission percentage is lowered!

Next to knowing his goods, a salesman should make a psychological study of mankind. By cultivating the tastes of his customers and subtly suggesting the really right merchandise at the right time he can, nine

times out of ten, entirely submerge any ideas of extra concessions his customer may possibly possess. Knowing the mental processes of the human mind will be of far more help in this regard to the salesman than any subterfuges relating to his goods. For instance, every man's mind comes under one of the following classifications:

Those in Class No. 1, dominated by their knowledge, can best be sold by appealing to their intellectuality. They also can be made to see that free inducements are an imposition on the salesman and not a necessity. By treating them on a "merchandising equality" basis more will be gained by the salesman than if he acted the part of the "know it all." Many buyers like to feel that they are "in on the secret," and these are in this class. They realize just how much they have a right to expect, and will always meet you halfway. Approach them in a confident, willing-to-be-taught attitude and you have their confidence.

Class No. 2, dominated by their will power, is absolutely the hardest to handle. Those constituting this element of mankind will always demand more than is offered them. Possibly eighty per cent. of the "free concession" takers are in this class. The salesman in this instance must play the part of humility and approach the buyer as if he fully realized he was being granted a great favor. Direct opposition would be fatal. Even then a certain percentage of them will always demand extra inducements if only to exert their authority and manifest their will power.

The man who gave me my largest order, and in fact still does, is noted for his indomitable will. On every occasion I sell him he assumes a patronizing attitude, and rather than try to overcome it, I invite it by every art in my power. I know others from whom he would rather buy than

me, because they have the "stuff" which comes closer to what he wants, but I always get the order because I do not allow my mentality to in any way jar against or conflict with his. Up to the present time the "others" have given no thought to the psychology of this man's mind. I hope they never do—as long as I am on the job.

Class No. 3, dominated by their feelings, allows the salesman to manifest his own personality and powers of persuasion. It is the easiest class of all to sell. They, as a rule, depend on others for initiative. The seller *must* assert his own pre-eminence in the particular transaction under development. He must at all times hold the upper hand and dominate the buyer. Positive claims will be more effective than suggestions. The customer in this class will rely mostly on the salesman, who can accomplish best results by playing on the buyer's feelings of vanity, appearance and economy.

Any request for extra inducements will be more in the way of an experiment, and by the exercise of good judgment can always be overruled by the salesman. And who cannot at first glance determine a man who is a slave to his feelings? The very manner in which they receive you, the first sentence that leaves their lips immediately betrays their weakness. The salesman should approach through the "personal" appeal first.

By placing every sane man in one of these three divisions the salesman can complete his sale in the quickest time, at the least expense, and to their mutual satisfaction. A salesman's good judgment can keep the extra inducement or petty bribe proposition down to an extreme mini-

mum, just as easily as indifference or over-anxiety to please result in excessive additional expense. But the only way a salesman can exercise his good judgment is by knowing the mental processes of his customer—the first requisite to success!

With the present opportunities for the scientific study of mankind, embracing the "how" and "why" of all things done, there should be no reason for this traveling man's evil to flourish as it does. Eliminate it entirely!

But get at the causes of things! Annihilate the causes, and the effects will die a natural death! Try to kill the effects only, and the causes will always remain to confound you. The permanent cure is contained in destroying the germ! According to an old saying, pound a snake to a pulp and if you leave it in the sun it will become whole and dangerous again. The only way to destroy it is to kill the germ of life. The only way to suffocate the "petty bribe" snake, the most insidious of all, is to utterly and unmercifully destroy the causes of it. Why not make a beginning now?

Study the three divisions of man's mind as outlined above. After you have become adept in analyzing a man you won't need to resort to extra inducements to "help the sale along." When every traveling man stands on his merits alone we will all be the happier. And incidentally the "gray matter" in the salesman's vault of knowledge is just as precious and substantial as that in any other calling. Seventy-five per cent. of the standings! Seventy-five per cent. of present heads of the largest selling organizations in this country started out as salesmen and "in" as thinkers!

"In our hearts lies the Eldorado which we scour the world to find."

Conservation of Energy and Time

By PAUL KELLER

*How to master the "Little
Fozes" that pull us down*

LACK of supervision, by a superior, as well as too much latitude, whether usurped or allowed as a privilege, on the part of a salesman, has often been the finish of many a promising business career, and of many a flourishing business.

An old established business that had been painstakingly built up in many years, by two men, was progressing so smoothly that the partners for some time had been leaving most of the details to trusted department heads, and did not give that supervision to their employees that had always made each one seem but a cog in a smoothly running machine.

But for the last few seasons they had been losing ground, so slight at first that it was barely noticeable, then slipping away a little faster. There had been a few minor complaints that had come to the notice of the head of the firm, but they had seemingly been amicably adjusted, and no one in particular had been blamed.

The two partners, now old men, concluded that it was time to take notice. They investigated as far as vision alone went. Everything looked all right. They took an inventory of their salesmen; without exception the force seemed to be wide-awake, alert, attentive and courteous to customers, and rarely failed to clinch a sale. Not one could be accused of being neglectful. The senior member, Grey, concluded to resume his former practice of mingling with his employees and thus trying to locate the leak, by keeping his ears as well as eyes open.

Now this firm of household decorators and furnishers, besides selling

the goods, supplied men upon request to do the work, — painters, decorators, etc.

One morning about eleven o'clock Grey was on the first floor near the book-keeper's desk. He had approached apparently unnoticed, and was at the moment studying the back of a tall screen showing a display of a wonderful tapestry. A man came in the store and approached the desk.

"I have come to pay that bill you sent me," he said to the book-keeper, a young woman. "This item says thirty cents a roll. The salesman told me when he sold me the goods that it was twenty cents a roll."

The book-keeper summoned the salesman, who assumed an indifferent air and kept in the background. She explained the matter to him.

"Oh," said the salesman, "that was merely a general price, not a specified one. There were so many different grades that you were looking at;" and he sauntered away as if the matter was of no moment, but his reply was evasive, and merely a shift to hide his carelessness in making out his bill of sale.

But the customer's suspicions were now aroused, and the department head was summoned. The former explained the matter to him, supplemented by the book-keeper's statements. The department head looked knowing. "Well," he remarked, "with both edges trimmed it is forty cents, to tell the truth." It was a stagger, but failed to either mystify or satisfy the complainant.

"Neither edge was trimmed; but

that is not the question, it is the selling price," returned the man.

"Well, Ramsey made the sale," replied the department head, looking about the store, but the salesman was nowhere to be seen. Absolute indifference reigned.

"If there were so many different grades, why didn't he say so when I bought the goods and asked for prices?" said the now angry customer. "Come to study this, it is not an itemized bill anyhow. How do I know from this what I am paying for?" The book-keeper slowly and laboriously made out another bill. Grumbling, the man paid it, but ended the transaction with,—"Well I've been a cash customer of this place for years, but hereafter I'll give my money to Hanson-Brown up the street."

A few days after the above occurrence a customer came in and objected to the size of a bill. It was larger than the actual goods and labor came to by a good deal.

"Why, that is the firm's per cent.," explained the book-keeper.

"Then why in thunder, didn't the salesman tell me the per cent. charged when I asked if you sent a man for merely the union price of work? A little voluntary information given would not take much of his precious time. And why isn't the certain per cent. specified in the bill?" And another dissatisfied customer made a vow to give that store a wide berth in the future.

Result,—a discharged book-keeper and a more careful and systematic one installed in her place. The sales-force were summoned, the department heads too, and were warned that a different method of procedure hereafter be practised with customers. Each man must be well qualified as to prices and grades, so that there would be one price to each other and to the customers as well. Moreover, they were instructed to give all information to customers so that there would

be no misunderstanding. "Open, frank dealing must be our keynote, for it was upon this foundation that this business was built up; and it is not going to be torn down by ignorance and evasions," said the senior member.

Another instance of privilege taken advantage of by a salesman resulting in loss to the firm: A cash customer—a woman—desired a vacuum cleaner sent to her home on approval. She was informed by the salesman that to open a charge account would be necessary before the article could be sent on the condition named. The woman then decided that the cleaner should not be sent as she was against opening a charge account, and left the store. After she had gone the salesman, thinking to make a sale, concluded to send the cleaner to the address and charge it to the woman without her knowledge. The next day what was her surprise to receive a notice from the firm that a charge account had been opened in her name, and all bills must be settled at a certain date. Though she had decided to keep and pay for the article when it came on approval, she became indignant upon receipt of the notice and sent the cleaner back. Ultimately she withdrew her patronage from the firm, for she felt that the salesmen had too much privilege and that destroyed confidence in its methods.

But every firm is made or marred by its employees.

One successful merchant says that his biggest asset is a school for salesmen, where every employee is thoroughly posted as to rules that characterize that particular house in dealing with its trade. They are informed as to innovations and privileges and upon no account must they overstep them. But first every man employed must be well up in regard to his duties and requirements. That merchant has found the secret of success,—uniformity among his men.

The Mastery of Your Forces

By SHELDON LEAVITT, M. D.

WE are told that in sleep restorative action goes on at an unusual pace, and that it is a period in which the bulk of our physical and mental adjustments are made; and so we surfeit ourselves with sleep when from any cause the life currents appear to be running slowly. We are told that an organ which objects to doing its ordinary work, without seriously murmuring, ought to be shown every favor, and its burdens made as light as possible. We are told that a pain in a member is an indication of diminished tone or something gone wrong, and that the thing to do is to give it perfect rest. We are told that in working all the year we run down our supply of energy to a low point and that the requirement is a respite from action. They say that every man, even he who labors on from day to day without feeling exhausted or suffering the ordinary effects of overwork, is doing himself an injustice in not taking a period of recreation. Men say they have to go away once a year, as a change from their ordinary toil, in order to store up fresh energy for the remainder of the year. We are told that the digestive organs that register a protest against doing a reasonable and necessary amount of their ordinary labor must be shown consideration and the demands upon them must be reduced. *In other words we are told that the physical organism must be allowed to be dictator, and that we disregard its complaints at our peril.*

There is a grain of truth in all this, and I am not going to throw to the winds all the teaching of the past with regard to the conservation of physical energy; and yet I am going to assure you that *the way to acquire power is to use all the power you have.* Never think of your tank of

energy as drawn upon to near its last inch when you have done more hard work than usual; but think of it as automatically receiving fresh supplies as fast as they are used, and therefore as *always full*. You will find this change in ideals doing much for you. Look upon the body as *servant*, and not *master*. Feel your *authority*, for you have it and ought to use it in all confidence. When you do so you will not put so great stress on large measures of sleep and regular and long vacations. If, then, the digestive organs get lazy you will not unreasonably *indulge* them, but will *command* them. When your members say "I'm tired, and it hurts me to work," you will jolly them up and give them a push in the right direction.

What would you think of one who was to engage in a physical contest if he were to insist that he was going to "save up all his strength," and should refuse to go into hard training? Why, you'd put all your bets on the other man. Of course you would.

Work away unless you are positively ill, and *fear not*. It is always the safer and better way. Seven hours of sleep, the eating of a reasonable amount of wholesome food—such as people generally eat—putting your various functions and members to good strong tasks day after day, maintaining good discipline and holding a courageous and happy heart will bring you to triumph if you keep right on.

Be interested in what you are doing. Find joy in labor. Keep your vacations out of mind, so that you will not be sighing for them. Love labor and find pleasure in plenty of it. Hold to the spirit of courageous doing and peg away. To do otherwise is to lose.

Supreme Importance of Retailer

By WILLIAM T. GOFFE

Why the world of commerce and trade are dependent upon the service of the retailer

TOO little consideration of the importance of the retail division of trade and commerce is given by us all. Too much disposition to class those engaged in the retail distribution of goods as of the unimportant element is indulged in by us all. That's all wrong. Those who make up that class and are engaged in that division are of the supremely important element. All goods, of every description, produced or manufactured, are the output of simple errandry elements. The producers and manufacturers are simply primary servitors of the consumer through those who distribute the "ready to use" articles to the consumer of them.

Let us get it right. The overgrown opinion—one cannot call it "idea"—that the smoke begrimed factory or mine worker, or the soil and forest worker, eclipse those who put into the hands of the user the results of their work, is out of date. The former toil in factory and mine, on the farm and in the forest, with the sole hope that the great world of consumers will be prevailed upon to use their output; and the retailer is their *only* hope that this may be accomplished. Let us look the fact straight in the face, that all other branches of industry lean upon, and depend upon, those who labor—oh, so earnestly and effectively to move present stocks so that others may take their place!

Men in the producing and making divisions of commerce do find that there is keen competition for the patronage of the retail merchant, it

is true. But that competition, I am convinced, is far less keen than that experienced by the retail merchant himself. And while this is accounted for by the fact that there are many more retailers than wholesalers, it stands to the everlasting credit of the former, that while operating under these conditions, they are developing the human plant for the world's service, in a hundred-fold larger measure than all other callings together.

The question of personality is recognized by the wholesaler as a prime factor in gaining and holding business; and so it is coming to be recognized by the retailer in the same manner, though to a greater degree, I believe. Men and women in the retail division of business are wonderfully interested in the virtue of effort; effort to improve in personal power to persuade others to purchase goods of right quality, in just quantities; to lead others to think as they think, to believe as they believe, and to do as they desire them to do, in the interest and to the satisfaction and profit of both buyer and seller.

We find men and women in business, among all classes, who do not appear to realize that they are but cogs in the great wheel of trade, and who act as though they were specially privileged. These all too often may be found in the errandry class—the primary class; producing and making—shaping—that those at the top, nearest the King,—the Consumer,—may distribute to him and her. The retailer is nearest the Sovereign in this trade world. And he's coming to realize the fact.

The Characteristics of Monopoly

By W. H. INGERSOLL

*A clear cut analysis of
what constitutes monopoly*

WE have indulged in considerable reference to monopoly, in the abstract, in its relation to business and other phases of life, and it is well for us to pause and consider more definitely the general character of monopoly in its various forms.

I have not intended merely to join the chorus of detractors of monopoly, but have meant to consider it in its technical and actual aspects.

Conventionally it sounds very well to denounce monopoly and such a course probably needs no defense or explanation.

Aiming not to follow conventional lines, however, but rather to present new viewpoints, I want to be as clear as possible in all distinctions relating to monopoly rather than add more to the existing confusions of a very complex subject.

On one side these confusions are prejudicial to what is considered monopoly, but which is often legitimate business, and result in unwarranted clamor and absurd propositions of defense.

Equally perplexing and more damaging from the standpoint of diagnosis and consequent cure, are the sophistries currently used in defense and justification of monopoly itself, the anaesthetic effect of which directly retards the time of deliverance.

For example, it almost daily happens that we hear men, other than so-called agitators or radicals, expressing complaisant views as to the conceded trend of monopoly toward socialism.

We hear others citing advantages that have proceeded from monopoly, notably in lowering prices and pro-

ducing stable conditions all of which, more than anything, shows a confusion both of names and of understanding of the subject.

I doubt if real monopoly has often yielded permanent benefits to the public, or that intelligent study of the subject leads to a conclusion that it is inevitable or irremovable.

And of course, public opinion directed against monopoly, where graft and exploitation are the real issues, becomes both damaging and ineffective from its misdirection.

We want all the clamor we can get against the real offending system, especially if a remedy be in sight, but clamor against an effect instead of a cause, not only obscures the issue, but also quite properly gets for itself, contempt of such names as "mob rule."

"Obtained and enjoyed wholly or exclusively" is about the way Webster defines the general term "Monopoly."

Into how many classes monopoly is divisible, I don't know, but obviously the main considerations are two, namely, natural and artificial.

In the former class are, oil, coal, mineral and other deposits in the earth; water sources, water powers and water ways; and all of these are included in the shorter and more significant term, land.

The artificial monopolies are mainly industrial and may proceed from various forms of governmental protection, various forms of commercial manipulation or possibly from genius applied along business lines; and from natural monopolies.

The dictionary assists in many other distinctions, such as exclusive

rights, patents, copyrights, concessions, franchises, etc.; in fact, the subdivisions and details evidently interest the dictionarians more than the principles and principals involved.

Natural monopolies are last and most briefly defined, while the trust conception of combinations to raise prices is fully elaborated.

And this condition in the dictionary fairly reflects the general conception of the subject; the fundamental phase is overshadowed and obscured by the superficial and readily seen manifestations.

This is natural, but it is a confirmation of the premise on which these talks are based, that economics are not developed and that we are just beginning to see their importance and to study them; also that the authorities cannot be looked to for ready-made formulas—that they are in the making.

That the artificial monopolies should have first and most attention in text books and from the public, is also to be expected from the fact that they are nearest to us in our daily lives; they are forced on our attention, when the underlying monopolies are securely covered from our scrutiny.

It is easy to enlarge on the wonders of nature as manifested in flowers, fruits and grains, and these may be likened to the splendid crop of trusts now on exhibition.

But in considering reasons for their existence and good health we should open our minds to an examination of the underlying soil; they have not "just grown" like Topsy; they are not self-creating nor self-perpetuating; nor are they from our viewpoint economic or natural.

It should hardly be necessary to say that the word "monopoly" is not to be understood literally; there are practically no absolute monopolies, nearly all are qualified or limited; it is non-essential to the coveted advantage of a monopoly that it be complete.

An otherwise legitimate business

may owe but a fraction of one per cent. of its profits to some form of privilege and another so-called business may derive practically all its profits from the same or similar source; they differ only in degree and in their monopolistic phase are equally opposed to public welfare.

In fact in the former case, the damage may be eventually far greater through the insidious system from which we are suffering so greatly; if monopoly could be exhibited always in its naked, elemental form, it would not be the adversary it now is, attenuated by 99 parts business.

We can see monopoly in an oil-business that has bought or smothered competition, and intrenched itself with pipe lines; but we don't notice it in the ownership of oil lands that draw royalties from this very trust.

We commend the business enterprise of large merchants or manufacturers and overlook the fact that a portion of their prosperity is due to protection given their stock in trade or product. And in fact from this standpoint of analysis, we would discover that practically every business, if not individual, is the beneficiary, in widely varying degree of some sort of monopoly; in a vast majority of cases this is wholly unconscious and unsought.

The fact, however, that monopoly is so distributed, spread out thin, and unconscious, relieves it of none of its destructiveness, but has two very decided reactionary effects.

It makes a large number of people—the conscious monopolist—the defenders of the system and it makes the discovery and tracing of effects most difficult.

As an example: consider the vast multiplication of the number of monopolists due to stock company ownership of railroads and other public services, mines and other monopolies, making the "innocent purchaser" and the "widow and children" arguments almost impregnable as a defense of

monopoly itself. Yet, as to perhaps 90 per cent. of these "poor" stock owners, they would benefit as consumers, perhaps a hundred times more than they would lose as monopolists by the elimination of monopoly.

So we have plainly before us three important facts bearing adversely on the clarification of this confused and all-important subject:

First.—Education is wanting and is along misleading lines, dealing almost entirely with superficial instead of fundamental aspects—the artificial instead of natural monopolies.

Second.—The almost untraceable mixture of monopoly with business.

Third.—The consequent large number of people whose pecuniary interest *seems to be* in perpetuating monopolies.

And to these we may add the evolution, or rather devolution through several decades of a most complete development of the *protective idea in government*. Built mainly around the protective tariff, the "idea" pervades the government itself, national, state and municipal, and has become largely a part of our national sentiment.

This idea is really of ancient origin, but Americanized means that it is a part of the governmental function to "take care" of its people by granting special favors or privileges such as a subsidy to shipping interests or a railway enterprise; or to a manufacturing or commercial business in the form of tariff tax, a grant of land for special purposes, or free canal tolls.

And so through a long gamut of alliances with individuals, corporations, groups, and classes, has our Government come to be the best example extant of the protective idea of "special privileges."

And these of course, being essentially monopolistic, have not only propagated the commercial and industrial conditions that are at least being condemned, but what is worse,

have built up a sentiment and established a viewpoint actually favorable to these conditions, though they are opposed to all our national ideals.

How all this could have come about we are just now wondering, and it will be the privilege of some of us to watch the greatest struggle in Christendom, of a people to extricate itself from the bondage this "idea" has imposed.

Going back to the question of what monopoly really is, we must start at the bottom.

Obviously the monopoly to first concentrate on is that of the earth itself; this *anyone* would concede and I imagine that if someone could descend from "nowhere" and take a birdseye view of us he would refuse to believe that this phase of monopoly had entirely escaped the attention of those "students" who have so relentlessly pursued the subject of monopoly.

Besides constituting in itself the most comprehensive and most destructive monopoly, it nurtures and supports most of those of all other forms.

Perhaps the most frankly dominating trust is that of coal, and we will to it put the test of our statements.

It is more nearly "absolute" than most monopolies; its power lies in its ability to make its own price for coal and incidentally its own price for labor, and this power is derived first from its ownership of a large portion of the available coal lands, and next, from its ownership or control of the coal carrying roads.

Its theory of land ownership is not merely for its present working needs, but mainly to forestall all future needs and to make perpetual its power over both the coal and labor markets.

If its land ownership were disturbed, two things would happen: Capitalists and business men now only too alert for such opportunities

would be glad to produce the coal for, say, 50 per cent. lower prices, so taking away its monopoly market; this would make new openings for labor which would also break its monopoly at that end.

This disturbance of monopoly would not, however, hurt the business of coal production; on the contrary it would largely benefit, perhaps double it, as breaking the monopoly would throw open mines now unworked, stop the game of arbitrary short output, lower prices and increase production.

It is to be seriously questioned whether the monopolists themselves would be injured by compelling them to play the game of business along fair lines instead of being dogs in the manger.

We are discovering daily how little privileged people know as to their own best interest, and they are discovering that being compelled to line up with justice, morals or economics, does not always carry the measure of destruction or confiscation they predict.

This typical case of land monopoly and the conclusions drawn from it may serve as a sufficient exposition of its class, which, including as it does, all the vast mining interests, iron, copper, zinc, lead, oil, etc., make an aggregation that covers a large fraction of the entire monopoly domain.

Water is a natural monopoly of ever increasing value, for power, transportation and domestic use.

Incidentally here is an inconsistency in the current economic treatment of water—its monopoly for transportation is universally prohibited, but waters and water powers are private property.

But rapidly increasing urban population is compelling municipalities to reach out for available water supply, the private ownership of which is becoming progressively unpopular.

And the demands for power with increasing cost of fuel and closer study of industrial economics is rapidly bringing available water powers into use; and though there is no widespread sentiment yet against private development of these, there is little doubt that the great conservation movement now under way will result in making water powers public property.

There is also an encroachment on land and water monopoly in the growing interests of states in their riparian rights, and of cities in their docks and water fronts.

One of the most effective similar challenges is the conservation movement against forest monopoly and exploitation.

But all the kinds of natural monopoly so far enumerated, do not combine as much value or vital importance as the monopoly of unearned increment—the value of land that comes from increased population; but as this is intangible and stands alone as a proposition of overwhelming magnitude, I will simply add it to the list and refer to it at length later on.

All monopolies relating to the land (which economically includes water) may be made to serve the people in place of monopolists almost with exactness, leaving the latter only the fair return to capital invested, and taking to the people in the form of an ad valorem tax, all of their proper share.

The justice of this process is vouched for by the fast growing sentiment against all *monopolies of nature*; and its expediency is attested by the facts, first, that it is just, and second, that it would remove the necessity as it is currently stated, but as I prefer it, the *excuse* for the existing hydra-headed system of taxation—tariff, income, personal, internal, et al—upon which is built most of the monopolistic abuses not directly resting on natural monopoly.

And this concludes the statement of its *efficacy*—it would do all this with a minimum of disturbance to and with *no* destruction of legitimate business; it would be a simple, conservative, and constructive restoration of natural law.

Taking the artificial monopolies, we should first mention those that directly rest upon the natural ones; for example, a power plant consisting of a dam, power house and electric lighting system; a coal mining and even a selling organization; a steel making and selling business which but for its ownership of mines would be open to competition.

These are not necessarily monopolies but are able to exact *some* measure of profit due to their natural monopoly and often owe complete supremacy to it.

Railroads and all public services in the nature of common carriers are well understood to be monopolies that are absolutely controlling to the vital activities of the people; these are rapidly coming to be recognized as essentially public property; the profits are going into corporate pockets still, but the fast increasing measures of public control are wholly inconsistent with any other theory than that of ownership.

And I confidently predict that most of us will live to see every railway, express, trolley, electric light and power, gas, telegraph, telephone and similar service owned and operated by the government.

This will leave us with a fine assortment of industrial monopolies, almost too numerous to mention or describe, or perhaps to cure. A few will be "absolute," a vast majority partial and perhaps most of them with wings clipped by the evolution we will have passed through, will be subject to release from suspicion.

Many will unravel into legitimate business, being of that class which to-day almost defy any safe judgment of their monopolistic character,

due to the complexities I have referred to.

But the remainder will doubtless be a hardy bunch grown strong by nearly a century of forced feeding at public expense backed by a centralized money power.

Now, what is to be done with them? They are monopolies—trusts! They are supposed to be exacting high prices and excessive profits by reason of this fact. Shall we kill or cure them?

That should depend on *them*.

If any of them prefer martyrdom to reformation, grant them that privilege.

Then, how shall they be cured of the habit of unearned profits?

Obviously by withdrawing any special privileges they enjoy.

Yet our present plan is to "foster" them and it is almost to laugh, to consider *remedies* for them as evils in an academic way, while giving them almost a monopoly of our taxing power, in our practice.

The fact is, these trusts are not unmixed evils, but there is enough evil in most of them to warrant their being so classed for the purposes of very close analysis and treatment.

But this process will not be worked out in magazines, even by writers of true economics; nor by individual statesmen or lawmakers.

So intricate is the mixture of business and monopoly in these institutions, that only a process of evolution will unravel it in the mutual interest of *business and the people*.

Natural monopoly must first be separated and either physically or by control through taxation, be restored to the people who *naturally* own it. This will leave business *freer* than ever to be active, because now monopoly always blocks real business, as cited in the coal trust instance.

And this freeing of business will free labor from wage slavery and *naturally* equalize wages.

Just how completely this disposition of natural monopoly by the processes noted, will go into the ramifications of industrial monopolies and work out the same restoration of them to business, and labor, I will not attempt to say, nor concede that anyone can.

But I need hardly point further to the inevitable conclusion that with no landed monopoly to support, aid or abet them, with the protective tariff withdrawn, with the field of general industry opened wide to them, most of them would naturally respond to competitive influences.

This is the parting of the ways with democracy and socialism, the latter

claiming that while a good start will have been made, as outlined, industry must be literally taken over.

But I submit that this is mere prophecy, and that my prediction that with underlying monopolies and special privileges withdrawn, the artificial ones will "play ball" is as good as theirs—and a great deal better.

My proposition is that socialism toward which we are rushing, is *radicalism* but that fundamental *democracy*, which some of us have forgotten, is the only true conservatism, and that it must be restored.

And all of this I consider is as vital to business as it is to humanity.

The Spirit of By-Gone Days

Where is the spirit that prompted the merchant of long ago to build up a roaring fire on wintry mornings in his little shack of a store—a cheery bazaar that sent out tentacles of warmth to grasp the passing multitude and bring them into touch with the goods to sell?

Where is the spirit that inspired hitching posts in front of the store or free stable room in the back for the accommodation of farmers' teams?

Where is the spirit that prompted the little acts of real service in the days of the little shop?

Is it swallowed up and lost forever in the immensity of the modern establishment?

Have You a Voice *with a Smile*

By E. M. WATSON

Editorial Department, The Beaver Board Companies, Buffalo, N. Y.

*What courtesy means
in a large organization*

THE voice with the smile wins. It wins because it gives — it is for others a vibrant note of courage, a suggestion of good cheer. It gives help and it wins recognition and respect.

The twinkle of the eye, the kindly manner, the touch of courtesy in responding to others, the graciously spoken question — these make for a finer co-operation that can not be confined to any one organization. It is the co-operation that makes the organization of the human family possible and progress inevitable.

It is with this spirit of courtesy a man meets a stranger and, in manner if not in words, says "Although I do not know you, I respect you for what I think you are trying to accomplish."

It is with this spirit of courtesy that a man working with others says, in manner if not in words, "Because I know you, my brother worker, I shall treat you with kindness. I shall help you."

Thus the voice with the smile gives recognition and wins it.

We each desire to win respect. It is to gain a certain recognition — which by choice or necessity we frequently estimate in terms of one hundred cents to the dollar — that we aim to do good work. It is to gain a place in the public mind or eye or heart that men enter public callings, the professions, and win favor by moulding public opinion as ministers and public speakers, or by helping others as doctors and lawyers, or by putting on the market some product that will be of value to the human family, as

organizers of large manufacturing concerns.

In the last analysis, the fascination magazine work and journalism have for men is in the fact that through the press thousands of people are reached and that their recognition is not to be regarded lightly. Whether we desire money, or fame, or wish to serve the human race, or have but a simple hope for the respect of our fellow workers, each one of us craves recognition; we desire the respect of others.

Men who today stand among the acknowledged successes are there because of what they have honorably accomplished, but with all this they do not truly win until they have added to their skill and craftsmanship and conscientious labor the full measure of respect for the world at large expressed by the voice with the smile.

It is not an ignoble aim, a selfish ambition to crave respect. We each want the good will and good thoughts of others to make our lives pleasant and to speed us on to better things. We cannot all be successful in wider spheres but we can all win a place in the narrower ones that claim us.

If we would gain favor, let us render respect to others; giving good thoughts, kindly recognition and a courtesy that outlives quickspoken words and, daily with the finest spirit within us, let us pay tribute to our fellow workers, to the strong characters whose efforts mean the up-keeping of the organization.

Eight hours make up the working day — sometimes it runs much higher for men in the factory — should not

these hours be filled with pleasing experiences? They make up a good share of life; they offer an opportunity to win respect.

The voice with the smile wins; no ill-tempered person ever gained more than passing worldly success; for true respect is that of our fellow men; the consciousness of having served others; true greatness lies in service. During our eight hours of work we are too busy to give time to others, but we can give courtesy. We can serve others with pleasant words, agreeable expressions of our faces, radiant with good cheer, and with gracious attitude.

We owe the human race a service, and to meet our obligations, the kindness rendered us, we in turn render courtesy. When others speak we reply with grace; when others act we take notice of their likes and dislikes, and in our attitude we are courteous.

To use a homely illustration it is said that chickens, among the least sensitive of animal life, have a natural dislike for persons with evil dispositions, and that the more sensitive game fowls will not thrive under the care of persons who are ill-tempered. If in poultry-raising, which brings man back to the soil, our native element, and proves a very natural pursuit, temperament and attitude are to be regarded, what greater attention to conduct should be given when men come into contact with fellow beings, the most sensitive, highly organized life known?

If the voice with the smile is needed on the farm among the dumb animals—should it not, as a matter of course,

be expected among people wherever they are found, and it is only right, particularly in a large organization where team-work counts.

There is a certain sort of courtesy demanded in an office—courtesy to women. This means that the rude, though playful, shove, the bold glance, and the light remark have no place in men's attitude toward women. Here in the office world where work takes woman out of what we all recognize as her natural sphere, she is almost like a guest of man: and the host, who is as guide and protector, should not be more familiar than he is to men under similar circumstances. The same fine respect is to be paid the office woman as to the sisters and mothers of men the world over.

There is always certain courtesy demanded in every large organization. It is expressed in the kind-voiced inquiry, in the "thank you" and "if you please" our mothers taught us when we were children. In the office as well as in the factory men forget these niceties which are as lubricating oil for the wheels of achievement. Without this oil there is friction—whether it is men or the parts of a machine working together.

In a large office team work—co-operation—is the great machine of accomplishment. Day by day men and women work together, but it takes the voice with the smile to make them truly happy in their work. The kind note of encouragement, the word of cheer have real tonic effect: they give health and comfort; they win health and success—the voice with the smile wins.

The man who carries a grudge little realizes that he is carrying instruments to wound and lacerate himself; that he receives damage which he intended for another.

What Happened to Jones

By MARGARET WADE

The story of a man who said "That's a good idea! I must do that!"

A MAN whom we shall call Jones owned a vacant corner lot in the suburb of a thriving little city.

It was a likely little piece of property, at the intersection of two well-traveled main roads, and enhanced in value by the fact that of the remaining three corners, two were so tied up, legally, that they were likely to remain vacant indefinitely, and a most dilapidated repair shop on the fourth, kept by a dusty-looking man of several trades or none at all—no one had ever quite decided which.

Jones' mind was one of those that do not belong to the class with modern brisk methods; it might be described as an ox-sled mind in an age of aeroplane thinkers. Nevertheless, it did, after a long time, dawn upon him that this would be an excellent site for an up-to-date general store. If such a store were erected it would increase the value of the property out of all proportion to the outlay, and be a paying investment; moreover, he had the money to invest. So he said to himself: "That's a good idea; I must do that!"

And thereupon he became very cocky; he chuckled and hugged him-

self to think how smart he was to think of that; and strutted about like a pouter pigeon, until his friends wondered what had happened to him. But none of them found out. "No, siree," said Jones to himself. "Just wait a bit, and I'll surprise them some!" And so he gloated over the idea, and the splurge it would make—sometime.

Then a terrible thing happened. He awoke one morning to find workmen, under the superintendence of the dusty man (whose exterior, only, was dusty, by the way) blithely tearing down the dilapidated repair shop; and before his slow-going mind had recovered from the initial shock, every trace of it was removed, and the excavations made for the foundations of a large, modern store building; and all he could do was to sit by and chew his finger-nails while he watched it going up.

The moral whereof is this: That it is not the man who first gets an idea, but the one who is quickest to put it to work after he gets it, who makes good.

Few people ever learn the real art of living, never learn to fill every day with beauty, joy, and helpfulness. They do not know the tonic of perpetual growth, the stimulus of constant unfoldment.

A Scientific Book on Advertising

A review of "The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them," by Henry S. Bunting, author of "The Premium System of Forcing Sales," "Specialty Advertising, etc." Published by The Novelty News Press, Chicago.

AS a usual thing the business man of today rather prides himself on his acumen. He would resent any insinuation that he did not get his money's worth on all his purchases. He provides accurate check on all purchases of supplies, merchandise, equipment, and is even scientifically taking up the hiring and managing of his employees — all that he may be sure that every dollar expended will bring in a full dollar's worth in return.

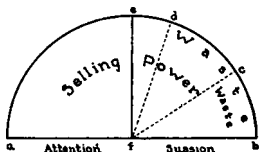
I had recent occasion to make a small cash purchase from one of the large wholesale houses of Chicago and while waiting for the goods I took the opportunity to observe the numerous checks that were made on this sale. In a half hour's time the transaction passed through some eight different hands and were it a large assortment of miscellaneous items it could hardly have been handled with more regard for accuracy and attention to detail to insure its correct delivery.

Now, not long since, I happened to be in touch with some of the advertising this same firm was doing. While they had an excellent corps of copy men, artists, and advertising experts, they by no means gave their advertising the same accurate, scientific attention that was given to the filling of my merchandise order.

It is a notorious fact that their advertising campaigns are rushed in their execution; that while the original idea may have been brilliant, the carrying out of the work is not done planningly and on regular schedule, resulting in great loss of efficiency and selling force.

We find these conditions prevailing to some extent in the largest and most carefully conducted houses. How much more prevalent do we find them in smaller businesses?

The bulk of the money spent for advertising is not represented by the dozen or so great national campaigns. It is made up of the expenditures of the thousands of medium size merchants and manufacturers. These comprise the very backbone of the business world, and the reaction of their successes or failures makes hard times or good times for the whole of the body commercial.



GRAPHIC CHART SHOWING WASTE OF SELLING POWER — Let the space enclosed by the semi-circle $a e b$ subtended by the diameter $a b$ represent the total selling power of an advertisement in which the attention value $a e f$ is equal to the suggestion value $f e b$. If now the suggestion radius $f b$ be moved into the position $f c$, thus decreasing the suggestion value of the advertisement by the angular space subtended by the arc $c b$, the total selling power is cut to the angular space subtended by the arc $a c$. If the suggestion radius be moved still further to the position $f d$, the selling power is cut to the angular space subtended by the arc $a d$. In which case, all that part of the figure subtended by the arc $b d$ is waste. A similar argument prevails when instead of the suggestion radius the attention radius is moved into corresponding positions.

And it is here, too, we find the least knowledge of the laws of advertising. These men at the head of these businesses are either handling their own

advertising with the aid of some clerk, having a small partially organized advertising department, or they are entirely at the mercy of some advertising agency.

The men responsible for the life of the business are going it in the dark—groping blindly—toward advertising light. It is to these men—"to the man who pays the bills," that Mr. Bunting dedicates his book.

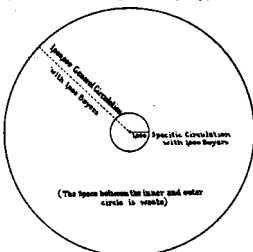
He then proceeds to set up standards by which they may lay out, execute, and test their advertising, before the money is spent. These standards he reduces to mathematical formulae—clearly and concisely stated and accessible to use. He has studied the phenomena of publicity in their historical economic and present-day significance, has found the underlying facts and from them deduced the system of Natural Law governing all results that may be obtained from given causes in the field of advertising.

For instance, when he says, "The selling power of publicity varies with its attention value and its suasion," he is not indulging in a platitude but is stating a *natural law*—a law that governs *all* publicity, *all* attention-getting devices and *all* suasion arguments in their relation to selling power.

Again, in chapter nine he states that "the selling power of space advertising varies with the specificity of the medium and its radius of circulation." Here is one of the very best chapters in the book, devoted to the explanation of this axiomatic law.

How many thousands and thousands of dollars are wasted annually on our old friend "General Publicity"! How many business men are shovelling coal into the furnace, shutting off the radiators and letting heat go up the chimney in the fond hope that they will soon so warm up the whole world that it will be necessary only to open the windows to warm their own office!

Bunting cleaves right down to bed rock, however, in his analyses and elaborations of these tests of mediums. He shows that the selling power of your ad. in a magazine of, say, a half-



GRAPHIC CHART SHOWING THE WASTE IN GENERAL CIRCULATION.—The short radius in black line represents the total selling power of the 1,000,000 of circulation. Each additional 1,000 on the dotted radius beyond the smaller circle means just that much additional waste, when a general circulation is used for publicity.

million circulation, depends entirely on the *specificity* of that medium. The *specificity* of this circulation is the number of hundred of thousand readers whom you desire to reach or in whose hands it is a *business possibility* to place your goods.

When therefore you use a medium with a half-million general circulation to publicize a piece of office furniture your actual circulation is limited to the number of individuals whose occupations require the use of office furniture. This will eliminate teamsters, mothers, street-car conductors, porters, waiters, and hundreds of other classes.

So, for your purpose, the 500,000 circulation may be, for you, a specific circulation of only 1,500.

In such manner this little book covers the whole range of the publicity field, expounding the laws governing variety of media, the limita-

tions of publicity, association, etc. It states fifteen elementary laws, with their several corollaries, and from them deduces the eight main tools of publicity and defines their uses.

Unlike so many writers on advertising, the author does not snatch from the pages of his lexicon old words and phrases and apply them to advertising, with the happy assumption that by such association they acquire a new and enhanced meaning. Nor does he newly-mint words that he may use them as a screen behind which he may say almost anything, trusting that the reader's intellect, being charmed by the glittering phrase, will fail to perceive the hazy generalities offered.

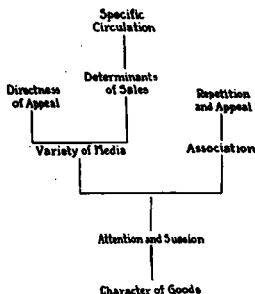
Instead he states a law, carefully defines and fixes the use and meaning of any new or technical word used in that law, then applies the law to illustrative examples of the actual selling power of publicity under given conditions. He has carefully collected his data and logically expounded his conclusions. It is scarcely too much to say for Mr. Bunting that he has for the first time put advertising investment on a scientific basis.

I reproduce some of his charts, which to the casual reader may appear useless but which are exceedingly useful as an epitomized guide to the memory after studying the book itself. In fact, no casual reading of "The Elementary Laws of Advertising" will answer unless your mind be far more keen than mine.

It is rather a text-book than an essay. The meat of a point is stated in the form of a formula, then the exact definition of the parts of the formula are given, followed by its application to concrete examples which every proprietor and executive of business will understand.

Then the charts may be used as standards and should be at the advertiser's right hand that he may square up each expenditure, each bit of advertising matter with these elemen-

tary laws, and by this measure see if his money is to bring him results or is sure to be wasted. It is highly significant to the business world that the careful use of Bunting's newly dis-



THE EIGHT MAIN TOOLS OF PUBLICITY CONDENSED FROM THE 15 ELEMENTARY LAWS.

covered laws of advertising will make it possible to foretell to a very considerable degree, before money is spent, whether advertising expenditure will purchase selling power or represent waste.

Will not Mr. Bunting make us a larger chart — a wall map, that will show for ready reference *all* the corollary truths he mentions in his book while explaining these elementary laws?

BETTER INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS EXHIBIT

A Better Industrial Relations Exhibit will be held April 18-26, at 2 West Sixty-fourth Street, New York City. It will show the devices in modern business which tend to make more harmonious the relations between employer and employee, and to better the conditions of employment. The Business Men's Group of the Society for Ethical Culture has charge of the exhibit, which will appeal to both employer and employee in the manufacturing trades. There will be special evening lectures by industrial leaders of the country. No admission will be charged.

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Issued monthly. Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions; \$2.25 in Canada, and \$2.50 in foreign countries. Requests for "change of address" MUST reach this office before the tenth of the month in order to insure PROPER mailing of the current issue of the magazine. In sending in the new address, please give your previous location.

Published by the Sheldon University Press, Area, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 12, 1913, at the Post Office at Area, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted by Sheldon University Press.

L. P. HARRY CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.

A Brief Story of a Self-Made Man

WILLIE HOLT of Burnley, England, was born in one of the densely populated factory districts of northern England. His parents were poor and he went to school but very little. At a very early age he had to go to work in a factory and help earn a livelihood for the family.

He had a natural liking for billiards. His good mother had a natural aversion for billiards, as strong as was her son's liking. The boy wanted to quit the factory

and go to work in the billiard hall. His mother objected for a long time but finally the factory shut down; Willie was out of a job and his mother finally consented to let him take a job as a marker in a billiard hall. He seized every opportunity to practice and soon became very proficient. Today he is champion Chick-billiard player of the world and has his eye on the championship for straight billiards. It wouldn't surprise me to see him reach the goal. After he had worked in the billiard hall he started a little repair shop in a shed back of his home, repairing cues, cushions, etc. He is a young man yet, somewhere around the 40's, and today he is at the head of a large and rapidly growing billiard table factory employing scores of hands and enjoying a splendid degree of prosperity.



WILLIE HOLT

Several years ago he became a reader of the PHILOSOPHER and a little later a student of the Sheldon School. He now has a large number of his employees united into a Business Science Circle studying the Science of Human Efficiency as correlated in the Science of Business Building.

As an evidence of his hunger for knowledge and his progressiveness in general, he is coming all the way from Burnley, England, bringing Mrs. Holt with him to attend the *July Session of the Summer School* here at Area. In fact he says, if time permits he is going to *both sessions*—and Willie Holt generally has his way.

He is shipping one of his finest tables all the way from England. It is worth your trip to the Summer School just to meet Willie Holt and see him play. He will give a daily exhibition. I am also going to get him to give some general talks on the science of thinking, remembering and imagining as related to efficiency in billiards. He is applying the exercises for the development of the senses as outlined in the science of ability development and is making wonderful progress. I will be proud to see Willie Holt take the platform any day to discuss psychology with the most learned of college professors. He might possibly make a break in his English once in a while but he understands what he is talking about and is able to apply it.

A. T. Sheldon.

Lecturer, Author, Scientist Teacher

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Americans everywhere abroad who have met him are aglow with enthusiasm for the work he does in establishing the manhood of the day; and that the chief teacher of the English speaking world on these lines, is an American. And Europeans join heartily in his praise.

Mr. Sheldon will TEACH every day of the two sessions of the Summer School, July 20, to August 1st, and August 17, to August 30. Others have taught and tested Sheldon Truth, also, but the MASTER'S work is what you will most keenly enjoy. It will repay you in overflowing measure for the cost to you in time and money.



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trouble that came
your way,*

*With a resolute heart and
cheerful ?*

*Or hide your face from
the light of day,*

*With a craven soul and
fearful ?*

*Oh, a trouble's a ton, or
a trouble's an ounce,*

*Or a trouble is what you
make it;*

*And it isn't the fact that
you're hurt that counts,*

*But only how did you
take it ?*

—ANON.

The Business Philosopher

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON, Editor

Only articles calculated to increase the "AREA"—(Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action) of Business and Professional Men appear in the Business Philosopher

Volume X

MAY, 1914

Number 5

ON THE FRONT PORCH

Where We Talk Things Over

COME on, Henry—let's move our chairs out on the front porch. The fireplace is no place for us in the gay and glad-some spring. Miss May is here with her glad attire. Look at that view. You can see a long ways toward Chicago off across those fields. Doesn't it make you glad you are alive to breathe that ozone? That's the way to oxygenize your blood. Open the valves of your breathing apparatus. Both together, now. Inhale, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10. Hold a second or two. Now exhale, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.

Come on, now, let's do that six times. There, that will do. Don't that make you feel like doing things?

Try it every morning before breakfast, and again just before going to bed, not forgetting to practice once in a while between times when walking. It will blow the cobwebs out of your think tank

and drive the spiders of fear pell-mell. It will add ten years to your life.

Now let's sit down and talk things over.

What's that? What do I think this labor trouble business is coming to?

I think it's coming to an end, Henry, that's what I think it's coming to.

You don't know about that? Oh, cheer up. Be an optimist. It's good medicine. Our greatest troubles are those that never happen. There's nothing to fear but fear.

When is it going to come to an end, did you say?

Well, that's different. I don't know. I didn't even say I *know* it's coming to an end.

You asked me what I think about this labor problem and I told you I think it is coming to an end.

I almost presume to dare to say I know it is, but when?

It seems to me that as to the advent of that happy day we can only approximate.

Why do I think it is ever going to end?

Because it's bad and there are a lot of good forces at work and I have become convinced that it's no mere pretty platitude but a scientific fact that *evil cannot exist in the presence of good*. Do you get that, Henry? No? Well, can this darkness exist when the light is turned on? No, sir.

Can cold endure when heat is introduced? Surely not. It's the upward climb for Mr. Mercury when the coal stove's started.

Why? Well, it's one of nature's laws—that's all.

Evil can no more exist in the presence of good than darkness can linger when the sun looms up and laughs at it. Evil can no more endure in the presence of good than cold can come where heat hovers, nor can cold remain when heat makes her way even though the clammy cold was there first.

Yes, I know the analogy between the physical and the metaphysical is sometimes a little difficult to discern, but see here, Henry, we are not talking of mere analogies; we are talking of scientific facts.

Get up and take a few more deep breaths. You must have a few cobwebs left.

There, you feel better now.

This deep breathing is a great stunt. If you do it right it makes you a sort of human cream separator. You separate the Prana from the air and this adds to your vitality.

What's Prana? Oh, never mind now. We are talking about something else. Read Bagavon Das on the Science of Peace and investigate the hypothesis of the multi-Prakati (whatever that is) if you really want to delve into the what-ness of this particular this-ness. You started something, Henry, when you asked that question about the labor problem and you can't switch me off on to Prana and things like that.

Come to the Summer School if you want the esoteric teachings of the AREA Philosophy and the service idea.

You see it's like this, Henry, about this labor problem. At least this is the way I see it. There has been a lot of evil or wrong conditions existing in the minds of men on both sides.

Plenty left? That's true, but I was about to say that until relatively recently there hasn't been much of the light of real good thought stuff to dispel the darkness of the evil. Evil does not have to be intentionally malicious in order to be evil.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one, and even able men have been ignorant of natural law in the world of human activity.

Do you suppose man will fail to serve master and master to serve his man when each comes to see it to be a fact, not a theory, that service rendered is *cause* and pay obtained is *effect*.

Ford has been serving his men well for years. So well that they loved him so much even before he

cut that \$10,000,000 melon and passed it around and thus doubled their wages that they had chipped in and bought two busts made for the factory, one of the boss and another of his wife.

Do you think there's much danger of labor troubles in Ford's direction? Mr. Ford is a seer—a prophet; and practical seers see things which the mentally blind can't or won't. None so blind as those who will not see. *Practical prophets profit.*

There is nothing so practical as the ideal, if the ideal is only put into practice. But Ford has been doing it for a long time.

He has been giving good service to his employees and to his customers. He has given Q+Q+M. Ford cars over in England are not quite as thick as hair on most dogs, but I have seen many of them in England, Scotland, Germany, and France and every owner is a booster.

He wasn't held up in the first place and he got service after he got his car. Ford has been looking well to cause; service and natural law did the rest. It took care of the effect—which is pay. It took time for the fire of service to generate enough of the heat of pay or profit so that he could pay dividends and still pass around ten millions among the boys who had helped make it, but Ford stood by the guns of service and he got his reward in time.

He said a big thing when he said he would rather make 30,000 people happy than a few people rich.

You see, Henry, it's like this, "As above, so below." When there is hate and disrespect and the don't-give-a (we'll say) cent-for-humanity-spirit above, that is with the directors, why then it's the same way below. Then the employees don't care a hang what happens to the boss.

But here, there, and yonder, the eyes of men's minds are being opened.

More and more the 5 per cent who employ the 95 per cent are coming to see that it is a law of nature, that to *get* one must *give*. That to get of service one must give service. That to get loyalty one must give loyalty.

What did you say, Henry? That the more you do for the working people the more you may, and about the only thing accomplished is to spoil people? Really, Henry, I am ashamed of you. Or rather I would be if I thought you had really come to that conclusion after serious reflection.

You simply have another reflect or two coming.

When welfare work or any service is performed just simply for the sordid purpose of getting more work out of the working people, the scheme doesn't work at its best. Sometimes it doesn't work at all. Working people have emotions as well as muscles and they are a long ways from being fools. A whole lot of the so-called common people have good "thinks," as Dave Brown of Spokane calls it, as well as emotions and muscles.

It is not so much *what* the boss does for his people as the spirit in which he does it that counts.

If he does kind things for revenue only, the common people get wise and then the *welfare* becomes the *farewell department*. But when men at the top do fine things for their people because they know it's *right* that they do it, because they love to do it, because of an inherent love for justice, then the spirit of the master is reflected in the spirit of his men.

Then it is that cynicism and hate, and all the horrors of the hell of war and strife flee away before

the light of the good in the mind above, the mind of the boss. Then it is that men in the rank and file begin to mix soul stuff with their work.

A few more ocular demonstrations like the one Ford has given, and which men like Levers and others are making on the other side of the pond, and things will get better very rapidly. So, cheer up, Henry.

Come on, let's go and weed the garden. We will have the tomatoes ripe for the folks who come to the Summer School.

Three Times

A professor in an agricultural college was quizzing a class, and asked, "How many kinds of farming are there?" After some hesitation, one member answered, "There are three kinds of farming, extensive, intensive and pretensive." The reply fittingly describes the classes of salesmen as well as farmers. The "extensive" salesman spreads too much; cuts too wide a swath for clean work. The "intensive" salesman holds a too narrow view of things, thus his vision of opportunities lying all about him grows restricted. And the "pretensive" salesman, doubly more numerous than both the other kinds, just dawdles at the game, and is always on the lookout for something easier with bigger pay. Let us combine the virtues of the first and second—the "extensive" and "intensive"—classes, and in that way get out of, or avoid, the third, the "pretensive" sort. —WM. T. GOFFE.

Experimenting in Common-Sense

By CHANNING BARNES

How Henry Ford is conforming to the first principles of scientific management and incidentally solving the gravest problems confronting modern industry

OF the writing of many magazines there is no end, and of all recent deeds of men that have attracted publicity there is none more powerful as a generator of limelight than that of Henry Ford, when, on the morning of January 19, he reduced the working day of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit from nine hours to eight, increased the day's pay of his most unskilled employees to five dollars a day, and inaugurated a policy whereby every one of his 15,000 employees shared in advance in the profits of the company to the extent of approximately \$10,000,000 a year.

The announcement of this startling policy caused such a rush of interviews in the daily prints and the monthly magazines as has not yet ceased from assailing the attention of the reading public. Had Andrew Carnegie endowed every library—given all his numerous millions—at one stroke, on the same day, it would not have attracted the attention or discussion that did this remarkable policy of Ford's.

We can all, from all strata of business life, understand gifts for worthy purposes—endowments, foundations, stained-glass windows. We have even come to understand the change from posthumous gifts to the actual separation of millions while the donor is yet living. But the sharing of profits to such a remarkable extent in the form of day wages—especially the doubling of the wage of the common laborer—is such a striking departure from accepted methods of man in his dealings with his fellow-

man as to arouse a tempest of criticism, commendation, and snap judgment. Indeed, it is a study in human nature to merely observe the attitude of various men on this subject.

One writer uses it as an argument that all industries should pay proportionate wages, that every corporation should be made to disgorge. Another commends the plan, but below his article his editor hastens to shed any odor of responsibility of the magazine (numbering its subscribers mostly among the large business men of the country) for the views expressed in the article.

On all sides we hear men say, "It's a great advertising stunt."

The sum and substance of all the reported interviews with Mr. Ford are that he wanted to try this plan, and did try it, and is now willing to let others do the explaining that it would seem is so necessary to be done.

Now it is reasonable to suppose that Henry Ford did not decide to do this tremendous thing without careful thought, nor, in all likelihood, did he give away \$10,000,000—over \$5,000,000 of which came directly from his personal pocket, in accruing dividends—from altruistic motives entirely.

On the other hand, neither does his product demand, nor his mental caliber indicate, that it is a clever advertising scheme. I am sure you have not purchased one gallon of gasoline from Mr. Rockefeller because he has made provision for medical research or greased the wheels of knowledge in conspicuous institutions

of learning. No; let us look to our own business experiences and see if we cannot find a better understanding of Mr. Ford's plan, and incidentally corral a few truths for our own everyday use.

Talking a few days ago with an efficiency engineer who is carrying out in diversified industries the principles of Frederick Winslow Taylor, he said the best way to start efficiency work in a plant is, first, to solve the materials problem, then approach the man problem.

That is, instead of starting in to speed up your men, to teach them to do more work, or to seek to eliminate unnecessary movements, look first to the inanimate problems. See that your plant is equipped properly, that every machine is in perfect repair and located correctly for sequence of operation, that every tool is ground to the proper angle, that all problems of heat, light, power, equipment, and materials for manufacture are solved so far as it is possible to have them solved in the present foreseeable standard of efficiency.

Then approach your workman.

If these problems cannot be solved for the whole plant, see that they are solved for one room, or even for one machine—but do not attempt to increase the efficiency of the man until you have made everything right, with his machine and surroundings, for that increased efficiency.

And right here, in logical sequence, *why not increase the mental, moral, and physical well-being of the man outside the factory before we expect to increase his efficiency inside the factory?*

In other words, let us consider the workman as a machine!

Yes, I have had no trouble in loosening the pursestrings of the powers that be for new and costly machines, for the foundation to put them on, for the oil for their maintenance, and no one would think of letting the roof of his factory leak or trust his machines

to inexperienced caretakers when they are not running. Yet the first thought of the efficiency manager is to speed up the workman regardless of his physical well-being except, perhaps, for the time he is in the factory.

The railroads are waking to the fact that in their men they have the most valuable investment they possess. Spurred by the loss of life, by endangered reputation, and by the increased cost from wrecks caused by the carelessness of their men, they have combated the evil of saloon influence by scientific work in the care of these, their most *precious machines*. They have found that they must look to the welfare of their men for twenty-four hours of the day instead of disciplining them for eight or ten. They have found that providing clubs and Y. M. C. A.'s, where their employees have every inducement for social enjoyment and physical care when off duty, pays big dividends in increased efficiency and decreased wrecks.

In fact, welfare work, even with its many lamentable failures, is pretty thoroughly established as a dividend-payer in the business world.

Henry Ford, however, has put the cart before the horse. He recognizes the importance of investing in the physical and mental well-being of his workmen during the sixteen hours of the day while they are *spending* their five dollars, the hours they are recreating, resting, preparing for the eight hours of work in which they *earn* their five dollars.

He realizes that the standard of living is materially raised when a man has thirty dollars a week to spend on his family instead of twelve or fifteen, and that he becomes a distinctly more valuable machine.

In one industry in which I know the costs, the investment for every man, girl, and boy is over \$2,000—and there are others much higher. Add to this the capitalization or investment value of the *man himself*, fig-

ured by some at \$20,000, and you have an *average investment* of no mean proportions. Then consider that for the care of this investment and the running of this one-man-equipment unit for one day, we paid an average wage of three dollars and had to *double the wage price* of all time charged against an item of manufacture before we *broke even*. You will readily see that an increase of wages of two dollars or three dollars a day for the proper *maintenance* and *care* of the operator—the controlling element of that \$22,000 man-equipment unit—is not preposterous from an engineering standpoint.

But man is more than a machine. No fact is quicker recognized in scientific management, and the careful engineer will not only pave the way to the worker's efficiency by seeing that he has the proper tools, that the routing of his work is such that he always has the next thing to do at hand, but he will give his individual workman the most careful explanations, showing him step by step the best way to make each move and holding out the offer of an immediate dividend in wages earned for increased efficiency.

The complete co-operation of all individuals is recognizedly absolutely essential to the efficient manufacture of any specialized article.

The stumbling block of all attempts at welfare work—model houses, complete towns-built-in-a-day—is paternalism. That inborn, inalienable, if sometimes bumptious spirit of independence often makes us cut off our nose to spite our face, and causes the failure of many institutions devised for our benefit.

So, while Ford does all these things where necessary, he did not lay out streets, build rows of model houses, and then expect his workmen to live by rule and regulation.

He gives them the money to maintain a reasonable standard of com-

fort and then *lets them learn to spend it*.

No man grows except by his own efforts, nor can any standard of right living be maintained except by the development of the individual.

We are all children attending the school of life, and we don't learn to refrain from spending our dimes for lollypops if mother always takes us by the hand when we go shopping.

Then, too, modern industrial specialization requires greater physical fitness than ever demanded before.

The story goes that a man came last year from the Ford plant to a small general machine shop in Chicago, and applied for work.

"Are you an all-round machinist?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes."

"What line?"

"Automobiles."

"Well, that is the most highly developed machine work there is. What did you do?"

"Worked on bolt No. 42."

"Bolt No. 42! I don't understand."

"Well," said the all-round machinist, "they passed the chassis to me and I put in bolt No. 42, and passed it on to the next man and he put on the nut, and he passed it on to the next man, and he tightened it up."

To be sure this is an exaggeration. In the Ford plant, while they standardize and specialize every operation, they take great pains to shift a man to another job before the monotony of the operation diminishes the returns.

But the story brings us up facing the fact that this monotony of operation lies at the bottom of the most of our industrial evils.

I know a machinist who worked some years ago in a small shop. I have been in there many times. There were about twenty men, skilled to every kind of machine work. A workman would start in his day at woodwork, making an intricate pattern for some machine part for a neighboring mill, he would

be called away to tackle the brazing of the arm of a sewing machine, or to swing a huge cog wheel on the platform to drill for a four-inch shaft. So it went, new problems and varied work each day.

And on a clear, frosty morning, after the first fall of snow, some one would pound on a lathe with a wrench, and every one of those men would quit work and go rabbit hunting. The boss would swear a while, then go across the road, get his "houn' dog," and follow the first bunny tracks.

Yes, mechanics in those day *were* all-round men. What deadens nowadays is the monotony of operation—the wearing in the brain of one path of thought-action. Yet this is a condition that cannot be changed. Ford's whole fortune is based on standardization—the making of *one* thing a little better and a little cheaper than any one else.

The story goes that something over a year ago Mr. Ford met representatives of several of the largest automobile manufacturers of the country. At that meeting in New York he said, "Here, I am making too much money, wealth is piling up on me too fast. I want to *reduce the price* of my car. I believe more of this money belongs to the public."

There was a storm of protest. The manufacturers showed him that they could not *explain* a still greater difference in price between their cars and the Ford, such a move on his part would depreciate their capital and hurt their borrowing power.

Perhaps this explains why Mr. Ford felt the necessity of finding some other outlet for his accumulating dividends.

As Henry Ford says, "Any man can make money who will select some one article to manufacture, and *standardize* its production." In the Ford plant it takes just twenty-nine minutes from the time the car is started on the assembling floor until

it rolls off to the finishing department. This bespeaks standardization of the *product*, the *methods*, and the *workmen*.

Any man that puts in bolt No. 45 all day will want to quarrel with his wife, join a union, get drunk, or go on strike without *any* cause, even if he is changed to bolt No. 46 another day. And to combat this mental wear it is no use to set the man down in a row of "model" cottages, with a model garden, and push his nose in a more monotonous rut.

No, Ford gives him the *time* to find other occupations, to follow a hobby perhaps, and sees that he has the *money* for model living and that he is taught *how to use them*. The welfare department, as well as a rigid employment system, were organized and running long before the increase in wages became a fact.

So, after all, I doubt if it can be called an "Experiment in Common-Sense" or an "experiment" at all. For if you give your men a light, modern shop to work in, adequate, properly arranged tasks, and pay them enough to live on in clean, wholesome surroundings, and *teach them how to use these opportunities*, you are bound to get (1) the highest efficient working force, (2) freedom from labor troubles, (3) 100 per cent *esprit de corps* and loyalty, (4) the most carefully made product, and (5) the ever-increasing dividend.

I do not mean to insinuate that this move on the part of Henry Ford was not dictated by the highest and most unselfish motives. Any great stroke of genius is the result of a dream of pure unselfishness. But I do maintain that when Ford inaugurated the Ford Profit-Sharing Plan he merely put in operation what will react to the greatest good of the greatest number, and so to the greatest good of himself and his associates. Charity, welfare work—*business* in its real glory—all are only manifestations of enlightened self-interest.

The Ford Peace Palaces

By ED. E. SHEASGREEN

Expert and Author of *The Profitable Wage*

*Another article ably discussing the
FORD PLAN from the viewpoint
of a Cost Expert and Humanitarian*

THE action of the Ford Automobile Company in increasing the wages of its employees some ten million dollars is, in the light of present-day conditions in West Virginia, Michigan, Colorado, and elsewhere, where strikes are in progress, the most "peaceful" piece of economic news the public has had in a long time.

Manufacturers in the automobile industry, as well as in other lines, merchants, and all others who are employers, with labor leaders and working men are wondering what Mr. Ford really intends by such a gigantic move, how he could possibly do such a thing, where it will lead, if his actions will be followed by others, if the plan will succeed, and what the general results will be on the labor problems in general.

There are those who say Mr. Ford's whole idea was to secure newspaper and magazine advertising which he otherwise could not buy even with the gold of a king's whole realm. But whether Mr. Ford had the advertising idea or not, he is surely getting "front," and editorial-page stories and space that otherwise would be denied him.

If his game was an advertising one he has succeeded at it most admirably. He has done something in advertising altogether out of the ordinary.

But, Mr. Ford has by his recent act done more for the peace of the world than has Mr. Carnegie with

his Carnegie Libraries and Peace Palaces.

Place in contrast with Henry Ford's act of increasing the wage of a great army of workers — thereby bringing joy and happiness to thousands and giving society a mighty *boost upwards* — the acts of a Carnegie at the Homestead strike where sorrow and death came as in times of war and where society was given a terrible thrust *downward*.

It will not be necessary for Ford to build libraries so that a smitten conscience may be given some balm, or to build peace palaces where only a few may come to spend the money of the producers of their countries in striving for world peace when their own brethren at home are hungry, cold, and without the proper necessities of life, and even at warfare with their employers.

No! His libraries will be founded in each workman's home by the workman and his family themselves. These places will be places of real joy, each one a Palace of Peace — *real peace* — palaces full of potent energies for good, — filled to overflowing and in a manner that no Carnegie peace palace can ever expect or hope for.

The same kind of labor, the same kind of sweat, the same kind of brain matter and fatigue, went into the Homestead products, and are still going into them, that are going into the Ford products.

But the Ford libraries and the

Ford peace palaces will not be built with *blood money*—they will be lovingly reared on *heart money*.

Concerning what Mr. Ford has done, many manufacturers in the same line say they cannot do the same, that competition is too strong. Is Mr. Ford in the grip of the same monster? Does not ignorant competition keep a person or a company on the ragged edge all the time? If this is so, then The Ford Automobile Company is *not* in their class—for his very act shows they are not on the "ragged edge."

"Can Mr. Ford really give away so much money to his employees?" many ask, still believing the news to be a dream.

Why not!

And when he gives away millions in wages, the cost of his income tax has been vastly reduced.

One thing is very evident—Mr. Ford knows what his cost of production is. He must positively know this from the very first to the very last penny. If he did not have this knowledge he could not possibly have so much money to pay his employees in increased wages and have a profit left for capital invested in his great industry. To have put his business where it is to-day—making the millions that it is—spells on the very face of the whole thing that he is getting back every cent of *cost*, with profits besides, and on prices that, for the quality, other automobile manufacturers cannot touch.

This shows again that he not only knows *cost*, but that he has a most highly trained and efficient force of workmen.

It means, too, that this *real* Captain of Industry believes in buying the very highest type of labor-saving machinery.

Not long since the writer stood beside a new automatic turret lathe that was doing in five minutes what other automatic lathes would take

twenty or thirty minutes to do. This machine is a recent invention, yet part of Henry Ford's products are made on several of them, these new lathes replacing machines such as other companies use. No wonder he can manufacture cheaper than his competitors. While *they* would be haggling over the price of the new automatic machine, or arguing that they had something *almost* as good, *he* buys—then causes a world commotion by giving his workers what these and other automatic machines save him.

Now the way the twenty-four hour shift "works down the overhead" is this: The fixed expenses—the rent, interest, depreciation, insurance, taxes, all salaries, and other "fixed" charges—run day and night, Sunday, Monday, and holiday. When a plant works eight hours, it has to do battle with twenty-four hours' overhead—one to three, so to speak. The productive time sold into the product must take care of all these and every other expense, and give a profit besides—it is on a basis of eight hours to twenty-four. When overtime can be worked—say four hours—then we have a twelve hour to a twenty-four hour proposition. When a "double" shift is worked we have a sixteen to a twenty-four hour condition. When three shifts can be worked, *then* we have a twenty-four hour to twenty-four hour situation that gives chances for an hour of productive time for every hour of overhead. In other words the overhead is shoved away down almost to zero, and with it go the costs.

It is by operating his plant under this most ideal of conditions that Mr. Ford can do for his great army what he has. If he was to work his plant only eight hours' day work, then he would have to use about two-thirds more building space, and double his plant investments, which would mean eating up of profits—for a two-third idle plant of the vastness that his

would then have to be, would have immense interest and replacement charges that would in time overcome the profits, then begin to eat into the *original* capital invested, resulting in a crash that would startle the business world and dumbfound his associates.

He is safe only on the three-shift plan.

It is knowledge of accurate costs that not only automobile manufacturers but all manufacturers should have. The same high degree of efficiency should also be used—then employers would experience no difficulty in finding a way to do with their surplus as Mr. Ford has done with his—unless they be hogs.

Can Mr. Ford continue to pay such wages and survive?

Yes! So long as he *first* knows *cost*, he will be in a position to demand, to always *demand*, the very best workmen, the highest type of automatic machinery, honest materials and workmanship, the full confidence of his army of workers and his more numerous consumers—just because he knows his *cost*—and because he is a man, not a hog—and with the kind of a heart all men love, and an energy to do real things.

This man will not be bothered with labor troubles, such as strikes. In his factories he has whipped the labor problem. It is his great purpose to have all who work for him treated as humans love to be treated.

He says that it costs as much to rear the child of a floor sweeper as it does to rear his child of a highly paid mechanic. It is here he shows another angle of the economic question of capital and labor.

If Mr. Ford wishes to do for his great army of workers another real act of greatness—and one that would over-tower all that he has previously done—he should make studies and have his army of workers assist him, to find out the capital that is really

invested in the human machine with the end in view of finding what the *cost of producing labor really is*. He should have every one of his workers, married or single, man, woman, or child, keep accurate records of what it *costs* them and their own to live in order that they may produce the labor which goes into the Ford products. By a careful study along this new line, and in a few short years, Ford workers would have records of cost in "Home Plants" (Ford Peace Palaces) that could be used by workers and employers in other lines in helping settle wage disputes for those engaged in like occupations.

Possibly Mr. Ford knows what their costs are—and is not making a hit or miss distribution of wages.

It is necessary to properly distribute all commodities—whether groceries, clothing, food, or dollars—but it is far more necessary to first know the *cost* of a commodity or thing, even to knowing the cost of producing the human machine, before a real scientific distribution can be had.

If Mr. Ford would have his employees do this thing, he and they would be serving mankind in a new way, a way which might prove that the minimum wages of five dollars a day are too much—thereby bringing about a readjustment of the same—which would mean lower prices on cars.

The responsibility resting on the employer who employs a population as large as a city, is tremendous. On the other hand such a study might prove that the five dollars a day minimum is not yet enough. If this proved the case then a better readjustment of wages could be made, more short cuts in manufacture brought about, and *real* intelligence used on the whole question of wages, capital, and manufacturing.

If Mr. Ford and his people could have had such methods in use the last few years back, to find the cost of

producing labor, and *then* had this present raise in wages put into effect — think what a world service would have been accomplished. Such a service would have been as far beyond the great deed he has already done, as his present act is beyond all of the acts of Carnegie.

If he has such records of the cost of producing labor as he has of the cost of producing his product then he

owes it to the world that the same be given to mankind as a guide against a continuation of a system that causes many civil wars in this great country of ours.

Yes, there are many who say they cannot do what Mr. Ford has done. Do they absolutely *know* they cannot — or is their imagination ruling them?

EDITORIAL NOTE:—*In connection with the three foregoing discussions of the Ford Profit-Sharing Plan, the following news dispatches should be read, as they throw additional light on the extreme thoughtfulness with which the plan is being carried out, as well as furnishing some excellent side-lights on human nature showing how it is absolutely necessary to have a reasonable oversight over the use of any bonus or sudden increase of wealth.*

FORD WARS ON BAD HOUSING

Detroit, Mich., April 17.—[Special.]—Henry Ford has declared war against tenements and squalid rooming houses and no employee of the Ford Motor Company will be permitted to live in them.

In a notice just sent to all the Detroit employees, Mr. Ford says the company expects each recipient of its profit sharing plan to use his or her share in the profits for the good of themselves and their families and to "make more comfortable your home and living conditions."

Married and single men who do not live up to the modern standard of American everyday living are to be eliminated from the Ford organization. Married men who keep boarders in their home will lose their places. So will single men who reside in rooming houses such as have been found in Highland Park, where they sleep in shifts.

"These men of many nations must be taught American ways, the English language, the right way to live," Mr. Ford said to-day. "Married men should keep their households for themselves and their immediate families. They should not sacrifice family rights, pleasure, and comfort by filling their homes with roomers and boarders."

"Single men are expected to live under conditions that make for good manhood and good citizenship. It would not do for them to waste their share of the profits. Once they live correctly, breathe the real fresh

air of freedom, see that health and strength are fully conserved, we can make them good citizens."

"We now have forty-five investigators who are interviewing each employee. Every detail of their living is inquired into. They found one man, his wife, and three children living in four rooms, and there were five ducks in the bathtub—live ducks too. He couldn't understand why he wasn't considered clean and a share in the profits had been denied him."

Next Monday an innovation at the Ford plant, an English teaching school, will be opened. The first class will comprise 200 students of eleven nationalities.

London, April 17.—Henry Ford of Detroit has decided to extend his profit sharing scheme to the employees of his automobile branches at Manchester and London. He has allotted \$250,000 for this purpose for the year 1914.

The hours of the workmen have been reduced from fifty to forty-eight a week. The earnings of the men over 22 years of age will be 30 cents an hour, including their share of the profits, provided their mode of life is regarded as satisfactory. Men under 22 years of age will receive the same remuneration if they are the sole support of families. The present minimum wage is 20 cents per hour.

Women and boys also receive substantial increases in their wages. About 1,300 persons will benefit by the scheme.

National Salesmanagers' Address

Delivered by WM. T. GOFFE, Associate-Ed. *The Business Philosopher*
before the St. Paul Division of The National Salesmanagers' Association

IF there is one man in business life who falls shortest of appreciation at your hands—you salesmanagers—I would guess him to be the fellow whose personal egotism distinctly overtops his modesty. In short, he of the stamp known as a "know-it-all."

If I wanted, or felt it necessary, to use a strategy in order to secure your undivided attention at this time, I might ask the privilege of taking you into my confidence and telling you, on the side, that I do not claim to know it all about this business of managing the sales department. Then I would probably interpolate—and *neither do you*. But I do not need to spar for your attention. You are, of necessity, constantly at attention. Nothing else would do in your case at all. You are salesmanagers—men in charge of the distribution, for profit, of the goods or wares of your respective houses; and I suspect, representing the manufacturing and wholesaling interests of St. Paul as you do, that you and your assistants and lieutenants cover some considerable territory.

One of the simplest and sanest instructions I ever received from a salesmanager was this: "See enough people and you will do enough business." This was in the days of "strong-arm"—and leg—methods, when that great constructive quality of *industry* was duly and specially recognized. We have gone on some distance in the right direction since then; but oh, the wisdom still bound up in that matter of seeing *enough people*! Conditions in business life to-day call not only for industry but for more and more discrimination—springing from knowledge and judgment and reason—as well as for concentration and application. And there

is some lack of these qualities in the average run of us. I won't say the road-man lacks, to be sure, although he might feel slighted were he not included among the average of us in this connection.

But the outside representative of the house must not be allowed to deceive himself that he is the whole "shooting-match" in the matter of getting business, and still more business, month by month from his territory. He isn't; he's only one link in the chain. That chap at the desk inside, who handles his business after the orders come in, has a lot to do with it; especially with the element of more—or less—business to follow. So have several others down the line in the packing and shipping departments, as well as the salesmanager and his accountants and correspondents. No, the salesman—the man on the road—with all his efforts, cannot divorce himself, if he would, from the busy fingers of the various elements or units inside that, together with himself, go to make up the salesman in the general sense—the house itself. This "general salesman" would be sidetracked or set aside by many—but that's another story.

And *you*, so far as *you* are concerned, all you've got to do is to get and keep your ranks filled with *capable* men; keep each one "gingered up," while fully and voluminously advising him in regard to new stocks, changes in prices, if any, hurry-up-credit-notes, exceptions, and so on, and then turn to the trade and do the same thing from another angle, not forgetting those too numerous cases where customers have developed new concepts regarding orders which were well understood and fully intended at the time given. These, and

a lot of other essentials from a field viewpoint, leave you heaps of time (?) for straightening out erroneous charge and credit entries pro and con, most of which should be neither; errors in quantity and quality shipments, as well as methods, while standing between the financial department and your own in such little matters as personal and incidental expenditures of the latter measured by the per capita measure of trade secured. All these things and a lot more, such as allotments of new territory, map changes, extensions, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Oh, you've scarcely anything to do at all!

But the one thing which I conceive to be of paramount importance to you and your house, and which, if I may hazard a guess, you do *not* do, is to look carefully and ceaselessly to the harmonious development of the human plant in your employ and under your direction. To assume that you have not, do not, nor will not give this question a place in your economy of management would be to put you back to the merely strong-arm period, which, of course, is not your present-day environment. This matter of improved personal efficiency, considering yourselves first and then those subordinate to you, has interested you, and does interest you. So let us enter into this question from the viewpoint of better service, increased selling, and amplification of desirable all-round results.

It is the personal element in commerce which is so often neglected. That element which carries the impression of interest and neighborliness to the consciousness of those to whom we sell, and whom we serve. Too often this real essence of good business between buyer and seller is absent, cold and indifferent commercialism taking its place. Men have a disposition to assume the attitude of "Business is business," as though no nearer touch than that of mere barter and exchange were pos-

sible, or even desirable. The idea that we each *serve* the other, and that this is the element that should pervade all transactions between us and others, needs cultivating and developing. When it becomes universally recognized by men and women, then will dawn that great emancipation from drive and greed that now so largely renders commercial life, for the majority of us, a life of grind and wearing anxiety and comparative failure.

The accomplishment of this ideal of commercial service one to another throughout the world of trade must be first, a personal accomplishment; second, an institutional accomplishment. Every one having anything to do with the work of the house must come to a realization of his or her personal responsibility for this, and learn to look within himself for the material of which the ideal I refer to shall be constructed. We are shoulder deep in battle, we who are here and yonder in the charges and counter charges of traffic, it is true; and we cannot retreat nor withdraw from present formations of battle line. We are carried along with the army under orders, and for the immediate present we just must do our soldierly part, giving and receiving blows where under right conditions we would prefer to bless. Well, let us look about us a little more carefully than we yet have, and we will see the sun of hope arising which tells of commerce *sans* battle, and commerce in service to others. Won't that be a glad day?

The development of the Human Plant, along effective lines for profitable trade distribution, means increase of power personally, of power relatively, and of power in the concrete, to the end of genuine building of business. It means, for the individual, health of body, mind, and soul. It means power to endure the strain of constant hard work. It means apprehension, judgment, and reason. It

means love—in the sense of kindness—interest, consideration, fairness, and justice. It means all these and many other splendid and powerful qualities, plus purpose and decision and self-control and perseverance. It means right action finally, and always. As business is at present organized, men accomplish more when ranged together under a leader or leaders, and thus you see your responsibility, as leaders, for the achievements of those subject to your direction and management.

Now ask yourselves this question: "Am I giving the consideration it deserves to the matter of personality in the ranks? And am I, myself, attending to that in my own individual case?" It's worth while, believe me, to be able to answer these questions in the affirmative. It must be done. The world of trade is approaching this ideal, cautiously, true enough, but certainly. And we who merely touch the question with the tips of our fingers, doubting its reality, are losing time and connection and money and satisfaction which should be ours.

Are we developing power to better harmonize with others, through a larger and more comprehensive knowledge of human nature, than ever before? This follows as a natural sequence. "Man, know thyself," is the first law; and "Man, know thy fellow-man," comes second. This matter of character analysis, of human-nature study, many regard as a sort of strained attempt to enlarge the scope of studies on these lines. But it isn't so. You are not responsible for peculiarities of temperament, type, mentality, motive, ideal; but you are responsible to yourself and to your house or business, aye, to the peculiar individual with whom you deal at any time, for the way you harmonize, or fail to harmonize, in his case. Your responsibility calls for study of character analysis, in order to readily level-up with others. We cannot and should not lower our-

selves in order to meet undesirables or difficult people; but we should know the book of human nature so well that in a given case we can meet and deal with a man in harmony with his understanding and promptings, and help him to come into agreement with us for both his and our good.

Are we growing in analytical capacity, getting at the true inwardness of things,—our own business first, and the business of others who compete with us for available trade, next? Are we really learning the art of taking a proposition apart into its smallest divisions or parts? One who does this is always the one who knows most about business conditions and opportunities, and the suitableness of this or that article or plan to fit the case. That one can take the facts brought out by his analysis of the thing or proposition, and rebuild them into a complete whole again, if he has really learned how the parts combine. And then, if he has developed power of expression, he can pass the facts along to you and to me in fitting language—word pictures—leading us to the same concepts and ideas he has concerning them. This is the very pinnacle—the capstone and climax—to one's capacity to persuade others to think as he thinks, believe as he believes, and do as he desires them to do. Here's the test after all of one's salesmanship and business-building ability, "to build into the minds of others a concrete picture of an abstract truth or proposition." All logical people who precede that with knowledge and judgment and reason and wisdom, and supplement it with vigorous initiative—action—sell and build business successfully. And take it from me, gentlemen, none others do. We must study our calling, and then practice it as a profession.

You say, "Yes, that's all very true; but can it be done?" Well, Sheldon has most logically, and in a manner intensely interesting, outlined the

problem which he says is an individual one, applying to every normal person in exactly the same manner. He links up a series of natural laws in solving the individual problem of success. The first of these he calls the Law of Supervision. This law governs or demonstrates personal value, value in a personal sense being greater or less in proportion as the individual requires supervision. Much need for watching, sending, telling, correcting, means little value personally, and vice versa. The second law he calls the Law of Error, which, linking on to the Law of Supervision, reveals why any supervision is needed by any one. It is because of errors, either of omission or of commission. When we err, some one must set us right, must correct us, must supervise us. All supervision is traceable to error. The third law he calls the Law of Positives and Negatives. This links on to the Law of Error, and discovers to us that every error is traceable and can be located inevitably and with certainty. Errors are due to some one or more negative qualities, failure qualities—forgetfulness, for an example—or to mental or physical

inertness. We know that no error was ever due to a well-trained memory, or to alertness and active industry. Then Sheldon shows us in this success problem demonstration that education is growth—development of Positives over Negatives. We see at once that that is the very kernel of the difficulty,—lack of education in the sense of growth and personal increase. It is easy then to follow on to his conclusion, that growth, mentally, morally, physically, and volitionally, means Ability, plus Reliability, plus Endurance, plus Action, the A R E A, or all-roundness, or four-squareness, of the real and ideal man; and that this measures one's success, after all. *And we know this is true.*

To me, this is a wonderful elucidation of the personal problem of success, and in his editorial work Mr. Sheldon continually reverts to it and applies it to all sorts and kinds of conditions and men.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your flattering attention, and for your goodness in thus favoring me as your guest for this evening.

Luck

*It isn't good luck, or some wonderful gift
Of talent or genius or learning,
That brings us at last to the coveted goal,
Nor is it by dreaming or yearning;
It's only hard work and a noble resolve,
That accomplish glorious deeds—
It's tending our own little garden of life,
And preserving it free from the weeds.*

The Love of Excellence

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

*Superiority is the
best trade mark*

A NEW YORK millionaire told me, some time ago, that when working his way up his salary was raised from seven dollars a week to three thousand dollars a year without any intermediate steps, and he was also made a partner in the large dry goods concern for which he was working. He had agreed to work for the firm for so many years at seven dollars a week, but he had grit and determination and no idea of just trying to earn seven dollars a week and then stopping. He was resolved to show his employers that he was equal to any man in their employ, and that he was capable and worthy of being made a partner. The quality of his work very quickly commanded attention.

Put your trademark upon everything you touch.

Every piece of work that goes out of your hands is more important to you than every piece of the work that goes out from the factories of the well-known New York firm, Tiffany and Company, is to them. They can back everything they do with the weight of a reputation which required a century to build up. Everything that goes out from this establishment is guaranteed to be just as they represent it, the best of its kind. How did it get its world-wide reputation? By doing things to a complete finish, by doing them as well as they could be done, by being absolutely reliable.

You may not be in the store-keeping business, but you are in business of some sort. What is your merchandise? Everything that comes out of

your hand is a piece of your merchandise. You are giving it to the world in your service. It should bear the hall-mark of your character, should have your trademark upon it.

Everything you do should stand for superiority, for excellence; should be proof positive that it is not done in a slipshod, slovenly way, but that it is done to a complete finish, just as well as you know how to do it, just as well as any human being can do it.

Some one says that *efficiency never has to go begging for advancement*; the man that masters his trade goes to the front.

I know a young man who was advanced over the heads of much older men than he, simply because he filled minor positions with marked superiority and took infinite pains to stamp his efficiency and integrity upon everything he did. His employers, watching him, took his measure and placed him in the highest office in their institution, a position which he has filled for years with great efficiency. He has recently been offered the presidency of a great institution in which he has had no experience whatever. He was chosen because of the marked superiority which has characterized his work and everything he has ever undertaken.

I once knew this young man to forego an important banquet to which he had been invited, and keep a force of stenographers in his office until ten o'clock at night, rewriting a large number of letters, because of a mistake which many of those in positions above him would have regarded as too trivial to make such a fuss

about. A misspelled word, a carelessly written letter, bad punctuation, a stamp upside-down or crosswise on an envelope, a blunder or inaccuracy of any kind was not a trifle to this man. Everything which went through his hands had to be done to a complete finish. To do it "fairly well," "pretty well," was not enough; it must be done *just right*. No doubt many of those above him laughed at him for being so particular, for keeping his stenographers after hours to remedy a trifling defect, but they did not laugh long at him. The officers who would not recognize this young man on the street a few years ago, when he was a "nobody" in the concern, now take their hats off to him.

Make it an unvarying principle of your life to touch nothing upon which you cannot put the trademark of your character, the patent of your manhood. When any piece of work goes out of your hands, let it bear the stamp of a man.

A young lady working on a paper once said she did not try to do very good work for her employers, because they "did not pay much." This doing poor work because it does not pay much is just what keeps thousands and thousands of young people from getting on in the world. Small pay is no excuse for doing half work or slovenly work. Indeed, the pay which one receives should have nothing to do with the quality of his work. The work should be a matter of conscience. It is a question of character, not of remuneration. A person has no right to demoralize his own character by doing slovenly or half-finished work simply because it doesn't pay much. A conscientious person will do his work just as well if he receives nothing more than his board for it. A large part of the best work that has ever been done in the history of the world has been only half paid for.

An employee has something at stake besides his salary. He has character. There is manhood or woman-

hood involved, compared with which salary is nothing. The way one does his work enters into the very fiber of his character. It is a matter of conscience, and no one can afford to sell himself because his salary is meager.

Besides, if one puts his very best self into every little thing he does,—puts his heart and conscience into it, and tries to see how much, and not how little, he can give his employer,—he will not be likely to be underpaid very long, for he will be advanced. Good work cuts its own channel and does its own talking. What matter if you do twenty-five dollars' worth of work for five dollars? It is the best advertisement of your worth you can possibly give. Bad work, half-done work, slipshod work, even with a good salary, would soon ruin you. No, the way to get on in the world is not to see how little you can give for your salary, but how much. Make your employer ashamed of the meager salary he gives by the great disproportion between what you do and what you get. Character is a very great factor in success, and the personal impression you make on your employer will certainly tell. If not, it will attract the attention of other employers.

A business man once told the writer that, when he was a boy, he let himself out by verbal contract for five years, at seven dollars and fifty cents a week, in a large drygoods store in New York. At the end of three years, this young man had developed such skill in judging goods that another concern offered him three thousand dollars a year to go abroad as its buyer. He said that he did not mention this offer to his employers, nor even suggest the breaking of his agreement to work for seven and a half dollars a week, although verbal, until his time was up. Many people would say he was very foolish not to accept the offer mentioned, but the fact was that this firm, in which he ultimately became a part-

ner, paid him ten thousand dollars a year at the expiration of his seven-and-a-half-dollar contract. They saw that he was giving them many times the amount of his salary, and in the end he was the gainer. Supposing he had said to himself, "They give me only seven and a half dollars a week, and I will earn only seven and a half dollars a week; I am not going to earn fifty dollars a week when I am getting only seven and a half!" This is what many boys would have said, and then they would have wondered why they were not advanced.

It is not wholly a question of cheating an employer; you *cheat yourself when you do poor work*. The employer is not injured half so much as you are by half-done work. It may be a loss of a few dollars to him, but to you it is loss of character and self-respect, loss of manhood or womanhood.

I have seldom known of a young person who persistently and determinedly filled his position in the best manner possible who was not eventually the gainer, even from a financial standpoint, to say nothing of the infinite gain in character and self-respect.

Young people should start out with the conviction that there is only one way to do anything, and that is the best that it can be done, regardless of remuneration.

They should be greater than the petty means of getting a living. They are making character-fiber every day. Their manhood and womanhood are woven from the warp and woof of their daily work and thought. They cannot afford to weave rotten or sleazy threads into their great life fabric.

Not long ago I asked a young man how he was getting along, and he said, "*I am just intoxicated with my work. I cannot get enough of it. I just ache every morning to get to my*

task, and I leave it with the same regret at night that a born artist lays down his brush when the twilight cuts him off."

There is no need of anxiety about the future of a young man who faces his work in this spirit.

"The man," say Elbert Hubbard, "who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience, and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct, and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to each and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, or a factory; writing, speaking, modeling, or painting. *It is that last indefinable touch that counts: the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man a genius.*"

Apart altogether from the question whether the doing his work in a superb way makes a man an artist or a genius, it is certain that there is nothing else quite like the satisfaction that comes to one from the consciousness of doing the very best thing possible to him.

Neither wealth nor position can give *the glow of satisfaction, the electric thrill and uplift which come from a superbly done job*.

There is a fitness in doing a thing superlatively well, because we seem to be made for expressing excellence. It seems to harmonize with the very principles of our being. It is a perpetual tonic, improves the health, the happiness, the efficiency. There is no happiness like that which comes from *doing our level best every day, always, everywhere*; no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority, putting the royal trademark of excellence, upon everything which goes through our hands.

Order as a Time Saver

By FRITZ WEBER

Set your tasks *for* a certain time and then
do them *at* that time and *in* that time and
you have efficiently arranged your day.

TIME is the substance of life. Save time, save life. Use your time twice as well as you did before, and you will make your life twice as long.

Keep order. Loss of time is lack of order. You lose time because you do not know where a thing is, because you have not kept an appointment to the minute, because your train just went without you. You are late the whole day long because you wanted five minutes more sleep.

You cut your chin because you wanted to save time on shaving. You get indigestion because you swallowed your breakfast at an unnatural speed. You tire out your nerves from the mere apprehension of being just a little behind the time.

You make blunders because you try to work too quickly. You spoil your work because your mind is preoccupied about the time. You lose money because you try to make good a delay. You send telegrams because you missed the letter mail. You bring discontent amongst those working with you, because you make their work irregular and ill-timed. You rush your typist, and sometimes leave her without work. You are always one minute behind the time, and in trying to get right again you lose other minutes, you lose your temper, your nerves, your health, the sympathy of others. You spoil your lifetime because you are one minute late.

Keep order with your things. Put them where they ought to be, where you know they should be, where you

can put your hand on them at the very moment you want them.

Keep order with your time. Get up when you ought to get up. Take for each action you have to do the time it requires. Never give it more, never give it less. Every rush is a loss of time added to the first one. Either you spoil your work by doing it too quickly, or you are able to do it right, which means you were too slow before.

You have a certain number of duties to perform every day. Time them up; plan out your day's work; divide your time. Give each action its proper share. Always enough, never too much. Leave some margin for things you cannot foresee.

Keep within the limits you fix. Start a thing when you ought to start it. Do things in their proper order. Know exactly what you are going to do. Don't lose time for looking which work you will take first. Keep order in your time.

Keep order with your people. Get them used to order. Show them by your example what you want them to be. Give them to understand that they have to work in the order you work, so that their work and your work is properly timed and balanced. Don't rush a typist, or ask the cashier to make out a check two minutes before closing time. Then ask them to keep order. Don't expect them to be better than you are. Don't be late if you blame others who are late.

Give everything its place. Give every action its time. Establish an order, and keep to it. Don't rush. Don't slacken down. Keep steady order.

Sales-Letters *that* Sell Goods

By CHAS. S. WIGGINS

I had the privilege of attending a meeting of the Rotary Club of Winnipeg on March 19th. Mr. Charles S. Wiggins read a paper entitled Sales-Letters. It was so good that I asked him if he wouldn't like to pass the good thing along to his fellow-readers of The Business Philosopher. He replied that he would be glad to do so and I am very glad of the privilege of sharing the pleasures of that address with our patrons. Mr. Wiggins is an earnest student of Business Science in all its phases and he is making good. He was kind enough to say to me that he had found the study of the Science of Business Building among the greatest helps that have come into his life. I believe that all students of the Science of Business and believers in the Service idea will read the following paper of Mr. Wiggins with more than ordinary interest.—A. F. S.

ON your arrival at the office in the morning, after you have hung up your coat and hat, you look for the mail on your desk. That mail is intensely interesting to you and you open every letter with interest—mark me, you open every letter with interest.

In the pile of letters on your desk there are two kinds. There is the formal letter, beginning with "I have the honor to inform you," "Answering your favor of the 16th, we beg to state," "Answering your recent favor addressed to our office, we wish to state," and other formal phrases like them. This letter is paper, ink, and formality, and usually goes the way of the waste basket.

The other is logical, has human appeal, draws the eye, grips, sways, convinces. The first sentence gets your attention. It is natural. For example, "Our idea in the manufacture of a motor is just this—the customer wants a motor that is mechanically correct." That writer makes you feel that he understands you and your problems. He is talking to your interest, and as a natural result he gets your attention.

But that is not, by any means, all the elements to a sales-letter. Remember, please, that a sales-letter is taking the place of a salesman, and at a greatly reduced cost. A good sales-

man gets immediate attention; so does a good sales-letter. A good salesman gets action on a high percentage of his calls; so does a good sales-letter get action on a large percentage of the recipients of the letter.

The contents of this letter that gets results are:

1. Attention as described.
2. Description and explanation to arouse interest.
3. Argument and proof for conviction.
4. Persuasion for the personal appeal.
5. Inducement gives the idea and kind of gain for the customer.
6. The clincher—what the customer must do to possess himself of the goods or the services offered.

These are the six vital elements that are in every successful sales-letter that has been used in the last few years. To these six points must be added the mechanical dressing of the letter. This applies whether the letters are each typed out on the typewriter or made on a duplicating machine and by methods such as I use in putting out letters by the thousand.

The stationery may be cheap bond paper, but should be as heavy as a twenty-pound paper. You note on opening your letters to-morrow morning how much more attention you give the letter on a heavy paper. It has crispness, firmness, substan-

tiality that get your favorable first attention.

The letter should have good margins on each side, at top and bottom, and should be on business stationery. Many men, to make a feeler for a new business or a new line of goods, use a plain sheet of paper. As a rule they might just as well throw that money in the fire. The name and address should be filled in carefully, and the letter and envelope free from finger and ink marks. This mechanical part of a letter corresponds to the letter just as clothes to a salesman.

What have letters dressed in this manner and containing the proper elements done? The history of one great mail-order house will show their tremendous selling power and the economy of doing business by mail.

About fifteen years ago the founder was a telegraph operator in a town in Wisconsin. He learned of a watch that would pass railroad inspection that he could sell for a few dollars less than the local jeweler, and at the same time make a profit. He sold a few of these watches to his railroad friends. These people, being well satisfied, gave him the names of other railroad men, requesting him to write these men regarding the watches. He did so and prospered. In three months he gave up his job as telegraph operator, and started his mail-order business. In a few months he considered the town too small to give him a good standing, so moved his firm to Minneapolis and took on new lines. His business grew and he prospered—always doing business by mail. Then he considered that Chicago was the real center to do business from. He moved to that city. In two years' time he amassed a fortune of \$200,000 by doing business through the mail. Then he decided to go into banking, but could not sell his money fast enough and in six months returned to Chicago and formed a partnership.

Some eight years ago the firm was capitalized at many millions of dollars, moved into their new home, and last year did a business of about one hundred millions of dollars. All cash, and through the mail.

This is one concrete example of what the mails offer the business man.

The mail-order department of T. Eaton Co., Ltd., of this city, is another very good example.

At this point I want to make a comparison with some of the circular letters sent to this country by English firms. They are on onion-skin paper, and in no way command our respect from a mechanical point of view. The letter itself is usually very formal. Compare these letters with those used by Sears Roebuck Co. and T. Eaton Co., Ltd., and you can see the reason for the success of the two latter firms. Their letters have a personal appeal that wins.

Now take some smaller concerns. Recently a piano house sent out a letter, the first of a series. By that letter they sold two player pianos. Consider the cost of selling those pianos.

A tailoring concern decided to make clothes for the local country tailors. They sent out two hundred letters. About three weeks after the letters were sent out, a tailor from a near-by town came in with four suits and five pairs of trousers to be made up. A number of other customers were also secured. Did this letter pay?

A loan company, during 1912, mailed one million letters to secure deposits. The deposits became \$725,000 greater than their natural increase for the year. In other words, each letter mailed brought in seventy-two and one-half cents in deposits. Each letter cost about two and one-half cents. The money so secured for deposits cost the company from four to five per cent, and they loaned it out at from eight to ten per cent, and the accumulative effect of this

campaign will be great for years to come. Did letters pay them?

Wholesalers and manufacturers use letters successfully to sell direct, or through agents and local dealers. The sales-letter is one of the greatest forces in getting the local agent or dealer behind the goods. Through letters you, the manufacturer, give the local agent or dealer information that certainly helps him to sell your goods. These letters make him feel that you are taking a personal interest in him, and that interest spurs him on to sell your goods. You, as well as he, reap the result in greater sales.

To show you the value placed upon good letters by business men and firms, these figures will give concrete evidence. One firm in the city pays a man four thousand dollars a year to write their letters. His selling by mail costs this firm about one-half what it costs them to sell by personal salesmen.

Another firm in the city, which is a branch of a large American firm, sends out letters that are written by a ten thousand dollar a year man.

These men are masters in sales-letter writing. Their letters "hit the customer where he lives," to express it in slang. Their letters contain the six points of the successful sales-letters I have spoken about; these six points are in every good sales-letter, in some form or other.

As writing the copy is the most important part of any sales-letter campaign, let's look at these points carefully for a few minutes. They may be a little dry, but they are of the arteries of business that carry the very life blood of business.

First, *attention*, or the power of a letter to get the recipient to start to read it—the power to prevent its going out of the office, and out of mind, by way of the waste basket.

The opening sentence is the point of contact, and should follow the line of least resistance to the recipient.

The things that are of vital importance to the prospective customer are the things that will get his attention quickest. And remember, to write a successful letter you must get the attention of the reader. You may do this in a number of ways—by an opening sentence or paragraph, for instance, which will arouse his curiosity, or by a striking statement that hits some one of his problems, difficulties, or desires. This initial interest on the part of the man addressed is absolutely essential to the success of the letter. No matter how well your proposition may be stated in the body of your letter, or how strong your close, your efforts will be lost if the opening does not start the man reading.

On some propositions striking statements like these will get attention: "*Big Profits for You*"; "*Fire Two of Your Clerks*." But after all, the easiest and best way to start a letter is to be perfectly natural. Get attention in about the same way as you would when personally approaching a difficult customer. You would use personality there, and leave off stilted formality. Stilted formality would mean defeat; it would hasten your letters on the way to the waste basket.

Second, *to arouse interest*. Once having gained attention, the next point is to arouse interest, and so hold that interest that it will carry the reader through the body of the letter to the end. Following this attention-winning opening, the letter runs directly into the description and explanation which is planned to gain the reader's interest. The second step in the mental process is making a sale. This part must be, above all, specific. Every salesman knows the value of the actual demonstration—of having his goods on the ground so that the prospect can see and feel and understand. As a writer, you cannot show your goods; you must depend on description. Give your man a definite

idea of what you have to offer. Picture the article, its use, its advantages, so vividly that it swims before his mental eye. Let me repeat that last sentence. Picture the article, its use, its advantages, so vividly that it swims before his mental eye.

If you are a clothier and wish to sell boys' clothes, write to the mother regarding her ambition for that boy, and how he will look in your clothes. If you are an electric-light manufacturer and writing to electricians, you can deal in technicalities. It is quality, price, service, and profit that such a buyer looks at.

The common error is to ramble along on a subject which is of interest to yourself, not your prospective customer. For example, "We have just finished our fine new forty-acre factory" does not interest your prospective customer. But tell that prospect that you can sell him better goods, or the same goods at a lower price, because you have moved into your new forty-acre factory, and your prospective customer becomes interested at once. That is something that affects him and his bank account.

Third, *argument or proof*. Your prospect must have proof of your statements. And proving your statements, the proof or argument follows logically after explanation. Its object is to create desire, that third mental step in making the sale. It is not enough to give your prospect an idea of the nature, or make-up, or working principles of the thing or services you are endeavoring to sell him. You must reinforce all these, as concrete is reinforced with steel rods, by argument, proving to him the advantages of the purchase, the saving that he will effect in his business, the increased efficiency he can attain in his work, the pleasure he will derive from the article. Proof may be presented by showing the satisfaction which the article has given to other buyers, by testimon-

ials, or by some novel demonstration of its quality and value.

In using testimonials, the title or position, if any, and the name and address should be given in full, that the recipient may investigate for himself. Otherwise testimonials are of little use or may be a detriment.

In argument, brag claims, "hot air," if you please, spell failure. Truth, cold, hard logic, and cold, hard facts; these alone will win. Analyze the situation carefully, and you will see it means simply that you must show the customer where he gains by the purchase. *Gain*. That word is the foundation stone of all success in salesmanship by mail. Show the prospect how he gains by purchasing your goods or services, the gain in personal comfort, in money—in his pocketbook or in his business—and your sale is well on the way to consummation.

But go further; show the prospect he cannot lose, and prove that also. A manufacturer of acetylene gas lamps, a form of lighting popularly supposed to be dangerous, described how his prospective customer can make the gas with an ordinary tumbler and common clay pipe. This shows the prospect he is taking no chance with the gas; it removes the element of fear and danger.

Fourth, *persuasion*. On the heels of argument comes persuasion. Its purpose is to intensify desire, the fourth step in the mental process of the sale. Persuasion involves a certain intimacy at which it is difficult to arrive in business. Before you dare to employ the art of persuasion you must know that your standing with your prospective customer is such that he will not resent your placing a paternal hand on his knee, and talking to him "for his own good." In persuasion the recipient must be shown tactfully how possession of the article will bring benefit to him personally. Possibly the best kind of persuasion you can employ is

the subtle suggestion which pictures to the reader the satisfaction or actual gain which ownership would bring.

Argument is giving a man evidence that will prompt him to act of his own volition. Persuasion is the added influence of the salesman's or writer's personality—your personality—that brings action when the man himself hesitates.

Fifth, *inducement*. Then another thing immediately following persuasion, which the letter as well as the salesman must do, is to offer a specific inducement. You know how the clever salesman manipulates his talking points.

You have seen how the master salesman always holds back till the last some extra reason why you should accept his proposition. This is the part that inducement plays in the letter. And it culminates in the sixth point, the climax or the clincher,—the statement to sign the postcard or order form attached. As you hesitate, undecided whether or not to order, the shrewd salesman shoots at you one last advantage which he has held in reserve. That is what you must do in your letters.

The inducement and clincher are the fifth step in the mental law of the sale. When the sale is made, the customer's mind and yours agree. The inducement shows the prospect what he personally will gain,—that's the word — *gain* in pleasure and comfort, or in money, or how his business will gain.

Sixth, *the climax or clincher*. You will also recall how the good book salesman immediately follows up this idea of gain—personal pleasure and comfort—by placing before you an order blank ready for your signature. He has learned the secret of making it easy for you to order. This is the clincher that is to close the order. That is exactly what you, too, must do in your business-getting letter. Follow up your inducement and your

"Act today," "Act now," by giving the man or woman something to sign,—a postcard, a coupon, an order form,—something that is ready to return. Make it so plain what he or she or the firm is to do that there can be no possible misunderstanding. Say it in so many words: "You do this, and we will do that." Aim to make your claim so direct, so strong and simple, that the reader cannot resist the temptation to reply.

If your letter does not contain these six elements in some form or other, re-write it. It is better to spend several hours on each sales-letter and get results, than to send out hastily written letters that may or may not get results. You are investing your money in letters. Get the greatest returns possible.

Now let us give this contents outline application. Take, for example, the two letters before you. The first, an actual business letter, the third of a series mailed to a man who has answered an advertisement. The writer throughout the entire letter is humbly getting down on his knees and begging for a reply. Just read the letter:

THE ECONOMY LIGHTING CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Economy Vapor Gas Lamps

Muncie, Indiana.

Jan. 21, 1914.

DEAR SIR:

It is some time since we wrote you in reply to your inquiry about our famous "Economy" Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamps and supplies. In looking over our records, (*our regular method*) we are disappointed to find that up to this writing we have not received an order from you, nor as yet an answer to our communications. Believing that your original inquiry was inspired by a desire to purchase and not simply to satisfy mere curiosity, we write you again (*our third communication*), asking whether you received our printed matter? Should there be any information needed to enable you to decide this matter we are at your service, and we will be greatly pleased to answer your communication fully and promptly.

If you have decided to purchase later, have bought elsewhere, or are no longer interested in the "Economy" and the most

economical light in the world, will you kindly write us and we will take your name off our books and thereby relieve you from further correspondence.

We assure you that there are no better values on the market in our line than those we have offered you. We are headquarters for all kinds of Vapor Gas Lamps safely constructed. If you do not see in our printed matter what you want, ask us for it.

Assuring you that the courtesy of a prompt reply will be greatly appreciated, and thanking you in advance for same, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

THE ECONOMY LIGHTING CO.

The entire substance of the letter is this: "If you are not interested in Economy lights, write us, that we may take your name off our lists." What! Ask the prospect to spend a two-cent stamp to do the writer a favor? That's just the substance of the letter.

Note the number of "wes" and "ours" in the letter. As a prospective customer, I do not see anything in this letter to get further attention, to arouse interest, to create desire, to convince me that I need "Economy" light, no persuasion—except negative—no inducement, not a clincher.

This letter will kill any interest or desire that may have been aroused in the first and second letters.

Now note the letter as I have rewritten it, the letter I would have sent out were I the manufacturer.

THE ECONOMY LIGHTING CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Economy Vapor Gas Lamps

Muncie, Indiana.

Jan. 21, 1914.

DEAR SIR:

When you inquired about the Economy System of Lighting you were evidently thinking of a brighter Home or Store. Your home brightly lighted is more cheerful, inviting, and restful, or the brightly lighted store attracts more people, brings trade, and you make more money.

It is to help you solve that problem, we are again writing you. It may be the printed matter sent you has not answered the questions you want answered.

Send us the size of room or rooms and plan of building, on the inclosed form. Our service department will answer your questions, give you specification and cost of in-

stalling the Economy Lighting System, and this without obligation on your part.

Then you will know the cost of making your home a "Haven of Rest" and what a pleasure it will give you and your family, or your store, how to make the "Economy" lighted store build up a fat bank account. Hundreds of stores have increased their business with "Economy" light. The inclosed letter of Brown's Store speaks for itself. Write Mr. Brown direct, if you desire.

And to prevent any delay, fill out the inclosed form, giving the facts of your building. Mail it so that it gets away on to-night's train. In a few days you will have the full facts to make a cheerful home or better paying store. Will you do that?

Yours truly,

THE ECONOMY LIGHTING CO.

I get attention by going back to the first interest. I arouse interest by picturing a brighter home or store. Bring proof or argument into play by suggesting to the prospect some home or store that he has seen brightly lighted—how cheerful that house was or what large trade the store did—other things being equal.

Subtle persuasion by suggestion plays a large part in this letter. Any ordinary man will recall some experience at each suggestion. Then I give an inducement to get a decision on a minor point that will give the manufacturer—were he a real live one—his great opportunity to sell. The clincher is getting the man to fill out the form that would be sent with the letter.

The prospect feels, on reading this letter, that I, the writer, am interested in him. And he will feel like replying by filling out the form or stating he has purchased or has decided not to purchase. In any case, this letter will get more information than the one actually sent and has a selling talk added—the recipient will feel that the manufacturer is interested in him.

Some points on how to make sales-letters talk:

"The sales-letters to-day that get results must contain a 'man-to-man message.' Writing letters isn't reciting formulae nor conjuring with catch words. It is *talking* on paper.

"Any one can follow the old precedents of correspondence. Any one can load letters with useless phrases and expressions of antiquity. Any one can string together custom-bound courtesies and conventionalities.

"But the man who jolts himself out of the rut, who puts things straight from the shoulder, who dares to be original—makes his letters pull.

"Don't stick to moss-grown usages of tradition. Be natural, be alive.

"Give your letters a man-to-man message to carry, and watch the come-back in sales."

When you put something of real news value in your letter it carries a man-to-man message. What the world wants, and has wanted since the beginning, is news. The business world is no exception. If you can tell your prospective customer something new, particularly something that has a relation to his business, you can get his attention and interest. Put that information into your letter, give it a sales twist, and you can make of it a correspondence asset.

News as used in sales correspondence is of two kinds. First, you can take some live public topic—a good piece of newspaper news that you *know* must be familiar to the man addressed—and give it an application that will boost your own goods. That's sales-letter news, and it makes your paper talk, your letter bristle with up-to-dateness.

Take, for instance, the establishment of parcel post in Canada, and the opportunity of the paper-box manufacturer to make a man-to-man talk on his boxes. Put that up-to-date talk in letters, and give it the sales twist. Send those letters to the people who have an opportunity to extend their trade by means of the shipping facilities offered by parcel post. That is news this manufacturer can turn into dollars and cents.

Second, you can tell your prospect something that is primarily of interest to him and to you. Generally

speaking, such news is pretty close to your own proposition. It is news that originates with you, or with your business, or with your trade, and it scores, because when you approach a man tactfully about his business you touch a responsive chord.

The fact is that for this kind of news you will have to be your own reporter. Watch your business for news as the reporter watches for his story. After all, it is simply a matter of telling your prospect something about your goods or service that is of newsy interest to him.

An example of this kind is the new steam process of laundering collars. By this process the laundry management is able to put out a guarantee that any good brand of collars will stand being laundered thirty times. Put that in a letter, give it a sales value, and it interests the recipient; it touches his pocketbook.

The sources of news that you can use are limited only by the keenness of your eyesight and ingenuity.

The second important feature in the "man-to-man letter" is personality.

You may have a proposition that shouts for itself, a proposition that is the best yet, but if your salesman has a colorless personality you might as well shove the samples into the arms of a straw man, for all the good such a pale individual will do.

And it is the same in your sales-letter. If you expect to get orders, to get your prospect's money, you must put a personal touch into your letters. Not egotism, but your own honest, personal conviction; be honest. Interweave this personal conviction so thoroughly into your customer's personality that he feels you understand him and he understands you. Then the pulling power of your letters becomes magnetic.

This is the subtle effect of successful letter personality. It unties the wallet strings where the custom-made letter goes to the basket. It creates confidence where exaggeration and

hot air breed distrust. It gets the business where the cold, serious, matter-of-fact communication falls on deaf ears. And this is true because the letter with a personality is "different." It stands out from its stereotyped companions like a strong man in a crowd.

Your letters that really have a personality, that show your customers you are serving them honestly and truthfully, are order getters, because of the two elements that are woven into them,—the man-to-man attitude and originality of thought and expression. And these elements are found in every part of the letter—salutation, body, close, signature, and postscript.

These two points you should remember: first, when approaching a customer, unsolicited on his part, in your sales-letter, you must announce yourself and win your own audience; second, the approach at the buyer's invitation.

Naturally, according to the five mental laws stated, the first situation demands certain preliminaries, namely, winning the reader's attention and interest, before you can get down to your business proposition. In the second instance you should leave off the "attention getter" and talk your proposition from the first sentence.

In the first instance, when you are approaching a man for the first time I can see no reason, nor find any law of sale, why you cannot take the man-to-man attitude. What you want is his interest, and there is no surer way of getting it than talking to your prospect about himself or himself and his business.

"Look at your proposition from his point of view. Talk about the things he is interested in. Talk to him in his own words, his phrases. Express your ideas as he would. Make your letters a personal talk, full of life and action."

If you are trying to sell a man a suit of clothes, don't talk about your

clothes before you have mentioned his. Take him to his own closet, and drive home your clothes-talk there. Make your man-to-man element suit the conditions of the prospect and the proposition, and be sure that it is right.

In cases where you are answering inquiries, get right into your proposition from the start, and, as you hope and strive to be natural, avoid the old formalities as the master salesman avoids them. Why not take a lesson from the master salesman, and chop off the hackneyed preface? What is the sense of obscuring the real message you wish to convey by a lengthy prelude, useless apology, a request to write, or begging for permission to advise? Get right down to business, and catch your prospect's attention from the start. That is above all the man-to-man element—the office talk on paper that gets the orders. The man-to-man element shows your customer that you understand him, his needs, and his desires. Then he understands you, and you get the order. That is what you want.

And the last important element in the letter is "you." Spell it with capitals "Y-O-U."

You would probably leap up in wrath if, to-morrow, you could see ninety-nine out of every one hundred of your sales-letters kindling ninety-nine morning fires. At least, as you are a business man, you would want to know why your sales-letters interest only the boy or the man who empties the waste basket. You might bring your correspondents to the carpet, you might quiz them, and you might threaten, but it is a ten-to-one shot that they couldn't answer when you were all through. If you write your own letters, look at them from a distance as you would when your correspondents write the letters.

If you are to remedy the most perplexing and yet obvious fault of your sales-letters, you must sit down and pick apart your paper-salesmen. An-

alyze your correspondence carefully, and you will be impressed by this one fact: that there is too much "we" in the beginning of your sales-letter. If you push your investigation into the body of your letters, underscoring each "we" as you come to it, you will find that the writer has literally peppered his letter with the objectionable word. There is the answer to your question. And it applies to all your sales-letters, whether personally dictated or sent out by the thousand.

From beginning to end the average letter consists of "we" have "so and so" to offer, "we" contemplate this, and "we" intend to do that. But what do I, the recipient, care about what "we" do? How are my, the recipient's, interests affected by a statement regarding "ours"? The closest thing to you, the recipient, is "you." The never-ending source of attraction and concern to me is "me." In your striving to be natural in the man-to-man letter carry your — the writer's — personality talk to the customer — the "you."

And thus the correspondent kills a hearing because he begins talking about himself instead of "you." For example, a clothier writes me a letter: "We are showing the most attractive line of spring and summer woollens in the city. The cut of every garment is the latest and up-to-the-minute in style."

Now that kind of a letter hasn't told me, a business man, what I wanted to know. The fact that they are showing the woollens doesn't particularly interest me. They may have the most attractive line in the city. What I do care about is, what is in this for me? How will it affect my appearance and my bank roll?

But if they had written: "Mr. Wiggins, you spend fifteen dollars more for a suit of clothes than you should. How can we prove it? By

making you just as stylish and wearable a suit for thirty-five dollars as you have been paying fifty dollars for. You will feel better and look better in the clothes, and at the same time you will be saving money." If they had said this—the story would have been different—I would probably be wearing their clothes. For here is a letter that gets as close to me as my own desk, that touches me personally, — my appearance, my pocketbook, my business heart.

Remember, I, the recipient, am not interested in your proposition until you have shown some interest in my affairs.

Forget yourself, and talk about the other man's profits, needs, desires. Look at your proposition from his point of view, and he will readily see it from yours. Then you will get the orders that will take care of you.

And now when you have just about determined to inject some of the "you" element into your man-to-man sales-letter, cultivate the ability to go over to the buyer's side and look at your proposition through his eyes. Then you will see new visions. A good salesman never mentions the selling end of his game; he emphasizes the buying points.

You may think it selfish, but I repeat that the nearest subject to me is "me." It is the same with every prospective customer. The ace-high theme with you is "you." It is a human trait, as infallible as a physical law. In your sales-letters submerge your "you" to the "you" of your prospective customer.

"Every new machine or process, every novel plan, scheme, or principle, is a tool in the hands of to-day's success builder.

"And the original thought, the paragraph or letter that abandons yesterday's formalities, that hits straight, that hews to the line of you, is stone for to-morrow's tower of business."

Don't Be a Toothpick Chewer

By MARGARET WADE

ONCE upon a time there was a man who owned a confectionery store, and a lot of other troubles.

Yes. That was the way he looked at it; because, you see, the store wasn't paying.

He had a lot of troubles, that man! The greatest one was that his townspeople had it in for him. If not, why was it they bought so little from him, and not infrequently grumbled over that? And so he put them down as an ungrateful, unappreciative, fault-finding lot—sort of natural enemies, whom to get ahead of was a commendable bit of smartness.

Another trouble was the kind of business in which he found himself. Surely no other business had so many drawbacks. It was so hard to keep things clean with pastry and candy all about; and customers would persist in objecting to sticky exteriors of boxes and greasy paper bags. And flies! There was no use trying to fight such a plague in *his* environment.

Also he had heard people say that advertising was sure to bring business; but what was there to advertise about his business? And he would look hopelessly about him at piles and masses of undelectable cookery.

He was right. There was nothing *there* to advertise.

Oh, my! Oh, my! How he didn't love his business! And how, on this one point, his townspeople agreed with him!

Then one day he noticed the vacant store across the way being refurbished. And presently a neat new sign was put up "Johnny Onthespot, Confectioner"; seeing which he gave vent to a snort of contempt and this general query, "How does he think

two of us can get a living out of this town, when I can't do it, myself?" Then added, "You'll see, my fine fellow, you won't last long."

Unconscious of his impending doom, however, the other worked on at top speed. Our friend stood by chewing a toothpick, and watching; and what he saw was the dingy old store transformed into a spotless, shining interior, fitted with sanitary cases and jars, and equipped with fans and screens, and everything to add to its customers' comfort; and everything arranged not only for usefulness, but with an eye to its attractive appearance, as well. The one thing given greatest prominence was this motto, "With us cleanliness is next to godliness." Other features of this new store were advertised in other ways. But whatever the claim made, whether of cleanliness, prompt deliveries, or wholesome goods, it was always substantiated by facts.

And our friend of the first store learned (for you will find that no matter how forsaken a man may be, he has always enough friends to keep him posted as to his rival's good fortune) that in the first month, the newcomer had made sales amounting to a little more than had his, in the preceding three months.

No, he didn't sell out—because he couldn't. He just quit, closing up the front door, and sliding out the back, between a packing case and an ice-cream freezer that hadn't been washed since its last using; and later he got a job on a fishboat, where the uncleanness is next to devilishness.

This isn't primarily a sermon on cleanliness, although it is that, too.

Its first moral is this: That nine or more times out of ten, the man who is a failure has only himself to thank for it.

Figuring Stock Turnovers

By A. M. BURROUGHS

A Chapter from "A Better Day's Profits," Copyrighted 1912 by the
Burroughs Adding Machine Company

"Business is a tank of profits. Capital is a myriad of sponges. The sponges should be constantly put into the tank, one at a time, then taken and squeezed dry."

A SHOE dealer bought ten pairs of shoes at \$2 a pair and sold them at \$3 a pair, costing him \$20 and selling for \$30. He turned his capital *once*, at 33⅓% gross profit on the selling price.

An implement dealer bought a wheelbarrow at \$2 and sold it for \$3. Then he bought and sold another and another and another until he had sold ten, costing him \$20 and selling for \$30.

He turned his capital *ten times*, at 33⅓% on the selling price at each turn.

One merchant makes 33⅓% on his investment. The other makes 333⅓%, gross. The difference is that one man invests \$20 *once*. The other man invests \$2 *ten times*. Both do a gross business of \$30.

If both had \$20 at the start, the Implement Dealer could have invested his other \$18 in a dozen other items. By the time the Shoe Dealer had sold his whole ten pairs of shoes the Implement Dealer would have sold *ten each* of the other twelve items.

Capital is turned *once* when it is invested in stock and all the stock is sold.

In practice this becomes very complicated, because a part of the capital invested is released almost immediately and put back into additional stock.

This has the apparent effect, on the books, of increasing the investment. The purchase records show stock pur-

chases very much in excess of the capital invested. Sales records show, however, that this stock has been sold.

A dry goods man doing \$100,000 business per year on a \$10,000 investment, for instance, probably puts \$60,000 to \$70,000 into stock — that is, re-invests his \$10,000 capital from six to seven times.

Knowing the amount of money originally invested, the average amount of stock on hand and the total amount of the purchase, the retailer can arrive at the number of times he has turned his capital without reference to the amount of the gross business. Whether he has turned it at a profit each time is another matter.

We have purchased \$30,000 worth of goods. Our stock averaged \$5,000. Our original investment was \$5,000.

We have re-invested our money six times. We still have the same amount of stock we had in the beginning. So we have invested our capital six times.

The hardware man who has \$10,000 worth of stock when he takes his inventory needs to know the *amount of the purchases* and the average stock on hand to arrive at the number of his turnovers.

When he tries to figure the number of turnovers on the gross business, he must allow for the profit on each turn of his capital *before he can know the number of turnovers*. He is working without a starting point.

If he knew the amount of the purchases and the average amount of

stock on hand, it would be an easy matter to see that he has re-invested the amount represented by his stock a certain number of times.

Suppose you had a gross business of \$10, had stock on hand worth \$1, and knew that you averaged \$1 worth of stock during any given period, how many times would you have turned the stock investment of \$1?

Most retailers would jump to the con-

clusion that it had turned ten times.

Now, let's see. Suppose you made 50% gross profit (based on selling price) at each turnover. Fifty per cent of \$10 is \$5, so your total stock investment represented in the \$10 gross business was only \$5.

You turn your capital *once* when you sell all the goods you have bought, regardless of the price at which the goods are sold.

Easy Money

Easy money! Did you ever get to thinking about easy money? Then you know what it is. It seems as if the notion gets in your mind and you just can't get it loose.

There's something so fascinating and pleasing about easy money. You get to wondering why it is that you can't get some of it as well as other folks you know.

You look around you and see those other fellows gathering it in, and you can't seem to recollect more than a few of the people you have known who ever seemed to work for it. And their money has come to them mostly in chunks, instead of by the nickel's worth. Like picking it up at the end of the rainbow, you say.

Easy money! And you, working so hard for yours, while there are just "oodles" of it lying around, looking for some bright fellow to come along and pick it up! Don't fool yourself, my boy. It takes a wise man to know enough not to do the same foolish thing a second time after it's made a fool of him once.

You can get some of this easy money. You can get it honestly if you will. But you can't get it by merely going and picking it up—not and get it honestly. Easy money doesn't come that way. It comes by TRAINING.

If you will sift the thing down to the bottom, you'll find that these other fellows, who appear to you to be reaping a harvest of easy money, are in reality well trained, and that they are EARNING every cent they get.

Get your training first; then the easy money will follow.

Where *the* Advertisers Fail

By PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER

You will go far before you will find a stronger warning than "Prospective Purchaser" gives when he says: "Advertisers may become enamored with the grace notes of their art, but the MAN WHO MAKES SALES is the man who is direct and simple in his expression."

HAVE you noted the latest types of fashionableness? I have. One of my relatives last week bought a garment with every latest spasm, from the popular slop to the ruffled waist line; peg top, narrow tied-in-a-bag effect at the feet, buttoned sides, pockets, circular folds, and every faddy feature that makes men stare.

Frank to say, this garment is approved particularly by those who study the "latest" in clothes—but only by this class. Though the colors are modest, and, strange to tell, the general lines not unpleasing, there is too much detail. My relative is a victim of too much fashion and is appreciated only by those who deal in clothes.

This is typical of some advertising, for in the modern publicity game there is a tendency to have every theory in practice put into one page. Advertisers, like the clothing manufacturers, work upon the principle, "if little is good, more is better," and permit their agents to touch and refine and play psychological features far beyond the point of diminishing returns. As with my relative's garment, there is too much detail, too many "latest screams" are embodied. The results are trying.

The advertiser's trouble is that he does not analyze and study advertising that *does* pull. He lets the desire for the "latest out" sway him. His knowledge is often second-hand, coming from well-meaning and often very efficient agencies. The advertiser who asks why his advertise-

ments do not pull should sit down a while and put himself in his reader's place for a few hours. Let him analyze human nature a little: his is the case of too little study of the consumer as a reader and too much study of the consumer as one who uses the product.

The trouble with some agents and agencies is the same malady that begets scholars, with due credit to the many great results they have accomplished. They get choked with theories, then, nearsighted and shop-centered, they see the world and judge it by terms of their own business. They do not adjust their practices to the terms of the world. Theirs is a matter of *too much* analysis, *too closely specialized* scientific analysis of human nature.

An adjustment would appear easy. Let the manufacturer acquire a better knowledge of the ad-reading class, and drop the dreams of his product a while to cater and serve this class as readers. Let the advertising agency cease to analyze and theorize and refine their product—the advertisement itself—and for a little change study the product they *write about*, the flat iron or door key as the case may be, and let them both remember that, in all its complexities, human nature is always simple.

After all, we "prospects" are a very simple minded people, particularly when it comes to the reading of advertisements. We read advertising because we love the good things in life (and in this we are elemental). First we are attracted by the pictures

or stories, and then we are persuaded to buy. But to give our attention we do not crave the intensely intricate page of ad-copy. Simple pictures of home and fireside, of children and fair women appeal to us. When it comes to machinery the story of how the machine affects *our* interests appeals to us, for we are selfishly interested in our own selves. (In this too we are elemental.) If any man-who-makes-things would reach us, his "prospects" and "consumers," let him meet us at home where, through the pages of the latest popular magazines or of our own class journal, we will dispense our hospitality.

When it comes to reading, "we, the people" are doubly selfish, for reading is our pastime and our pleasure. As our days otherwise are filled with many interests—our eyes are wearied with many books—we appreciate the sudden picture, the story filled with quick action, and the bit of color; a few words of explanation appeal more than a closely printed page.

"We, the people," like unity and simplicity and beauty in our ad. Why? For this reason we watch the advertisements of the House of Eastman. We like to have credit given to our judgment and so enjoyed the three greatest cleansers, "sun, water, and Old Dutch Cleanser," as we explain to each other, high-brow fashion. We like the simple, attractive pictures used by the Oneida Community, and cannot help wishing we had beautiful silver that Coles Phillips' "eerie realities" tell each other about so human-like and cosy.

In all our ad-reading we appreciate that advertising men employ fundamental principles in the careful arrangement of pictures, in the eye-guiding line-up, in the psychological appeal of the few words used. We believe in these theories of psychological appeal, but we would have a line drawn between constitutional *principles* in advertising and "by-laws." On the whole, ad. men have

too many by-laws, or supplementary theories of assembling various kinds of type and ideas. We wish that advertisers would cling to but few kinds of type and but a few simple ideas and hold to fundamental principles first and at all times.

In the successful advertisements there is a holding to fundamental principles—unity, completeness, plan, and an appeal to the human through sweet elemental traditions of home and fireside. There is, first of all, an underlying universality and then one—not more than one at a time—touch of the modern in some fad or theory beautifully worked out. For instance, in the Old Dutch Cleanser pictures, with its quickness of line and simple, almost harsh coloring, there was the working out of one faddy idea—that of flattering our intelligence, of making us reason the conclusion. But even without that statement "the three great cleansers" we would have paused to note the advertising, for in its crude coloring and elemental lines it appealed to and interested us.

Of course "we, the people," realize that we each live in different capacities, but even so these lives are drawn according to a very simple plan. We have our homes, our work, and our outside interests or our play. Each product has its value for us in one or more of these capacities. Our clothes are perhaps included in considering all of them, but wall boards, for instance, respond primarily to the instinct for beautifying the home, roller axles meet the needs of our work, and kodaks the demands of our hours of play.

When the Eastman people use color and line it is delicate and almost emotionally sensitive, such as would appeal to the artist instinct that demands kodaks—to people who would *play*. When the Community company use color and line it is with the suggestion of the hospitable comforts of the home. So it is that each pro-

duct has its public. Unless the product and the sales proposition both justify it, it is not wise to try to reach two publics—to reach us in two or more capacities with a single advertisement. Let the manufacturer reach us as humans first, and he approaches his goal—a sale.

Color is not necessary to interest us, picture is not necessary, but the "let us sit down and talk it all over" kind of copy, whether in line, color, or picture, is necessary.

The advertiser must learn *his readers'* interests and speak as if he were actually guest in the reader's home or office (which he is, only the reader sits in the easy chair and he, the advertiser, is under the grill on the market pages of a popular publication). The advertiser must indeed enter the home, be a guest at the fire-side, and talk over matters in a simple, elemental way. Most of all, he must understand the prospective buyer as a *reader* of advertising and know the methods of giving censure or studied attention to the ad. page.

How far advertisers have got from this idea in trying to reach us! To return to my relative's garment, they try to put on too much style, forgetting that too many lovely ideas and the working of too many theories obscure foundation lines. Fashion experts may love a garment that is a masterpiece of sympathetic combinations and show that, however they may worship simplicity as human beings, they idolize workmanship more. Advertisers, too, may become enam-

ored with the grace notes of their art, but the man who *makes sales* is the man who, first of all, is direct and simple in his manner of expression—who meets us upon our own ground.

We humble people feel safest when we know that there are but one or two thoughts, one melody, one or two lines brought out—we appreciate there is sympathy in combination of lines because we can reason that there must be, but we *understand* simple ad. copy best because we are *used* to simple statements: most of all because we are too busy or too interested in other things to stop to read a closely written ad. page. Give us something we can reason quickly, something we know about, and we will heed you.

Again, let it be remembered we are simple people, we "prospects" and "consumers," and if you will but analyze us you will find our women wearing calico aprons of a morning and our men sifting their own ashes. You are teachers; you should be taking us by logical methods from "the known to the unknown," but instead you bring out wonderful advertisements—like my relative's garment. In short, you put all the latest screams, perfect specimens of the workings of remarkable discoveries and theories in the world of printers' ink, a dozen discoveries worked into one ad. page.

We stare, and pass on to purchase elsewhere of people who speak our language and understand us.

I know of a woman who was taken to task for worrying about her children. "But it seems so heartless in me if I do not worry about them," the mother replied.

The Hunch and the Punch

By EDWARD BLACK

An exceedingly good definition of these two slang terms that typify qualities so necessary for success in business and in living

THE supply of men who have a hunch and a punch never exceeds the demand. There is a good job waiting for every man who can fill that bill. It does not matter very much what his hunch may be, if it is a good one and if he has the punch behind it.

The hunch and the punch make a combination that spells success.

It will not suffice to have a hunch, and then lack the ability to carry it into execution. To have the right sort of punch in the work of life, one must put into his work the very best of mind and body. "I will do the very best I know," said Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the "I will" men.

A hunch without a punch is very much like the fly in the fable: that little fly did a lot of hustling under a tumbler, but it did not get very far.

The man with a punch in his work—even though his work be menial labor—has better things awaiting him.

A hunch without a good punch is generally futile; the punch is the

vitalizing force that spells success.

The hunch is the rails upon which the punch rides into the station of success. A misdirected punch is as bad as a hunch without a punch.

"Get a punch into your story!" exclaims the city editor.

"Let's have a punch in this game!" exclaims the baseball captain.

The hunch is the working specifications. The punch is the determination to execute according to the plans.

Young man, advancement awaits you if you have the hunch and the punch. You can have both if you will take advantage of your opportunities as they knock every day at your door. The world is more exacting in its demands to-day, but it pays well for efficiency. Study the lives of successful men of to-day and you will observe that they first had the right hunch and then put a good punch into their work.

Get a good hunch, and then a good punch!

You will notice that those business men who have really made good are in a position to make a price and sustain it, because their reputation is such that that course is justified; they are men who have been very careful to make good all business transactions, by having always sincerely tried to deliver quality in proportion to price.

—THE ARROW.

Essentials in Good Salesmanship

By E. M. McMAHON

Secretary of the Madison (Wisconsin) Board of Commerce

*More than ever before the world
is recognizing the high service
rendered by good salesmen*

A SALESMAN is a man engaged in the business of getting things from where they are to where they should be. This is the greatest business problem before the American people to-day, commercially speaking. It is a question of the proper distribution of economic goods. To this problem the question of salesmanship is very closely related. This relation is the closest it is possible to have. It is closer than friends; it is closer than brothers—yes, it is closer than the relation between man and wife, because there can be no separation or divorce between these two factors.

It is a well-established fact that it is easier to make goods than to sell them. Most men with money can buy machinery and hire men to run it. They can make goods. It does not, however, follow that because they can make goods they can sell them. A man's money is of little use if he cannot distribute these goods at a profit after they are made.

But as yet the work of the real salesman has not received that recognition to which it is rightfully entitled. Often there is less courtesy shown to salesmen than is due their attainments. It is unfortunate that there is a feeling among some men that salesmen are more or less bore-some—fellows who are trying to sell you something you don't want. There is an element of snobbery in the attitude of some buyers. I understand that the average buyer is not always free from this defect. There is a feel-

ing that salesmen belong to a lower order because they solicit business.

This attitude is unjust. As you know, there are salesmen who do not merit the highest measure of respect, but that is the fault of the individual, not of the profession. There are salesmen who are worthy of the highest measure of courtesy and respect; first, because they are gentlemen; second, because they are business men, and next, because they are performing one of the most vital functions of society.

The most helpful invention ever made would hardly have its influence on civilization unless there were competent salesmen to champion its rights, tear down objections, overcome the stone wall of prejudice, expose fallacies of older methods to which the average buyer hates to surrender. Hence the most civilizing influences of the world would to-day have failed to reach the people unless there were salesmen capable of clearing the way for them. The very channel of commercial progress was opened, not by the inventors, and not by the manufacturers—but by salesmen, who are justly entitled to honor and respect in the ranks of the world's constructive workers.

There is a great difference between a salesman and an order-taker. A salesman is a man who gets other men to buy his goods at a profit. He gets other men to know and feel and act toward his goods as *he would have them* know and feel and act toward his goods.

When you make a sale of anything—no matter whether you make this sale in the retail store or on the road, and no matter what it may be—that sale does not first register itself on the register. It does not first register itself in the pocketbook. It does not first register itself in the orderbook. It does not first register itself in the checkbook. But instead, every sale first takes place in the *mind* of the man who buys the goods, whether that sale be a paper of pins, a carload of groceries, or a house and lot.

I repeat, salesmanship is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel toward your goods as you would have him feel. This means that no sale has ever been, or ever will be made until you convince your prospect. He cannot become convinced until he understands. He cannot understand unless, in your demonstration, in the description and explanation of your goods, he can understand what you are talking about.

You know the average human being too well to fail to have noted that every man has a considerable amount of pride. When a man tells you he understands exactly how these goods are to be of profit to him, when he nods his head and says "Yes," in reply to your questions, oftentimes it is because he does not want you to think that he is stupid. Often when your explanation is finished and you expect the order, you find that although the previous motion of his head, when he said he understood you, was an up-and-down motion, he, by the change of the motion of his head, when you ask him to take your goods, is often merely indicating to you that he does not understand the service which you are attempting to render him, and therefore refuses to buy.

You cannot get him to understand your goods unless you yourself know your goods *thoroughly*. Then you must use plain language, learn the everyday English words for the technical words used to explain your prop-

osition. Aim your demonstration in such simple language that you would be understood were you talking to a washwoman.

You cannot get him to appreciate the advantages of your goods over your rivals' goods unless you know the goods of your competitors. You should know *how* your goods are made, *when* they are made, and *who* makes them. Don't argue. State *facts*. Don't arouse opposition in the buyer's mind. Lead him around to some phase of the subject where you are in common agreement. Buyers do not like to be shown that they are wrong.

Tell the *truth* about your goods. If you cannot tell the truth about your present house—other good houses are looking for salesmen. Your goods have certain merits. They ought to sell on these merits.

Keep your word with your customer. Forgetting is almost as bad as lying. If you promise to come back on Tuesday, do it or send a telegram. Keep your word, if it bankrupts you.

Have a good appearance. There may be a few people who like to see soiled linen, but they are growing scarcer every day, and no goods were ever sold because a salesman thought the laundries were making too large profits.

Have confidence in your own ability. *Think* success. Think confidence. Think a thousand dollars. These thoughts will affect your customer. You will radiate these qualities in your eye. Personality is, after all, the greatest factor in salesmanship, for personality is made by thoughts, and not by tailors or barbers. In a word, be as *human* as possible. You are not a catalog; you are not a printed circular; you draw wages and commissions because you are supposed to be a human being. Be one. Be a good fellow. Be the kind of a man you yourself like to have around. And when you attack a customer, aim forty per cent of

your blows at his head and only sixty per cent of your blows two inches below his collar bone. For if you can make him like you it is far easier than to try to prove anything to him; first, because the chances are that he hasn't much of a mind anyway; and second, because every man has a heart.

Finally, in the actual making of a sale, in the bringing about of a transfer of property—goods of any kind—from the seller to the buyer, four mental states are absolutely necessary: attention, interest, desire, and action.

You must get the customer's attention. You must arouse sufficient interest to create desire, and you must make this desire strong enough to bring about favorable action. An order is another word for action—a signature upon the dotted line. Every real salesman must be a closer. The world is full of "almost salesmen," men who have bushels of prospects, hundreds of "almost sales." A prospect is a man to whom you are trying to make a sale, but whose mind traveled only through the stages from attention to interest, from interest to desire—but stopped there. In other words, the other fellow really wanted your goods, but you were not forceful enough, and you report merely "An almost sale."

Analyze your "almost sales" and try to find out whether or not there is a reason. Don't ever forget that people get into the habit of saying, "I can't afford it"; don't forget that thousands of people have regretted afterwards that they did not buy some article that they had been offered; don't forget that thousands of widows and fatherless children must

to-day thank the persistency of some capable insurance salesman for the home and sustenance they enjoy; don't forget that hearts are gladdened and intellects quickened by the persistent salesman of art, music, and literature; don't forget that the stoutest persistency is the greatest merit of a real salesman.

The land promoter opens lands for settlement and homes; the inventor brings pleasure and profit to thousands of purchasers. Don't forget that factories and various concerns which would not be running without this persistent work, would not be giving employment to hosts of people brought into existence through this work and this skill in the art of buying goods from you at a profit; don't forget that the world is fast coming to recognize this fact.

However, do not misunderstand this matter of persistence. I do not mean high-pressure orders. The salesman must be just. He must not take orders merely to promote his selfish aims. He must not be regardless of the rights and interests of his buyer. Unselfish advice to customers—this outward expression of the desire to really serve—will pay big commissions in the near future. Good judgment is required to know where to draw the line. Whom to believe and whom not to believe when he says, "Cannot afford," is the problem. All that you can do as a salesman, if you be true to your profession, and sincere with yourself, is

"To thine own self be true,

And it will follow as the night the day.

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The reason the man is successful who minds his own business is that he has so little competition.

An Invitation *and* a Dinner

By M. C. A.

Probably over-eating causes more bodily ills than over-drinking — and here is one of the causes of the former, a not dissimilar custom from the "treating" habit, causing alcoholic indulgence

LAST evening I was invited to take dinner with some friends, with the best of intentions, of course, on their part. I am not ungrateful for the pleasure they are trying to give me, as the following remarks might seem to indicate. On the contrary, I am simply trying to pierce through that vast cloud of ignorance which envelops the human race, with possibly a few exceptions, and if the effort made will allow a gleam of light to filter through and be of aid to some one, I am content.

Hospitality can often be considered as one of the "smiling" masks of the worst "devil" that is endeavoring to undermine the human race. So you will see, that the host and hostess are unconsciously servants to that "devil."

We are shown to our places at the table, — all is according to the Customs and Fashions of the day, — then we are figuratively "gagged," as regards giving voice to what foods are beneficial to our constitutions; our plates are heaped with rich meats, and concoctions prepared specially for the occasion. For several minutes we are busy with dishes being passed to us and adding to our already large supply, then after we have obligingly accepted all that has been offered, we are admonished by the host, in a tone that carries conviction, that in order to make ourselves "right" with the hostess, we must eat

all that is given to us. In this manner we are served with four or five courses and end up with a series of rich pastries.

Can you picture to yourself a greater degree of barbarity? And some people call it civilization. We are given wonderful bodies, — the most intricate and cleverly constructed engines imaginable, — which are capable of the most amazing performances in the control of a well-regulated mind. This body, or engine, requires a certain amount of fuel in order to keep it in its proper working order and to sustain life. Can you imagine the advantage, the least grain of sense, in connection with an able-bodied, free-willed person sitting down and deliberately forcing food into his body, just because the sensual taste made it pleasant when first taken into the mouth?

How quickly Nature, that great and Supreme Law, punishes us for our over-indulgence and ignorance. Later in the evening there is languor, — the night is filled with hideous dreams, and the person loses control of a part of his own powers and capabilities. We cannot linger long in contemplation of such a condition. It is too grotesque, — too remote from any right thought, — a deliberate throwing away of power and tramping under the heel the great and glorious gift of life.

Dividing Task and Working Time

By FRITZ WEBER

The great cause of low efficiency is the improper arrangement of tasks—for which the man "higher up" is wholly responsible

HEREWITH the average programme of a business employee's work:

1. In normal time: Do the work apportioned to him, and for which he has been engaged.

2. In rush time: Get through all the work that is given to him.

3. In slack time: Appear to do work.

A good number of employees like part one of the programme; quite a good number like part three; very few like part two.

Of course, there are business houses where the programme is slightly altered so as to make it more sensible and practical. No business manager can avoid slack times. No business manager can pick men who always like any part of the programme he wishes them to like. But a sensible business manager can do at least one thing,—see that with the elements his business offers the best possible programme be made up.

The one sensible programme for any business employee would be about:

At all times do that part of the business' work which has been apportioned to him.

If the employees are often wrong, it is to a large extent because the employers are not right.

You engaged and pay your employees to do the work which your business requires to be done. Your staff is not kept by you to sit in your offices for a certain number of hours a week. You want them to do the work that must be done; you want

them to do that work well always; you want it done well when there is a rush as well as when they have time to spare.

Therefore, consider the maximum amount of work to be done by your staff in the busiest season. Consider the maximum capacity of production of each member of your staff. The amount of work they can do well in the shortest possible time is their standard rate. Compare these two elements, and engage a staff accordingly. When there is a rush they will work at their normal rate, do good work, and get it done in due time. When the rush is over, keep them up to their standard. Have the work that is to be done executed at the same speed as during the rush. When that work is done, give them the remaining time free.

You cannot avoid a rush, and as you want the work to be done properly during that rush, you cannot avoid that at times your staff will have less work than what they are able to do. But one thing you can avoid—that they pretend to work when they do not.

If you give them the impression that they have to be in your office for so many hours a day, and that during that time they are supposed to be always working, they will do the work they have as slowly as possible, and then play about with things that are neither work nor play.

They will always be on the alert, and the feeling of uncertainty will tire them more than real work. They will get used to slow work, and when

you want them to give their maximum, they will be unable to do so. For proper work they will soon get a dislike.

Whereas, if you let them understand that their duty is to do a certain part of the business' work as well as it can be done, and that after that they are free to use their time as they choose, you will get the same amount of work, done well and properly, and will have spared your employees the

hypocrisy of appearing to work.

It is only fair treatment to them to let them use the time to their best advantage, if they fulfill properly their duty to the business, and it is only fair to you that they should not pretend to work when they have no work. As long as you want them to fill their time, they will find plenty of means to deceive you to satisfy your unpractical notion of an employee's purpose.

Preparedness

One of the greatest advertising men of the United States recently said, "Preparedness is the secret of most successes in this world; fate seldom makes league with the unequipped."

The business world of to-day is howling for the man who suits the place; not the man the place would suit. Modern business demands men with training superior to that which was needed a few years ago. It is a most exacting task-master. It says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It demands every ounce of energy and brains its follower has. Modern business means work.

The commercial leader of to-day, who is conscious of the new conditions, will not surround himself with untrained, tactless men whose knowledge of business is limited to the routine duties of a clerical position.

Employers want efficient, well-trained men in the factory and in the office. They want men whose breadth of view and training make them capable of successfully assuming larger responsibilities—men who will not be relegated to the scrap-heap. They want men prepared to CREATE and to USE opportunities.

Employers are looking for men with tact—and tact is nothing more or less than a sufficient knowledge of details necessary to form a judgment of the most desirable course of action. Tact means success, and to be tactful the young man must develop his abilities by a close, diligent study of the fundamental principles underlying his business. When he has done that he is prepared.

How Business Uses Brains

By ROBERT EASTON

While there are sweeter rewards for effort than money can purchase, yet this article serves as a warning against the tendency to overrate monetary success

THE incapacity of genius for the practical affairs of life is an old story. Want, misery, squalor even, have been familiar to men of talent in every country and in every age. The *res angusta domi* has been complacently accepted by well-fed worldlings as a stimulating environment for that quality of brain power which expresses itself in music, painting, sculpture, literature, invention, and scientific research. And so, perhaps, it is. Yet, as many a tragic tale has told, poverty as a stimulant to creative energy may easily be given in over-doses.

In modern times, and particularly in the United States, brains even of the most impractical sort are better shielded from want than ever before. Broad avenues of activity have been opened to brainworkers, and the powerful though somewhat erratic patronage of the public is a happy substitute for that of the rich and cultured few.

Yet this widening of the field of labor for the brainworker and the increase of rewards for those who win the favor of Demos, have not exclusively benefited the deserving. Being as impractical as ever, the man of genius fails to grasp his opportunity, and is often mercilessly exploited by the "business man."

A well-known sculptor recently asserted in public that "nearly sixty per cent of all the monuments and statues in the United States, including those in statutory hall, Washington, were not made by those whose names they bear. Contracting firms

get the contract and the honor; starving artists do the work."

Let us bear in mind these two facts, (1) that creative talent is rarely accompanied by the ability to make itself known, and (2) that under the *laissez-faire* of society as organized (or rather as non-organized) it is largely a matter of chance whether an artist receives due recognition. Giving proper weight to these considerations, we cannot think it strange that the rewards of sculptors who work are seized by "sculptors" who exploit the workers.

The fact is that exploitation of others' work — no new phenomenon in the world's history — is pursued to-day with extraordinary cleverness, directness, and *sang froid*. It has invaded provinces of human activity from which it was believed to be naturally excluded. This is the era of the "business man," not only in industry and in commerce but in the arts and the professions.

A lawyer who attempts to practice in a large city is sure to discover before long that a perfect acquaintance with the law and an unusual equipment of brains and energy may prove wholly ineffectual in procuring bread and butter. Unless to his ability as a lawyer there is superadded the ability to secure employment, he stands a fair chance of starving. But there is another possibility. He may find another of his profession more able to get business than to execute it, and by yielding to him an excessively large proportion of his natural reward, secure himself from worry and want.

Similarly, success as an architect, at any rate in the big centers of population, depends more on the ability to secure contracts than on talent in carrying them out. The successful architect is likely to be a large employer of labor spending all his time and energy in the procuring of business.

Clearly, in the cases quoted—sculpture, law, architecture—the business talent is very different from the artistic or professional one. Its exercise may be limited to cultivating the acquaintance of the rich and powerful in the club or at the festive board—a form of activity which is only very distantly related to the production of a piece of statuary, to organizing a business or planning a mansion or a hospital.

Opinion is naturally divided as to the share of reward which the "business" partner should allot himself. Some are inclined to rate the artistic or professional ability higher than that which merely solicits and secures work. But, as matters stand, the "business end," having the power of decision in the matter, naturally regards the "business" talent as worthy of far the larger share of the income. The business talent is that of the employer; the artist or the lawyer is an employee.

Fully as important as the consideration of pecuniary reward is the monopolizing of reputation by the business partner. One might be prepared to admit that the protection against want and worry provided for the actual worker, justifies a division of the financial return in the proportion of one to the worker for ten, twenty, or a hundred to the employer. But in artistic pursuits, and in only a lesser degree in professional ones, reputation or fame is an important incentive to good work. Indeed, one of the stock arguments against the socialistic state is that artists and other brainworkers, being secured against want, will lack ambition. Yet

here in a commercially competitive age we find the man of talent robbed of his chief incentive to do his best.

The question as to the division of the material results of such partnerships as we have in mind is one of only theoretical interest. The question of fairness in the transaction is and need be as little considered by the business exploiter as the rights of the defeated by those who in the days of brute ascendancy, adhered to

"The good old rule, the simple plan
That they should keep who have
the power,
And they should take who can."

But society cannot always continue to neglect the question of comparative values of the various kinds of work done for it. Quite apart from the question whether socialism is desirable, all will admit that the present haphazard estimate of wages for this or that service to society is foolish and wasteful. Society, from the standpoint of work, just hangs together; it is not in any sense organized. So, in view of a time which everybody hopes may not be too far in the future, when work will be remunerated with some approach to fairness, the problem of artistic or professional versus business capacity is not without interest.

In one of our richly endowed universities there used to be a professor who strove to give the public, through his students, pronouncements on life and thought which were calculated to arrest attention if not to reward it. One of his favorite topics was "Business Triumphant." The business man had come to his own. He exercised the talent that used to be devoted to art, literature, and science. Business success demanded as high mental power as the creation of masterpieces. Rockefeller was the Shakespeare of to-day—the last statement made, apparently, in all good faith. It was rather unfair to Mr. Rockefeller to be compared with a man of supreme

genius who was also a very efficient business man. But let us see whether any case could be made out for such an opinion.

Probably the ability required to gain control of a commodity to such an extent as to be able to dictate its price, is about as rare as that which is needed to produce a *Hamlet*. But inasmuch as the chief element in the former case is conduct unsocial to the highest degree, and as, contrariwise, the production of *Hamlet* is a gift invaluable to society for all time, we must conclude that Mr. Rockefeller is a poor substitute for Shakespeare.

Further, when we resort to a formal analysis of the two kinds of ability, that of Shakespeare will still appear the greater. That Mr. Rockefeller is not devoid of imaginative power will be at once admitted; but it has been chiefly exercised in forecasting the personal gains of a certain line (unsocial) of conduct, while that of Shakespeare was employed in the creation of a world of beauty in which one may live untroubled by the price of petroleum. To pursue the analysis further would be pedantic, but it is germane to the subject in hand to remark how poor, contracted, and undesirable life appears in the light of Mr. Rockefeller's occasional comments upon it, and, on the contrary, how enlarged, ennobled, and exalted are one's reflections on human existence after spending an hour or so in the company of William Shakespeare.

But to return to the case of employer and employee in legal practice, in architecture, or in art production. Is the difference (often very great) in their rewards, correspondent to a dif-

ference in the quality or quantity of their work? We must of course leave out of consideration those instances where the employer is the professional or artistic peer of his employee and where his knowledge and judgment are vital to the production of work as well as to the securing of it.

A popular weekly has recently been publishing the alleged confessions of a lawyer who has attained an independence—riches, as most would view it—by employing others to take care of the business which it has been his sole and undivided effort to secure. What ability has been involved in his getting business? Some industry and concentration, but certainly not greater than that required to hold almost any salaried position. Some tact and knowledge of human nature, but not greater than that possessed by the average educated man. What then has entitled him to such a division of the proceeds as makes him a rich man and his employee a poor one? He himself would describe it as ingenuity—at the lowest, *finesse* . But to an unbiased observer it will appear no other than servility and base truckling to the pride and prejudices of the rich.

The real grievance of society to-day is not the excessive wealth of a comparative few; it is the fact that money, often acquired without ability, connotes ability and seems to render its possessors capable of deciding by whom and for what reward the work of society shall be performed. Rich men, when unintelligent and unconscientious, do much mischief in the world's workshop.

Regardless of a man's honesty of purpose, his talks with the public, because of the very necessity of the case, must be kept well within the truth—otherwise the comeback is sure and sudden.

—THE ARROW.

It Is Up to You

By EDWARD BLACK

THERE is a world of meaning in the popular expression, "It is up to you." Another version is, "Heaven helps them that help themselves." It means we must work out our salvation, must win our place in the great race.

It is up to you whether you gain a worthy place in the line of work you have undertaken. To command the admiration and help of others, you must first give evidence of worth. There are exceptions to the rule, to be sure, but as a general thing the young men who are to-day being encouraged and elevated to better positions are those that say to themselves, "It is up to me to make good, to create a demand for my services."

And let it be known that there is a demand for this class of men. It is up to you whether you will be a mere drifter upon the sea of human activity, or will be able to stem the tide. It is up to you whether you become a human derelict or a man with a fixed purpose and the determination to carry that purpose to success.

The market is overstocked with driftwood, but there is a good market for high-class timber. You are the master of your fate. It is up to you to improve your talents.

An employer of many men said the other day: "It is not difficult to pick out those that will rise above the commonplace. Whenever I engage a young man I always tell him it is up to him. I tell him I am looking for

high-grade men and am willing to help them when they show a disposition to help me and themselves."

A penniless boy went to Pueblo not many years ago. He was in a precarious state of health. He got a job. The climate improved his health. He was a stranger among strange people. "It is up to me," he told himself. In short, he mastered the application of the single-tax idea, and against many odds he succeeded in securing the adoption of his plan by the people of Pueblo. To-day this young man, now only twenty-eight, is being heard by business organizations in many cities.

"He was a genius, and would have succeeded under any conditions," some one is heard to remark. Perhaps, but that is no argument. The case in point is typical of what any young man can do when he holds fast to that trite saying used as the caption of this article.

Remember, success, happiness, and fortune are not going to be thrust upon you. It is up to you!

Don't be disgruntled or disappointed if you do not attain the greatest heights. You have made good if you have used your talents well. A competent bricklayer is a success as a bricklayer.

After all, it is up to you to win the prize of life, and the consolatory thought is that there is a prize for every life. Many, however, let their prizes go by default.

"When the man who wants to sell gives the man who wants to buy the right kind of selling talk, something usually happens." — JEROME P. FLEISHMAN, in The Baltimore Sun.

Make Your Own Environment

By M. FENNEBERG

*Heredity has been declared by physicians
a poor excuse for our short-comings—
environment is no excuse at all!*

IT was my second day at the old farm homestead after almost two years of absence. I was up with the sun, and after enjoying an old-fashioned wash at the pump, called one of the dogs to accompany me and was off for a walk down the road before breakfast. Everything in nature seemed to welcome me, and I felt in harmony with grass and grain, birds, wood, and flowers as I trod lightly along the deserted country road. The morning dew still hung heavy on all of nature's green about me, sparkling and glistening in the sunlight.

I paused at a turn in the road to call my dog, and then moved on. Soon I recognized an old landmark and knew I had reached the beginning of Tom Jones' farm. It may have been only my imagination, but somehow nature's symphony seemed hushed and the sun to shine a little less brightly on the uneven rows of corn in the field before me. The barking of my dog attracted my attention to the other side of the road. Here was another field of corn a little better in appearance, but still the unevenness of the rows and the scraggly array of the clumps of grain contrasted strangely in my mind with the splendid looking fields I had just passed on the road a moment before. The cause of the dog's excitement was soon apparent as I noticed the heads of several cows appear inquiringly above the corn. No person being in sight, I took it upon myself, with the aid of the dog, to drive the cows out of the cornfield back into their pas-

ture. A break in the fence, which was sadly in need of repair, had tempted them into the inviting field of grain. I managed, by using a stone as a hammer, to patch up the break after a fashion and then, returning to the road, continued my walk until I was within sight of the Jones farmhouse and other buildings.

Near me in a field lay an abandoned wagon body. Just beyond, at the end of the last furrow, turned in the field lay a plow, evidently left there since spring. The barn near the farmhouse needed no modern ventilating system, for from where I stood I could see the daylight right through it. At the back of the barn was a lean-to shanty in the last stages of ruin. From the miscellaneous collection of tools and implements piled about it in a disorderly fashion I assumed it to be what was left of the tool house. Near by a few dirty, gaunt-looking pigs stood grunting and feeding in a makeshift inclosure, the remnant of an old chicken yard. A disheveled, dirty collie lay in the sun before the barn, lazily whisking flies. Close to the house was the pump—an old wooden affair that had once been painted green. The pump, with a mended, wire-wound handle, was partly hidden from view by a tangled mass of grapevine and broken down arbor lying just this side of it. The house itself was of an indescribable color which might have been termed a dirty gray. To me it looked as if it might have been adorned with a coat of white paint back in Washington's time, but now

it was in strange contrast with the new white fence running half way around the house. At one side of the house was a vegetable garden, but except for an abundance of weeds which kept it looking green, it was a sad affair. The lawn, if so it might be called, in front of the house, showed signs of recent cutting, but was liberally marked with bare spots of gray earth and large-leaved weeds. In town it would certainly have been promptly dubbed by the neighbors a "bald-headed lawn." As I stood there by the roadside, mentally noting the dilapidated condition of the house, the crumbling chimney, the rotting boards around the wood foundation, the two blinds missing at the front windows, and the sagging porch, I heard the creaking of an approaching wagon.

I stepped into the field and stood quietly out of sight among some bushes as I heard and then saw a wagon come into view around the turn in the road. With an undue lot of creaking and squeaking the wagon drew near and then passed me. Tom Jones, evidently returning from a night in the city, I thought to myself, noting a dozing figure huddled up on the seat. After the wagon had creaked its way into the barnyard I stepped out of the field and a few moments later passed the turn in the road on my way back.

When I reached the house I sat down on the front porch to rest, pondering meanwhile on the morning's adventure. I thought of the Jones boys and their struggle against self,

environment, and the other odds every one has to meet in life. In that silent morning moment I mingled with my thoughts a prayer of thankfulness—thankfulness for the fact that my environment had been such as to make it a help and not a drag upon me. I wondered how many of us realized the importance of that simple word environment. I wondered how many knew the paradox of nature, that you make your environment and your environment makes you. I wondered if, knowing as most of us do our interdependence with all humans, that same interdependence must exist with regard to environments of our making. Then I thought of the mighty importance to him who controls the environments of many and thereby shapes the lives of many more. I was seized with an impulse to "go forth unto the multitude" and teach them this great basic truth, and bid them have a care concerning it. I would tell it to every man and woman and bring it not only to every farm but into every home, shop, store, office, and school. I applied it to myself, and made mental notes of a number of changes I would make at once in my own environment at home and at the store.

I was aroused by some one calling me to breakfast, but not before I had firmly decided on making one of my life influences, the lengthy motto: "I must go on, ever upward, in spite of influence or environment, but when the latter drags me down I will stop long enough to change it so that it will become my aid to help me climb."

The arch of the bridge between temporary and permanent success has a keystone that is inscribed thus: "Do things and do them first." Demosthenes, 1500 years ago, summed it up in one word: Action!

— EDWIN HALLECK WHITE.

Meeting *the* Needs of Your Trade

By M. ROBERTS CONOVER

Study conditions carefully before laying out your business policy. The same medicine is not good in all cases

IN these days of rapid transit, rural free delivery, mail-order houses, and the magnificent trade palaces of our large cities, the merchant in the small town has a more difficult problem than the country merchant of two and three decades ago.

Generally, the established merchant who knows the peculiar conditions of his own town holds the trade against more recent competition. Some tradesmen favor innovation; others look askance at anything out of the beaten track, and each has his class of patrons according to the prevailing temperament of the trading public. Therefore new tradesmen with methods fetching enough from an outside point of view might better study prevailing tastes, prejudices, and mode of life, as well as the financial status of the purchasing public, before adopting a business policy new to a locality.

In support of this statement let me cite an instance in a good-sized Pennsylvania town. After decades of prosperity a dry-goods business had grown to large proportions. It had been conducted on safe, old-fashioned principles for years, and an atmosphere of solidity and guaranteed good treatment seemed to emanate from every person connected with it, from the head of the firm to the humblest of its employees. Finally the head of the firm died, and the business succeeded to his sons. These young men had seen the world superficially. They saw that other merchants in other towns conducted their business more showily, with lavishly

advertised bargain sales and quick-sale schemes. A policy that admitted of no great changes in years of existence appeared to them as "old fog," notwithstanding that it held the town's best trade. The bug of unrest was in them, and it had its way. In a few months the business descended to the level of its several competitors—not because they advertised, but because their manner of advertising had deteriorated. To keep their sales large they sold on close margins, then they yielded quality. There was a rapid bustling air about the place instead of the quiet, more elegant service of the old days. Its exclusive customers perceived the change of atmosphere. Methods of service they had loved were no longer to be enjoyed, and since these modernized methods were already to be had at the hands of competing merchants, the once steady customers distributed their trade elsewhere. In due time the business failed. Its existence is but a matter of history.

It pays to study the taste and preference of the best townspeople before changing one's business policy.

Before locating in a town the prospective merchant must get a broad view of its advantages; the resources of its leisure class, and their disposition; the working class and the industrial facilities which will support their trade; the mode of transit; the attractions of surrounding towns serving to divert home trade; cheap amusements and other inducements to fritter away money which would

otherwise go into thrifty trade channels; the size of the town and number of competing tradesmen, and its average annual growth.

Towns just emerging from the obscure class are likely to be oversupplied with tradesmen for a few years because the average man with money to invest in business seeks the advertised small town and migrates thither in greater numbers than the influx of new families would warrant. One new tradesman to every twenty new families is too large an increase.

In towns dependent upon farmers' trade, the flush of money is in the fall. Previous to this some crediting will be necessary, and these conditions must be faced.

In mining towns, built upon one industry, the stores are often controlled by large interests too formidable for the independent merchant of small capital to compete with.

Since the larger part of buying for the average home is done by women, the successful tradesman must consider his trade from their viewpoint. In dealing with men this problem of appeal is more simple. A man knows what he wants, and is willing to pay for it. Being satisfied, he gives his trade as long as the merchant serves him well. On the other hand, women customers present varied problems. Personally a woman is more sensitive, and hence often more exacting as to service. Slightings on the part of salesmen and saleswomen work special havoc here. Obviously many concessions must be made to the woman customer. Her whims and fancies and her vanities, as well as her more rational trading instincts, have so influenced the trade systems of the modern merchant as almost to have formed them.

The courtesies of trade must cover all—the woman who haggles; the woman who, with no definite intent to purchase, has clerks pull down roll after roll of expensive stuffs merely to satisfy her curiosity; the woman of variable mind; and the woman who knows not her needs but buys indiscriminately, and she, in a way, is responsible for the trade tricks which some merchants practice upon her.

The thrifty type of woman, who pays fair for good quality, is the bulwark of the reliable business house as she is of the home. She wants quality, not premiums, and she knows that bargains in nine cases out of ten are bars to any real gain.

In reality, the merchant in the small town owes most to the poor working class who, for want of surplus money and time for travel, must satisfy their needs in the home town. Where this class is industrially provided for, the new merchant has a better chance than in exclusive towns.

The small town usually offers an advertising medium through a newspaper issued once or twice a week. Many towns have ordinances against the promiscuous scattering of circulars and other advertising matter. The character and place of sign advertising and display room for samples along streets are restricted in many towns. And generally severe restrictions, rigidly enforced, are not a handicap to individual merchants. It is worth far more to a merchant to get a customer into his store through good window displays than to practically throw bargains at him on the street. The well-arranged store should be a series of attractions from front to rear, with the quick sellers in the rear.

Cheerfulness, like good information, is best gotten by giving freely of it yourself.

Some Thoughts on Success

By EDGAR MATTHEW KEATOR

*What constitutes success
and how to cultivate it*

WE can classify our thoughts as positive or negative. Negative thoughts overcome positives and make negatives of them; positive thoughts overcome negative thoughts and make positives of them.

The human mind, with a heritage of negatives cast on it by past ages (heredity), is often prone to entertain negative thoughts, such as looking on the dark side of life, seeing only the faults in another and not the good, being pessimistic instead of optimistic, following the line of least resistance instead of the broken one that usually has a reward at its end.

The love of comfort—the animal in man—is prone to dominate; but the will, “that force unseen, the offspring of a deathless soul,” can change all this. It can pluck out the negatives and in their place plant the seed of the positives.

I hear some one quoting the old saw, “You can’t teach an old dog new tricks.” But you can; you can even make plants, trees, vegetables, take new forms. Luther Burbank, the noted horticulturist, has made a walnut tree grow so rapidly and to such a great size that he has doubled its productivity. He has also made grow a fadeless flower, a pitless plum, and a thornless cactus. Mind you, he has not changed their substance, for that is immutable; but form is eternally changeable.

The same is true of man. He cannot be changed in the substance, but his nervous tissue can be changed and be made to acquire positive thoughts and habits where before were only negatives.

Analyze the characters of the successful men about you and of those you read about. Have they not been great workers, and the majority of them fair students? You will see that most of them, during the years that they were building up their business, denied themselves many comforts, many necessities, and spent their evenings in study and thought, and from day to day, as they struggled up the ladder that had hanging at its top the flag of success, they applied what they had learned the night before; the new ideas they had thought out the night before.

Success is a relative term. By that I mean in regard to life. It is not synonymous with money getting or knowledge getting. It means rather the result one attains by living a wholesome, full life. It is the attainment of right endeavor.

But the word has come to have a more restricted use than this and by many is supposed to mean the getting of money. If the getting of money were our sole mission in life, then this idea of the word would be correct—but is this our sole mission? Let us believe and hope not.

There can be no doubt that we can create success more quickly if we will but cultivate the positives. When you have a few minutes to yourself, and are racked by a desire to spend the time either in idleness or pleasure that is unprofitable, *will* that you will put that time to good purpose, either in study or in wholesome thought *pertaining to the business you are in*. Then you are cultivating the positives; you are making your-

self more proficient in business. Can this do aught but lead to increased earnings, the popular idea of success?

It will do more than that. It will bring real success, for you will then feel the fullness of life, you will look upon yourself as a producer, and you will enjoy a mental poise and contentment that will mean more to you than your increased earnings.

Ask yourself this question: "How do I spend my evenings?" Playing pool? Playing cards? On the street corners? Drinking and carousing? If you find the answer to your question is any of these, "cut it." None of them pay, either in money or in

any other way. The same energy put into acquiring knowledge in your particular field adds to your ability—for knowledge is ability—and this in turn means your ultimate advancement, provided you apply the ability. The mere knowledge or ability without application will avail you nothing.

However, if you don't want to sacrifice these misnamed pleasures, then don't whine and say there is no opportunity to-day. If you yourself are unwilling to hew your own way to the goal of success, don't blame anybody but yourself. Know thyself. Read Emerson's *Compensation*.

"Up Against It"

That phrase "up against it" seems to be a favorite one with the man who has failed. And after he has failed he is usually inclined to place the blame on some one else.

You've seen that fellow. You see him every day—the fellow who is "up against it."

Any time you are in the mood to consider yourself "up against it," just look within, and find out what is the matter with you. Look at yourself. Satisfy yourself first.

Over in Japan the followers of one of the strongest religious cults study themselves in the mirror every day in order to discover their weaknesses and shortcomings. Go thou and do likewise.

When we turn the inward eye upon ourselves we're sadly disillusioned, of course, but it starts us to housecleaning.

The man who is really down and out never proclaims the fact; it's only the hysterical bad loser who does that. He's looking for sympathy.

Look at yourself. Study your own inner self. It will help you to get a firmer grip on things.

You're pretty shy on assets when you've got nothing to brag about but the fact that you're "up against it." And it's your fault every time if you are — "up against it."

Keeping Yourself in Repair

By CHARLES GRANT MILLER, Chesterland, O.

*How the regulation of all the
little things is necessary to keep
us working at concert pitch*

WHEN you find that your watch is losing a minute a day you hasten to have it regulated.

If your horse goes lame or your dog gets sick you seek a remedy at once.

If your friend has a fault you see it and want it corrected.

But, somehow or other, you treat yourself so very differently.

The one thing precious above all others to you, that you are especially charged to keep in repair—yourself—you treat with greater indifference than you do your dog.

You habitually do a thousand and one things that you know injure your health, and that you would not permit your dog to do, and you don't care.

If you find your pulse is losing a beat or two a minute the fact doesn't worry you half so much as does the loss of a second or two by your watch. The watch must go at once for repair and regulation, but your pulse—well, maybe that will work itself around all right. No matter about that.

The chances are that you don't very often know whether your pulse is beating right or not, you care so little about it. At least once a month you carefully compare your watch with a chronometer to know that it is right. But you don't ever compare your pulse with anything. Why? Because you don't care as much about your heart as you do about your watch. The watch cost you perhaps \$50; the heart cost you nothing. And thus you value them.

You feel that the watch is yours and that you are responsible for it as

well as dependent upon it. But you don't seem to feel quite the same about your health. Yet your health is more peculiarly your own, your responsibility for it is larger, and your dependence upon it much greater. Nothing else can be so completely your own as your health, nor is there anything of which you may be so completely dispossessed and so miserable and helpless without.

And you let your temper run as it pleases.

You make little, if any, real effort to keep it running as evenly as your watch. A watch allowed to run as erratically as your temper would be utterly worthless. It would be constantly tricking you into loss of time and of opportunity. You would fail to meet appointments, miss your trains, be late at meals, and countless other annoyances and disappointments would be yours—if you allowed your watch to run as erratically as your temper.

And yet your temper has more to do with your success and happiness than have all the watches in the world.

You can measure the opportunities you miss through an unreliable watch; but the opportunities lost through an unregulated temper—ah, these are beyond human estimate.

No man ever yet controlled opportunity and fate until he had first learned to control himself.

Maybe your wife, or your husband, or if you have neither, then some other nearest to you, sometimes gets out of sorts—as wives and husbands

and all intimates will—and fails for a while to run in harmony with your own spirits. Do you hasten to regulate the wife or husband or friend with a pleasant word and a cheery smile, that best of all remedies for disordered spirits, or do you roughly jar and prod, or neglect, in a way you would not think of doing for a minute with your watch?

A wife or husband or chum is far more easily regulated and kept in repair than a watch, if the same careful and prompt attention be given in the one case as in the other.

Thousands of men and women teach pet dogs difficult tricks, yet neglect to teach their children even good manners.

There are men who will stay up all night with a sick horse, who will not lose ten minutes' sleep over a sick wife.

The instinct to care for things we prize is inherent to us. We could not get away from it if we would. But we differ vastly in the things we prize. Nine-tenths of us seem to value things according to cost price, and overlook the priceless worth of blessings given us free.

A Promising Future

"A promising future" is an expression often used. But those who have a promising future do not always redeem the pledge in the years that follow.

There are some people who go through life awakening expectations they never fulfill. They have the ability, but they lack that indefinite, intangible something that makes for bigger things in life.

Latent ability doesn't always benefit the owner unless he can turn it to practical account. Just as the warm sun transforms the ugly caterpillar into a beautiful butterfly, so a little training transforms talent into achievement.

Do not fancy that your future is secure because you have a "promising future." The sad record of unredeemed pledges of thousands of lives proves the contrary.

Redeem your pledges. Do it now. You can do it by fitting yourself for your work. Get busy.

Specializing in Your Employment

By H. E. GRANT

Concentration and specialization are what gets the prize in the modern business world

IT certainly was quite a few years since, but don't you remember standing there with your chin just above the counter? In those days the electric motor had not found its way into the meat market, and so the butcher's boy stood there turning the handle,—grinding the meat, pork or beef, as the case might be, and then the skins were attached to the machine, and presently a long sausage resulted from his labor.

If he wanted beef sausage, beef went into the machine, and if pork, that meat instead. Incidentally, the machine always turned out sausage, not chops or steaks, and that is all that was expected of it.

A very simple statement of facts, yes, and homely too, but there's a reason.

There are many young men to-day, and older men too for that matter, who, metaphorically speaking, think that they can work the sausage machine and yet get porterhouse steaks delivered by it instead of the inevitable sausage.

These are the men who will study anything except the science of their particular employment. They wonder why it is that they cannot advance. Ask them anything about grand opera, or what the United States ought to do in Mexico, and they will give you a long dissertation on either subject, but, on the other hand, ask them about anything which is somewhat a poser along their own line of employment, and they will tell you to ask Brown or some other who is better posted, and then trail off

into complaint against the boss, the company, or their own lack of advancement.

A word in your ear, all of you: "The science of advancement is mastered as are all other sciences, through education *plus* application."

You advance your own interests by advancing those of others.

But you cannot advance theirs if you know no more than they. Every man at his particular employment is, or rather should be, a specialist. It is true that the term "specialist" like that of "expert" has been ridiculed because of those who tried to specialize without the equipment of special knowledge, but that cannot affect the accuracy of the statement.

If you would advance, it is necessary that you be a specialist.

Why is it that these men who know so little about their own employment can yet tell you much about grand opera or the best way to run the country?

There are two reasons, and the most general is that their interest is greatest in that direction and their education—that is, their unfoldment—lies that way too.

Now, it is not to be thought that condemnation must occur wherever subjects other than that of employment are studied. Study along any line may be made valuable and will certainly result in education, but it must only be a means to an end, and that end increased usefulness.

Concentration on the one subject alone sometimes results in an educated memory instead of an educa-

tion, and this is the other reason why it is that some men can tell you how the country should be governed, or how some other colossal task should have been undertaken. They but repeat the thoughts or ideas of others about which they have read or heard without giving these a thorough test and analysis in the laboratory of their own minds before letting them pass the sentinel—alas, often sleeping—stationed at the door of their minds.

Precedent is followed in law because principle is supposedly expressed in each past case, but in all

other employments where the actual principle seems elusive, it is necessary to do what is best. You can do this only as you are thorough in all things, and specialize upon your particular employment. You will find, if that subject is your highest interest, that all other studies and interests will converge there. They will lose none of their savor by being a means to an end, but rather increase in usefulness instead of being the useless end sought.

Don't put pork into the machine in the expectation of porterhouse, and, incidentally, don't be a machine.

L-Earn

Education cannot give you a mind any more than agriculture makes soil. But education can make that mind of yours yield a crop.

When considering a vocation, a man should say to himself, "What can I earn?" and then put the letter "I" before earn and ask, "What can I learn?"

The trouble with too many people in this old world of ours is that they believe they have gotten beyond the stage where they can learn anything. The average man of to-day is more interested in the word of four letters than he is in the completed word of five letters, which is the reason there are more failures than successes.

Failure is often due to the fact that we do not have a comprehensive and intelligent understanding of just what is required of us in the work we have at hand.

If we want to succeed we must be willing to do the preparatory work—to LEARN. The men who "know it all" are they who keep the ranks of the "has beens" filled.

Of course we don't mean to stack the cards on ourselves, but some of us do it just the same. We do it by refusing to learn.

The boss doesn't have to depend upon hunches when any of his men are entitled to a raise.

What Service *are* You Giving?

By WILLIAM T. GOFFE

*Being an address given before
the Retail Grocers and General
Merchants, convened at St. Paul*

AS a teacher of Efficient Personal Service in selling, I dare to say that I know your Supreme Problem in trade. Your problem isn't Capital. It isn't Credits; it's *Credit*. Now, you'll make a mistake if you think I speak of "credit" in the sense of going into debt. I do not mean that kind of "credit." I leave that to you and Dun and Bradstreet.

Your financial rating is all right; that is, I take it for granted that it is. And if it is, you see, that is a matter of "credit" in the minds of those from whom you buy—and it is a valuable thing. I take it you are attending to that all right. But how about that other kind of credit which you are so anxious to establish in the minds and hearts of those to whom you sell? How about that kind of credit with the buyer which will enable you to chalk up more, and more profitable, sales day after day? That kind of "credit" which springs from service well rendered to each and every buyer—every consumer—yea, to every caller merely, even though nothing should be purchased at the time of a given call?

You know as well as I that this is no joke. You know that the square deal pays. Not merely and only the square deal that calls for good goods, right weight, and a yard wide. That's all mighty fine, and must not be slighted; but I would speak of the kind of dealing which, while carrying honesty in weight and measurement and quality, is embedded in and surrounded by and supported and bulwarked by judgment, and court-

esy, and consideration, and wisdom, and neighborliness, and personal interest and likableness. In short, I would refer to a personality that gives proof of desire to serve, more than it does of a desire to get—to grab.

Now, suppose we cut out, for just a wee bit, your anxiety about credits, and attend to the matter of "credit" in the minds of others to whom we sell. The personal element enters into every sale. Men and women trade—all other things being equal—with the merchant they like best. This is just as true of your division of trade, as it is of every other. For example: I like my grocer. He's a royal good fellow. He has never, I believe, "done" me one time, in quality, quantity, or service. And whenever I have been unpleasant and unneighborly, he has never seemed to notice it; and just went on his happy way serving—serving me.

There are others selling groceries in my town; good citizens too; selling good goods; but do you know, I never think of going anywhere else to trade. And when Murrie says: "Haven't got any just now, Mr. Goffe," as happens sometimes, why it's the most natural thing in the world to just wait a few hours until the train gets in, or till the next day.

It's the personal element. Murrie uses it. He cultivates it. And then he practices it to the end of developing more and more efficient selling personality. It will pay bigger dividends than all your good buying and cash discounting though a merchant

must not overlook these. And do you understand that you'll buy better too, if you're a genuine good fellow, while being a good merchant and storekeeper? Well, you will. I get around some, and the evidence I see of the inefficiency of people in the business of merchandizing, is positively appalling. And such inefficiency is always chargeable to qualities that many do not consciously know are operative in their personality.

When the clever chap talks, with his chest and head swelling almost to the point of bursting, about "business-is-business," then I feel like saying, "here, you, *square up*, and you won't need to worry so much about the other fellow 'settling up.'" He'll do it a heap oftener, if the personal element between him and you is as it should be.

Now don't go to figuring out how many dead-beats you have helped and been lenient with who have taken advantage of it and you. Merely allowing a shiftless chap to get into your debt overmuch, isn't the kind of thing I speak of. That, done in a way to make him feel his general no-goodness, is the best way in the world to guarantee that he'll get out and fleece you. Sub-consciously, he feels that you are sufficiently paid through your self-righteousness. A man said to me the other evening going over to Minneapolis, that all this talk about the ethics of business was correct maybe, if one could practice it, but that it couldn't be done in "business." I asked him if he lost money by being too lenient with people, and he went off on a tirade about the miserable dead-beats who had gotten into his confidence and then swindled him. He wasn't swindled. He was merely paying his debts. He was simply paying his debt to nature for lacking judgment. Nature isn't injudicious; and she says, "Be a man of judgment, develop knowledge of human nature, and deal with judgment." So, this man of whom I speak, had his pay-

ment in the opportunities he had thus been given for self-righteous self-pity.

I venture to say to you, that the all-round man in the grocery trade—the man of knowledge of men and things, himself first, and wisdom to use it; of esteem and love, in the sense of kindness; and genuine consideration, as well as of that firmness of character born of true justice—both merits and receives return in due measure for the service he renders to poor as well as rich, and vice-versa.

Now, I'll put it up to you, are you that kind of a merchant?

It's just possible that you don't like this plain speaking—though I hope you do. But whether you do or not, it is the very refinement of courtesy compared to the way mother nature will speak to you some day after you have infringed upon and violated her laws sufficiently.

One of the greatest teachers in the world, on the subject of natural laws in the business world, has placed before real thinkers the clearest and finest statement of an old truth it has ever been my privilege to come in contact with. He says: "Everything in the universe is under law. There is no such thing as luck or chance. Nature has no bad debts; keeps no profit and loss account; nor does she ever fail in payment. She settles all her scores at the proper time. We cannot break her laws; though we may violate them; and when we do, the penalty we must pay is exact and unescapable."

Now I say: Look to the laws of good business. They include more than opening an establishment; stocking it with goods; and supplying such goods as casual people ask for. More than keeping accounts and, however rigidly, collecting them. They involve *good men*—you and your assistants of every kind and degree.

Are all of you all right? Are all of you wise as well as good? Are you

strong and capable physically, as well as wise and good?

I saw a man a few days ago who complained that his men were leaving him all the time, and some of them going into business for themselves; and he was peeved. I looked him over. I talked with him, and really, the wonder to me was that men stayed with him at all. He was sick, and peevish, and snarly, and fault-finding, and mean. But he

hadn't the remotest notion of the fact that his *physical* condition had anything to do with his business troubles.

Now then, after your wisdom, your goodness, and your physical state, do you consider your action? That action which is the outgrowth of wisdom and goodness and of health?

I put it up to you. There's matter enough in it to give you pause for quite a while. Try it.

The Measure of Success

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is a part of Mr. Bryce's excellent article published in *THE SQUARE DEAL*, parts of which have been inadvertently used in *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* without due credit being given.

If you are continually striving to rise by pulling others down you may expect to receive the same treatment. "The measure ye mete shall be meted to you again" is a law which none may avoid.

The fault of many is to find excuse for wrong doing by themselves in the wrong doing of others, salving their conscience with the thought that they may be excused for doing evil deeds because others have done them. Doing right no matter what others may do is the righteous way that brings reward, which is certain and which none may prevent.

Let us read another meaning in the term "success" than that which is commonly accepted by the people at large. Let us make it stand for something which may be reached by the humblest in the land who strives earnestly to use his humble talent honestly and increase its worth, who is content to toil in his chosen place until opportunity calls and beckons him forward, who plays his part the best he may in whatever position, high or low, he occupies.

Rise According to Your Scale

By SHELDON LEAVITT, M. D.

Dr. Leavitt will contribute a series of articles on business and health during the next twelve months.

EVERY man is built on a scale of his own, and is free within his limits. That is an idea it does well for us to get as early in life as possible. He has his own range of ability—ability to enjoy, to suffer, and to act. He reacts to stimulation—mental, moral, physical—in his own way and to his own degree. There is in each of us an aeolian harp whose vibrations of themselves compose no piece, exhaust no theme, achieve no melody, carry out no program, but they express the possibilities of the innermost man, and can be utilized and combined by the mind in such a way as to make a real symphony. All he has to do is to use his own powers, such as they are, to the utmost, and according to a design. *I* may be unable to conduct a large mercantile house, and *you* may be; but *I* may be able to estimate the dimensions of a man—mental, moral, and physical—while *you* blunder in the attempt to your decided loss. *You* may have a range of talent and a fa-

cility of persuasion which makes you a good salesman; while *I*, with equal general ability, am so deficient in certain social qualifications that *I* should be unable to impress my prospective purchaser.

We must not put one class above another, for every one may be successful and happy according to his nature. *In every instance influence belongs to men of action*, and for purposes of action we should learn our range and aptitudes, and then, keeping well within them, concentrate our efforts and converge them till they burn their way into whatever they touch.

Become acquainted with the scale on which you are built, and then utilize, with all confidence and to the utmost, the powers that are within that scale. And now listen while *I* tell you that *your scale, my reader, however small it may sometimes seem to you, affords scope enough for you to achieve high success if you will only rise to its limits.*

"The advertiser who tells the truth—nothing but the truth always—may not cut as wide a swath at first as the advertiser who puts into his announcements some of the glitter and temporary pulling power of insincerity, but he gets business that sticks and grows—whereas the man who doesn't live up to his advertising, fools people once and drives them away forever."—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN, in The Baltimore Sun.

The Value of Willing vs. Wishing

By EDWARD C. BAGNELL

*You can get anything you want
in this good world of ours if you
only "WILL" it hard enough*

THERE is a Chinese proverb which reads, "Great souls have wills, feeble ones have only wishes."

If one opens the dictionary and turns to the "w's" he will find the word "wish" defined thus—"to have a strong desire; to desire or long for." Now turn back a page or two and compare this with the definition of "will"—"the faculty of the mind by which one chooses or determines."

It can be readily seen what causes the difference between the great souls and the feeble souls. The feeble soul desires or longs for something, yet it (the soul) never gets beyond this state, regardless of how strong or intense the desire may be, unless the desire is converted to a decision by the faculty of the mind called "will." Many persons have desires, but the majority lack will.

Here, for example, is a young man who wishes to supplement his education by a college training. He has the desire, but not the necessary funds to maintain him or pay his tuition. Does he sit down and wish for the funds? He does if he fails to change a desire to a decision. However, if he is among the class which the Chinese term "great souls," he determines to procure the necessary funds.

To obtain the money may be a very difficult task. It may be that the young man will be compelled to make many sacrifices, practice the utmost economy, accept a position as waiter or street-car conductor, yet one thought will remain uppermost in

his mind—his determination to secure the wherewithal to enable him to secure that college training.

Here is the stage of the game where the feeble soul with the desire only, would go down to defeat. The great soul knows no defeat. It battles on, overcoming obstacle after obstacle, until finally it secures the object determined upon.

This country never before offered so great opportunities as it offers today; the muck-rakers and the calamity-howlers notwithstanding. There are more \$10,000 positions than there are men to fill them, according to Hugh Chalmers, president of the Chalmers Motor Company. Of course, when he speaks of men he means competent men. In every business organization there is the same demand for men who can think, who can direct. But these positions are not secured by wishing. It is absolutely essential that the man who fills one of these positions be thoroughly equipped. The man himself is the only person who may exercise the will to choose or determine what position he shall occupy in the business world.

"A man hasn't a chance here!" This is the cry put up by those who never get beyond the stage where they "desire" to better their condition. Men the type of Judge K. M. Landis, John D. Rockefeller, Charles M. Schwab, Thomas A. Edison, Henry C. Frick, and John Wanamaker did not "arrive" in a day. They all had to fight their way up. They had odds against them, some perhaps greater

than confront the majority of young men to-day.

It may be interesting to read the following excerpt from a speech of Daniel Webster in the Senate in 1833:

"There are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation, and pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations and all means by which small capitalists become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke the fountain of industry and dry all streams. In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they

would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more evenly divided than anywhere else, they rend the air shouting about agrarian doctrines. In a country where wages and labor are high beyond parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave."

This speech was delivered eighty years ago. Can it be that conditions are worse to-day? Are all the opportunities gone? No. If a man will work and is determined to succeed he will find many avenues leading to opportunities which no one can deny him. So instead of wasting precious time wishing for opportunity to present itself, let us exercise our will and command it to appear.

What is true of the race and of us as a people is true of the individual.

The majority of people are poor, because the majority of people are inefficient.

Over eighty per cent of all men who live to be more than fifty-five years old are dependent upon their children or upon reluctant charity for their daily bread.

This is not the fault of the rich. This is not the fault of the government. This is not even the fault of our economic conditions.

This is principally the fault of the men themselves.

Look about you. Here is this man and that man and the other man who had just as poor a start in life as any man ever had.

To-day they have an abundance. Why?

Because they used their heads, because they thought and reasoned and analyzed and compared and planned and created.

Suppose the rich are to blame. How does the rich man take advantage of the poor but by thinking and planning?

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves, that we are underlings."—R. D. LANE.

The Philosopher Among His Books

ADVERTISING MEDIA AND COPY. By John Horace Lytle. Cloth, 85 pages, \$1.00. Sheldon University Press, Aca, Illinois.

This interesting little book is the printing of an address delivered by Mr. Lytle before Mr. Robert W. Sullivan's advertising class at the Y. M. C. A. in Dayton, Ohio, last winter.

In its preface, Mr. Lytle apologizes for the unfinished appearance of his work owing to the fact above cited that it is a direct reprint of an extemporaneous address. This apology seems to the writer to be entirely unnecessary as Mr. Lytle has stated some truths — made some points — anyone of which would mean to the smallest advertiser a saving of many times the price of the book. The very fact of this being an address lends the book an informality and diversification of topic that gives it a charm of its own and at the same time it doesn't pall upon the writer as many pretentious works on advertising at times do.

The first and major half of the book is devoted to magazine advertising, and is excellently illustrated with beautifully printed half tones of some of the best magazine ads. of prominent national campaigns.

Mr. Lytle comments on each ad. separately in this way, and brings out some very valuable points which should serve as a guide for "what to do" and "what not to do" in your own advertising. Introductory to this he starts off his book with these five significant words: "While We Live Let's Advertise."

His analysis of different media for different copy and purpose is scholarly and thorough. He makes the point which the writer referred to in the April *BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* in the review of Mr. Bunting's advertising book, that *media of the greatest circulation does not necessarily mean that it is the media of the greatest value for your particular purpose.*

Analyze the personnel of the subscribers of the medium you intend to use. As an example of this careful analysis, Mr. Lytle cites the methods used by the Packard Motor Car Company, when placing advertising in his own magazine, *Better Roads and Streets*. The Packard people had him furnish them a list of his subscribers in a certain section, and these were checked to see how many were already owners of Packard cars. In this way they decided that the list of subscribers to *Better Roads and Streets* contained many other people who were possible purchasers of their car.

Again, Mr. Lytle makes

the point that we are playing with fire when using illustrations in our advertising — while at the same time the examples of advertising reproduced in his book almost without exception use illustration. The point is, unless your illustration carries great attention-getting power, and at the same time is *hung* to the text it had better not be used at all.

While reading Mr. Lytle's book on the train, I looked out and saw defacing the vernal landscape one of those glaring monstrosities that so often remind us that our

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JOHN HORACE LYTLE

Just Among *the* Philosopher's Family

YES, friends, there are numberless things that come up during the month that you should know about in connection with the magazine—things about the *business* and the *editorial* ends, and about the thousand and one details that go to keep this magazine up to the high standard we have set for it. So we have started this little corner 'way over here toward the end of the magazine to talk to you collectively on some of the things that we have been telling you individually through the hundreds of letters that come to our desk monthly from our large and increasing family of subscribers.

First I want you to know what we are going to do for your entertainment and instruction in our pages. June will be the big Racine number of *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER*. William T. Goffe, author of *Retail Sales Problems, Analyzed*, and Associate Editor of *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER*, has been at work for the past three months getting up this handsome number. He treats briefly the development of the various industries of this beautiful Wisconsin city and has prepared this edition with the purpose of teaching *useful commercial truths*—to show by illustrative examples what makes for success in business—rather than to publish the old-fashioned fulsome "write-up."

In view of this we are sure you will all find this Racine edition of *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* of real "Practical Business Building" value, regardless of any possible interest you might have in the city itself.

This edition will be handsomely and profusely illustrated with half tones.

Now we have an announcement that is going to mean that every one of Our Family is going to find an enhanced value in every issue for the next year. Every thinking business man realizes the value, yes, the necessity of good health to enable him to accomplish anything in the business world. He must have an efficient, well-running bodily mechanism to get the best from his mental abilities.

It is then, in the belief in the vitality of this question—and in the modern spirit of prevention rather than cure—that we announce a series of twelve articles, commencing in the June issue and continuing for the succeeding twelve issues, by that brilliant author and physician, Sheldon Leavitt, M. D.

The topics given below are co-related and lead from one to another. In fact, they are better spoken of as a "Course in the Science of Bodily Efficiency." They are written in a singularly happy style and in terms that are plain, appealing directly to business men.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS TO BE HANDLED BY DR. LEAVITT

1. The Human Corporation.
2. The Controlling Shareholders.
3. The Powers of the Officers.
4. Dissensions.
5. Shareholder's Meetings.
6. Resources of the Company.
7. Troublous Times.
8. Hours of Labor.
9. Conservation of Energies.
10. The Question of Vacations.
11. Keeping Up to Date.
12. The Certainty of Success.



DR. LEAVITT

A word about the author who is to give you the benefit of his researches will not be amiss.

Sheldon Leavitt belongs to that type of self-made man for which the United States is peculiarly noted. Since the age of fourteen he has made his own way in the world and at the age of eighteen was Deputy Register of Deeds for Kent County, Michigan, his native city being Grand Rapids.

In 1871, in the month succeeding the Great Fire, he took his courage in hand and came to Chicago, making his way in the face

of that great disaster, and years later he received his Medical College diploma. He was at once taken into the faculty, lecturing on Obstetrics, and in 1886 he published his textbook on that subject.

While mainly self-educated, Dr. Leavitt has studied abroad and has contributed over a hundred articles to the medical journals of his day. He is also author of the following books, which have an ever increasing demand.

- The Psychic Solution of the Problem of Cure.
- Paths to the Heights.
- Treatment by Correspondence of Telepathy.
- Thought the Cause and Cure of Disease.
- Training of the Will.
- The Better Part (a Poem).
- Essentials of the Unity of Life.
- Auto Suggestion.
- Success by the Shortest Route.

Continued on page 363



This Free Book Opens the Door to Bigger Business

One hundred and seventy-three keen and able business men have written ten books which reveal the inside methods and secrets of success in business. Ten vital, red-blooded books brimful of new ideas, dynamic and forceful methods, practical ways of organizing, managing and developing business enterprises. They tell all about

- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| -Purchasing | -Wholesaling | -Short-cuts and | -Man-training |
| -Credits | -Manufacturing | methods for | -Business general- |
| -Collections | -Salesmanship | every line and | ship |
| -Accounting | -Advertising | department | -Competition fight- |
| -Cost-keeping | -Correspondence | -Position-getting | ing and hundreds |
| -Organization | -Selling plans | -Position-holding | of other vital busi- |
| -Retailing | -Office systems | -Man-handling | ness subjects |

You can utilize the experiences of these masters of business; you can profit by the business secrets they reveal.

Our illustrated 24-page book—"The Open Door"—will tell you all the interesting facts about this new business library, and will show you how to adapt hundreds of its ideas and suggestions to your own business. If you want to earn a higher salary—if you want to sell more goods—if you want to do a bigger business—if you want to know how other men have solved the very same problems that are facing you—then sign and mail the coupon today. Send no money. "The Open Door" is free to ambitious men—and your copy will come by return mail.

A. W. Shaw Company, Dept. 82F, Wabash Ave. & Madison St., Chicago

**Tear off and
mail the
coupon for
the Free
Book**

A. W.
Shaw
Company,
Wabash Ave.
& Madison
St., Chicago.

Send me your
free descriptive
book—"The Open
Door"—and I'll
read it. 82F

-to bigger business

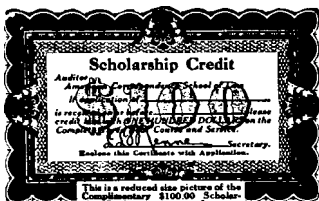
Name

Address

Business

Position

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"



LAW

SCHOLARSHIP
Valued At \$100.00
FREE!

This Offer is Limited, Write Today if You Want a FREE Scholarship

A positively tremendous offer for the ambitious man. Here is your opportunity to get your legal training in a great law school—the largest Law School for Home Study in the world—at less than usual cost of text books. Graduate correspondence students most successful in passing bar examinations. We are giving away a limited number of these Scholarships to advertise our School. Offer may be withdrawn in thirty days. If you act at once we will give you a Scholarship valued at \$100 Absolutely FREE. So hurry. Mail coupon for this startling offer.

Learn Law at Home—Spare Time Lincoln, Garfield, Clay—a host of great men received their training at home. Look what these men have accomplished. Our graduates are filling responsible positions in every state of the union. Our course is similar to that of Harvard, Columbia, and other big law schools.



We furnish this Magnificent Law Library with Every Course

WE GUARANTEE to coach free any student failing to pass bar examination. Our course covers all branches of American Law and includes same studies as leading law schools.

Twelve of the most magnificent law books ever published. Written so that you can understand every detail of the most complex law problems. With the aid of these splendid volumes in connection with our masterful lessons and lectures, you will grasp the subject of law in a surprisingly short time. **Special Business Course**, complete instruction in business and commercial law. Know the law. Know just what to do. Avoid expensive litigation. Every business man should be legally trained. Don't fail to send the coupon this very day. You'll regret it if you don't.

Send This Coupon **Send It Today!**

at \$100 given to you absolutely FREE. Bring a legal education within reach of everybody. Get full details of the greatest law offer ever made. Don't fail to get our big, new school catalog. A book you should have. It's FREE. Remember this offer is limited. This is the opportunity of your life. Mail the coupon AT ONCE.

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 3444, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Coupon

American Correspondence School of Law

Dept. 3444 Manhattan Building
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen: Without any obligation to me whatsoever please send me your catalog and particulars of your free \$100 Scholarship offer.

Name _____

Address _____

SAV "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

A Few Words About Doing the Right Thing Right, Right NOW

I am on my way from Fort William and Port Arthur to Winnipeg. Last night I addressed the board of trade of Port Arthur. The night before, Y. M. C. A. Business Men's club of Fort William. These two cities, like Winnipeg, are richly blessed with high-grade men - men of courage and faith - plus men who decide and act.

Men who dream, but who also do - and make their dreams come true.

At the close of the meeting I told them about the big gathering at Area this coming summer. During the handshake time that followed some good men told me they are coming.

One man told me he was going to write "Kim" today and reserve a place for himself and wife. He said, "I like Kim's picture. He looks good to me. Just the man for that job. He is an optimist. So am I. Kim and I will have a big time together those two weeks."

I spent last week in Winnipeg.

They are so good to me I am going back.

Some are coming by automobile all the way from Winnipeg to Area.

Anderson, the Big Injun of the tribe of Area who captured Jenny Lind, is getting up an Auto party.

J. H. Baird (John, not Jim - forgive me for that slip, J.H.) is on the warpath already and is organizing a special-car party. He says there are likely to be two or three "carloads."

The Winnipeg Indians are bound and determined to Keep that Cup.

They are trying to safeguard it by bringing a crowd big enough to meet all comers.

At a meeting of students there last week I told them that while I love the Winnipeg boys and the spirit of the tribe, I am silently and sometimes audibly hoping that Toronto or Chicago will win the cup and that they must work to get it.

Bergey of Toronto gave the cup. Toronto should have it back at least one year. If they can't win it then I hope Chicago or some other American city will win it, for, as I told the Winnipeg boys the other night, in the words of the Irish bull, "A man loves his native land best, whether he was born there or not."

When people are cabling from England - when many are getting ready 'way up here in Canada to come - not only getting ready but deciding and acting, doing the right thing right, right now, I can't see what's to hinder people only a few miles distant from the grounds from making their reservations now and getting ready to help win the cup.

See cut of cup in either this issue or June number.

Baird has promised to have its picture taken and send on to Kim.

Write to "Kim," telling him you are coming, and he will tell you what to do to get ready to help.

By the way, don't forget to bring your musical instrument even if it's only a Jew's-harp or a mouth organ. We are going to make the forest ring.

A. J. Sheldon



This Boy is "Kim"
He Will Make You Glad You Kum—
Sort 'o Make You Feel at Hum.
You Should Know Him.

Which?

By KIM

Yes, I know you intend to come to Area this summer, but what's puzzling me is this—

*Which term
 and which plan
 do you prefer?*

I do want to give every one good service and you can help me in this more than you know by telling me now, when I shall see your smile, July or August, and whether you want a room in the dormitory or in a tent.

If you want to play real Indian and extract the greatest possible amount of prana from the ozone, I advise the tent.

If you want the modern accommodations, a little more handy like, say, dormitory—if you want the latter say so soon. There's going to be a big crowd and we cannot build any more dormitories this year. The reservations are coming in lively and if my prophesies are working right you will not be able to come in the dormitory class unless you hustle up.

TWO TERMS

- (1) July term, July 20 to Aug. 1.
- (2) Aug. term, Aug. 17 to Aug. 29.

WHICH?

Two kinds of sleeping quarters:

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| (1) Dormitory | } Each same price. |
| (2) Tents | |

WHICH?

Please let me know.

C. E. KIMBALL

Manager Sheldon Summer School
 Area, Illinois

Science of Business Applied to Athletics

This is Thursday, March 19, 1914. I just gave myself the pleasure of a call at the office of J. H. Baird. John is always good natured and optimistic but I happened to find him unusually so.

It didn't take me long to find the reason why. He was bubbling with elation because the Business Science Club Basketball Team won the Championship of the Province of Manitoba last night.

John is manager of the team. The following clipping from one of the leading dailies of Winnipeg will, I know, be of interest to students of Business Science in general:

TOILERS LOSE TO BUSINESS SCIENCE

The final game in the local district for the basketball championship of the province was played in the Vaughan street gymnasium last night between the Business Science and Tollers' teams, the former team winning by a score of 28 to 18. At the commencement of the game the Tollers were somewhat off color, and at half-time the winners were leading by 8 points, and the Tollers were unable to overcome the lead during the final period.

The play in the first half was one of the best exhibitions of combination and checking of the season. The winners excelled in the former branch of

the game, while the Tollers started at a fast clip and soon scored two baskets, and for a while it looked as if they would tie up the score. At this stage of the struggle both teams commenced to dough matters, and finally a sparring match between Freeman and Warren caused the referee to call the game two minutes before time and award the game to Business Science, who were leading at that time.

The teams were:

Business Science — Nott, Dobson, McNeill, Wilcox, and Freeman.

Tollers — Fairman, Warren, Ferguson, Pritchard, A. Ferguson, and Cross.

Physical fitness functioning in endurance is one of the four basic concepts for general efficiency.

Students of athletics will look a long time before they will find a better guidance for the development of endurance than the nine Laws of Physical Well-being which are part of the teachings of Business Science.

It was the application of these laws plus Scientific management which won that game, and championship.

A. F. SHELDON.

The History of a Book

TOLD IN SIMPLE TERMS

When a man looks into his own heart and then writes, he is likely to produce something worth while. The world likes men of deep feeling, profound thought, and positive convictions. The history of the world is epitomized in men of that type. Men of thought and character in our own day are breaking away from old dogmas and traditions; they are introducing many new principles of efficient action. Modern methods are distancing the old. We startle our grandfathers by our innovations, and then justify our innovations by making good with them. There are changes in business, in theology, and lastly in medicine. You well know what has taken place in the business world, and have an inkling of what has occurred in the religious world. Now we want to tell you what is occurring in the medical world.

Fifteen years ago there was a doctor in Chicago who had climbed the professional ladder to near its top rung. He was a member of the faculty of one of the large medical schools, and had achieved a national reputation as a physician and a writer. He had a large and influential following. In short he had made a splendid success as the world commonly measures men. Had this doctor been less thoughtful and conscientious he might have followed the usual course; but the world would have been worse off. He got an idea, and you know what an idea is capable of doing to one. It grew until it possessed him and pushed him into new and untried channels. He is one of the men who have had a vision. And what do you suppose that idea was? We will tell you what it was, but we have not room to tell now just how he came by it. The idea can be put into a few words. Here it is: *The remote or predisposing cause of disease is mental, not physical.* Isn't that a Christian Science idea? you ask. No, for Christian Science says there is no such thing as disease. It is a mere delusion of the "mortal mind." But this doctor says there is disease, and that, since it originates in mind, its cure must come from the mental side. This is a revolutionary idea. It is heretical from the orthodox medicine point of view; and it was no wonder that the Doctor was condemned by his confreres. But he merely went right on "sawing wood" and let them talk, until now some of them are trying to steal the Doctor's thunder, which being new to them they are making sorry work of handling.

For the sake of a conviction that concerns human welfare a man of character will sacrifice even life itself. At that time psychotherapy, or mind cure, would not be tolerated by the leaders in the profession, and those who spoke in its favor were flouted as "Christian Scientists." This doctor knew that it needed but to be known to be appreciated, and so he set about putting what he learned into writing, under the title *As Ye Will*. On the appearance of this book, which was published ten years ago, he resigned from the college and began to urge his new work in an earnest way, and with increased success. *In this ten years he has demonstrated that Psychotherapy is the giant thing in modern therapeutics.* This doctor courageously sacrificed immediate advantage for the sake of a conviction, and is now reaping the reward of his strong action.

The book, *As Ye Will* opens up a most astonishing field of thought, which has already been of priceless worth to thousands. To any man, whether ill or well, it is invaluable. It is full of instruction and inspiration. If you are well you need it as a preventive of disease. If you are ill you need it to tell you how to recover your health. If your ambition says it will fill you with new life.

The author of this book is *Sheldon Leavitt, M. D.*, who has practiced medicine and surgery in Chicago for thirty years.

The book is not put out for the profit there may be in it. He aims only to get the truths it contains before the public, by whom it is so greatly needed. It originally sold for \$2.50, but this revised edition, nicely bound, is going at only \$1.50, postage prepaid. It is worth a thousand times that sum to any man or woman who values health and happiness.

Address all orders and remittances to THOUGHT, 4865 Lake Park Ave., Chicago

Announcing the NEW MODEL ROYAL, No. 10

THE MASTER MACHINE
that need not be traded out
FEATURE No. 7

THIS typewriter masterpiece, the *New Royal "10,"* was created to meet the modern demand of "**BIG BUSINESS**" for the typewriter that *need not be traded out.* So fast is the strenuous pace of modern business that there is no longer time or logical reason to "trade out" periodically machines made of iron and steel. And the expense of it in the aggregate is enormous!

Built for "Big Business" and its Great Army of Expert Operators

"Big Business" demanded a typewriter of *long-term service*, that must improve the *presswork* and stand the modern "grind" at high speed for years without trading out. For years, men who have done big things—heads of great corporations and far-seeing executives have been asking: "Why is it *necessary* to trade out typewriters every little while? Is it because they have been *built* to be traded out?"

The *ANSWER* to this big question is the new Royal Master-Model 10, which is built for *long-term service*, not to be "traded out."

We believe the No. 10 Royal will outlast any other writing-machine in the world. *It will stand the grind.* Turn the machine sideways and you can see daylight right through it. Mark the absence of complicated mechanism. It's what you don't find there—a 1,000 working-parts less-than-others—that proves the Royal's durability. Here at last is the master-machine—the typewriter that won't "die young!"

Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal Man" and ask for a **DEMONSTRATION.** Or write us direct for our new Brochure, "*Better Service,*" and a beautiful Color Photograph of the new **ROYAL MODEL 10—"THE MACHINE WITH A PERSONALITY"**—Read our advertisements in *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Everybody's, System, Cosmopolitan, Hearst's, Business, Metropolitan, McClure's,* and many more! "Write now—right now!"



Price
\$100
In Canada
\$125



ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Room 67, Royal Typewriter Building, Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

railroads are indeed run for profit only. I refer to a bill-board carrying the ad. of the Bohn Refrigerator. Through the large letters B-O-H-N was pictured a railroad train hitting up a high rate of speed. It was an excellent picture of a railroad train, but as I happened to be breathing soft-coal smoke at the time and riding where the real thing shot by every few minutes, it did not arouse any pleasurable anticipation on my part. At the same time the pictured train so obstructed the form and shape of the word "Bohn," even though the letters stood seven feet high, that they were scarcely readable. No part of the sign conveyed any suggestion or selling power for the refrigerator, although there were no doubt some selling phrases concealed in the smoke of the afore-said railroad train.

Many other points equally valuable to the buyer of space are made by Mr. Lytle and illustrated in this excellent book. Of course, I cannot refrain from quoting the good things which Mr. Lytle says about THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, in his discussion of the value of various media for advertising purposes.

"It has always been a pet belief of mine that if he paid subscribers to a certain magazine—which magazine is close to the hearts of these subscribers—are possible purchasers for your product, said magazine should be a good medium for your advertising copy. Thus I believe that such magazines as 'Better Roads and Streets,' 'The Business Philosopher,' 'Modern Methods,' 'Printers' Ink,' etc., which reach almost exclusively a *high class of men*, should be good mediums in which to advertise tobacco, life insurance, revolvers, men's underwear, or in fact anything that many of these men may be in the market for."

Mr. Lytle is very strong in his advocacy of a well printed, well written booklet as a means of publicizing the more expensive propositions. Nevertheless, he makes the point that it is usually far cheaper for the great majority of advertising to be done through magazine pages. He also speaks of a circular letter as a means of advertising, and I here quote verbatim from his book:

"When you send the initial sales letter, the chances are you do so without your prospect having asked you for it. In other words, you force your proposition upon him. You pay two cents for the stamp that takes the message to him, and he does not contribute one penny to help defray the cost of getting the message. On the other hand, before he can read your advertising copy in, let us say 'The Business Philosopher,' it means that he must first have paid out his twenty cents (unless he sees it in some one's else copy) for the magazine—which includes the advertising, as well as the articles and stories. Thus he spends his money partly for your ad., which is part of the magazine he buys. This is bound to have a certain effect on the pulling power of the ad. as against the same, or similar, copy sent out by mail. And by the way—speaking of 'The Business

Continued on page 351

Don't throw away your old "leaky"— "smeary" Fountain Pen.

To relieve you of its discomforts, we will allow you 50c for it, in exchange. Send it to us by ordinary mail at our risk, and under separate cover, bank draft or money order for \$2.00 and we will send you the \$2.50 pen described below, a pen that will be a source of never-ending usefulness and pleasure to you, that will do your bidding if you but guide it aright over the writing sheet.

LAUGHLIN

Automatic—Non-Leakable SELF STARTING PEN 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You don't have to fuss and shake a Laughlin to start the ink—*It's a Self-Starter.*

You don't have to fill the Laughlin, it's a *Self-Filler.*

You don't have to clean the Laughlin, it's a *Self-Cleaner.*

You don't have to monkey with dangerous, awkward or unsightly locks, extensions, or so-called Safety devices—*There are none.*

You can't forget to seal a Laughlin against leaking, it seals itself airtight *Automatically.*

You can't lose your cap from a Laughlin—it secures itself *Automatically.*

You can't break your cap or holder on a Laughlin—*They are non-breakable.*

Holder and cap of scientific, reinforced construction throughout. (See illustration.) You don't have to wait until a Laughlin is ready. It is ready to write when you are; the airtight leak-proof construction keeps pen and feed "primed," insuring a free uniform flow of ink instantly—even though not previously used for a year. It performs these functions with no more hindrance or interruption to your thoughts or writing inspiration than your breathing.

These results—or your money back.

These features are peculiar only to this patented construction.

\$2.50 By insured mail, prepaid to any address

If you have no old back-number dropper-filler pen to send us in exchange, just enclose \$2.50 with this coupon containing your name and address, we will send the pen by return mail. *Delivery Guaranteed.*

FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY

Laughlin Mfg. Co.

153 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—Here is \$2.50. Send me the pen described in this advertisement. If pen is not satisfactory, you refund the money.

Name

City..... State.....

THE EDUCATION OF THE WILL

The Theory and Practice of Self-Culture

By JULES PAYOT, Litt.D., Ph.D.
RECTOR OF THE ACADEMY OF AIX, FRANCE

THE volume opens with a discussion of the evils which must be combated in educating the will, and then proceeds to show the possibilities that lie in its judicious training. The author touches, for example, in a very sound manner, upon the relations to athletic exercise, to intellectual labor, while bodily hygiene, eating, drinking, etc., are considered from the point of view of education for the will. Still later in the work, he discusses idleness, sentimentality, social evils, and home relations, with an extremely clever chapter on "The Sophism of the Lazy." The joys of work are also discussed, the part which good books may play in training the spirit, and lastly the influence of the illustrious dead and the inspiration that may come into the lives of others from reading their history.

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

By SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M.D., Ph.D.

THIRD AMERICAN EDITION

Price Postpaid, \$1.60

Sheldon University Press, Area, Illinois

Philosopher,' which I have just mentioned above—this is a splendid publication. I know of one large firm in a western Pennsylvania city which subscribes for many copies of this magazine and places a copy each month in the hands of each employee—and mails it to each of their road men, along with a letter. Such a magazine cannot fail to pay advertisers. Another point about this magazine from an advertising standpoint is this: It is published by The Sheldon University Press, which gives it a warm place in the hearts of graduates of The Sheldon School. Such things count for much in advertising."

The latter part of the book is devoted to "Some Newspaper Advertising," and is a very brief account, illustrated with reproductions of the ads., of the campaign which Mr. Lytle originated and worked out for the sale of Sagertown Ginger Ale in Dayton. He describes this advertising and the results he obtained so simply and clearly that this section is of great value to advertising men who have any campaign on any subject in hand.

The Famous

SAGERTOWN Ginger Ale

Which took the first prize medal at Paris Exposition in 1906 is now for sale by us and at all the best restaurants, soda fountains and bars in Dayton. Always say "Sagertown" when you want any refreshing drink. Besides the Gingerale there is the Sarsaparilla and Birch Beer.

The Baker-Worrell Co.

Dayton Distributors for 1911.

7 South Main Street.

Bell Phones Main 3619, Main 360, or Main 3613.

J. Horace Lytle, Agent.

I am reproducing a cut of one of his latest newspaper ads. in this campaign and I believe it shows an improvement in copy over any of the illustrations shown in the book, although figure 8 there shown is an excellent example of the large amount of pulling power obtained by the use of very small space.

Continued on page 353

LAW FREE BOOK

The easiest and best way to acquire a legal training at home.

New Course—New Text—New Method

Sixty handy pocket size law volumes. The ONLY complete set of law text books EVER PREPARED FOR CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION. Written especially for the American School of Correspondence by 66 of America's greatest legal authorities, including deans and professors in leading resident law schools, judges of federal and state courts, and prominent practicing attorneys. HARVARD, YALE, PENNSYLVANIA, CHICAGO, WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, and other great universities have contributed to this wonderful aggregation of legal talent. No other school can furnish these remarkable law texts. Far superior to studying from a "Law Library" or "Cyclopedia of Law."

In addition to these 60 new pocket size text books each student receives 35 case books and this handsome 13 volume "Library of American Law and Practice"

America's Newest and Best Correspondence Law Course

The last word in American Law and Practice. Every branch of the law thoroughly covered. Stripped of all non-essentials and condensed into practicalities. Written in plain, simple, easily understood language. All legal terms thoroughly explained and made perfectly clear. 100% efficiency in law instruction. Simplicity of method makes it possible for you to get A. I. L. the knowledge contained in the complete course. Handy pocket size text books enable you to study under any and all con-

ditions. Have your lesson books in your pocket. Take advantage of every spare moment. Save time. Means quicker admission to the bar.

The World's Greatest Correspondence School

For sixteen years the American School of Correspondence has stood at the head of all non-resident educational institutions. The only correspondence school in the United States chartered solely as an educational institution for the benefit of its students, not as a commercial enterprise for the benefit of stockholders. Makes the proud distinction of having graduated a higher percentage of its students than any other correspondence school in the world. Pre-eminently the best school for YOU.

SENT FREE Special Law Book, "How To Acquire a Legal Training." Explains all about this wonderful new system of law instruction. Send for it today. Get full particulars regarding this great course at once. Eliminate all possibility of failure. Be Sure of Success. Fill in the coupon and mail it today. Better do it RIGHT NOW!

American School

FREE BOOK COUPON

American School

58th St. and Broadway.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE Law Book, "How To Acquire a Legal Training," and full particulars regarding your wonderful new system of correspondence law instruction.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... T.W. 4-11



Jean Paul Marat

The name of Marat will forever be associated with the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution. He fell at last by the hand of Charlotte Corday to avenge the loss of her lover. This period contains more dramatic interest than any other in the world's history. It is out of this period that the Empire was born, dominated and ruled by Napoleon. It is generally conceded the best account of the French Revolution is by America's great historian, Dr. John Clark Ridpath. The story of this period should be read by every American who prizes his citizenship and loves his country. How else are we to judge of the great questions that confront our own Republic except from the lessons of the past?

Six Thousand Years of History

Ridpath, the historian, takes the reader back to the very beginning of civilization and traces man's career down through the long highway of time, through the rise and fall of empires and nations. He covers every race and every nation, and holds the reader spell-bound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting or inspiring has ever been written. If you would know the history of mankind, every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, then embrace this opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication—

Ridpath's History OF THE World

We will name our special low price and easy terms of payment only in direct letters. A coupon for your convenience is printed on the lower corner of this advertisement. Tear off the coupon, write your name and address plainly and mail. We do not publish our special low price for the reason Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her support from the royalty on this History, and to print our low price broadcast would cause injury to the sale of future editions.

Mail Coupon for 46-Page FREE Booklet

We will mail you our beautiful forty-six page free booklet of specimen pages from the History without any obligation on your part to buy. Hundreds who read this have thought that sometime they would buy a History of the World and inform themselves on all the great events that have made and unmade nations. Don't you think it would be worth while to at least send the coupon and find out all about our remarkable offer?

Ridpath's Graphic Style

Ridpath's enviable position as a historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes: he carries you with him to see the battle of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that History becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO



FREE COUPON
Western Newspaper Association
H. E. SEEVER, Pres.
149 So. Dearborn St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Please mail, free, 46 page sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photographs of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, George Washington, and Blackbeard, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to The Business Philosopher.

Name.....

Address.....

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

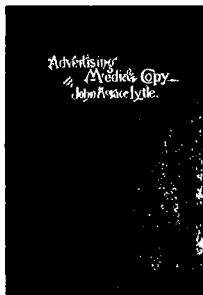
Mr. Lytle is a brilliant advertising man, both in originating and placing copy, and as the salesman behind the counter selling other people space in magazines. He is, also, author of *Letters that Land Orders*, which is in increasing favor with business men.

In conclusion it seems appropriate to quote from the *Dayton Journal* a part of an extremely laudatory article, which shows you how well he is thought of in his home city.

"While we Live Let's Advertise."

"These five words are the first that the eyes fall upon in opening the little book on advertising, which has just come from the pen of John Horace Lytle, advertising man for *Better Roads and Streets*, a magazine of national, yes, international reputation, which is published in Dayton.

"Mr. Lytle, who is looked upon as one of the leading advertising writers in the country, was called upon by Robert Sullivan, teacher of the class to address its members on 'Magazine Advertising.' He went into his subject thoroughly, giving his audience, in a concise but brief address, the benefit of his wide experience in the advertising field.



In addition to this book Mr. Lytle has written many articles for advertising magazines, principally *Printers' Ink*, to which he is a regular contributor.

Crowds, Jr. By Gerald Stanley Lee. 145 pages. Net 50 cents. Sheldon University Press, Aca, Illinois.

Perhaps no book published in the last year has received the same amount of free publicity as the original *Crowds*. No book has been so much quoted in the daily press, in magazines of all kinds, as has this book which created such a sensation in the reading world, when it was published last fall. Editors, business men, workers in all fields, quoted it, bought it, and passed the good



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word along. *Life* says of the original: "A big, easy-going book about you and me and the man next door; about God and millionaires and department stores and the President and the cook; about business and politics, and what we all want and don't dare ask for and about how we're going to get it. About America and Americans. About where we're going. It's the most religious book published in this country since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'." And now I have *Crowds, Jr.*, which is a smaller edition of the same book, but which is arranged under the loving care of the author. It is a book for people who wish to grow by means of that hard road known as "Original Thinking." All of us like to better ourselves mentally, but most of us prefer to take our education in the form of a mental pap. This book is for the busy man who wants to get at some of the underlying sublimity of this great, restless, striving, seeking, civilization of ours. It is not laying down opinions, it has no cause to defend, or theory to boost. But if you want to learn to think, to get your brain out of the rut, and to grasp the meaning of the cosmic urge that is within you, you will want to read *Crowds, Jr.*

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SUCCESS WITH HENS. By Robert Joos.

Raise chickens and thereby reduce the cost of living, and have a lot of fun doing it, is the advice of Robert Joos in his book, *Success with Hens*, just published by Forbes & Co., Chicago (\$1.00). This is a complete guide to poultry raising that thoroughly covers the subject by an expert. It is clear, practical and up-to-date.

The fifty-five chapters give full directions for the hatching and brooding of chickens, incubation, feeding and housing, increasing the egg supply, cure of diseases, the marketing of eggs and fowls and everything pertaining to the care of hens.

Nothing is given but the best methods and only those which have been proved by the experience of successful poultry keepers. The small and large poultryman, the beginner and the experienced, will find this book indispensable. It will reduce losses and increase profits.

Poultry raising is receiving a lot of attention these days, and deservedly; for this "billion dollar industry" is an important one, ranking next to corn in the United States census report of land products. It is the hen that lays the golden egg which pays off the mortgage. Of course there have been failures in the poultry business, but not any more in proportion than in any other business. They are due to a lack of the preparation which the reading of such a book as this would provide. As the author says, "poultry raising, like any other business, requires work and good judgment. It offers big opportunities for the poor man, as it can be started on a small scale with very little capital, from which it can be increased gradually to an independent livelihood."

THE BACK YARD FARMER. By J. Willard Bolte.

The joy a back yard garden can furnish! One who has never experienced it can realize what it means in reading *The Back Yard Farmer*, a new book by J. Willard Bolte (Forbes & Co., Chicago, \$1.00); and if he is a flat-dweller he will be tempted to make plans for moving to the suburbs immediately. And if he is seeking a solution of the high cost of living problem he will be sure to go; for this valuable book solves that question. And not only does it show how to reduce the expense of food but it also tells how to get better food and better health and get dividends and pleasure out of the wonderful possibilities of the back yard.

The seventy-five chapters of this useful book give complete and reliable directions for the best cultivation of vegetables, fruit and flowers, the management of poultry and pets, the proper care of the lawn, vines and shade trees, and discuss everything pertaining to the outdoors of the suburban, village or country home.

Some of the chapters are: "Making the Back Yard a Garden Spot," "Back Yard Dividends," "Making a Garden Productive," "Preparing the Garden," "Why Gardens

Continued on page 359

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We will gladly send you a Harris for 30-day trial and return your money if you are not satisfied with your purchase.



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The Business Philosopher

Published Monthly at
ARRA, ILLINOIS

Editor, - Arthur Frederick Sheldon
Area, Illinois
Managing Editor, - Channing Barnes
Area, Illinois
Business Manager, - C. E. Kimball
Area, Illinois
Publisher, - Sheldon University Press
Area, Illinois

Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.)

Arthur Frederick Sheldon, Area, Illinois.
Anna G. Sheldon, Area, Illinois.
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of April, 1914. J. E. HOLCOMB,
Notary Public.

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

How to Play The Great Letter Game Scientifically

The biggest business game today is the sales letter. Not one in a thousand knows how to play it scientifically, but I can tell you the true



story of how \$400,000 was rolled up in a year with no other organization than one boy who could write letters.

It's the new advertising, the new salesmanship, it's business science in its latest, its biggest, its

most universal form. And this story shows that any boy perhaps may be a genius, and any girl may learn to be a "little manager."

If there's a person in the United States who knows this letter game so he can tell another, it is Sherwin Cody. (One big Eastern manufacturer and jobber wrote to an inquiring stranger, "Sherwin Cody is the best letter writer in the United States.") I've been right in it for seven years. My books have been the subject of it. This boy has been my side partner. I've taught Mr. Gard to get \$7,698 from inquiries that before yielded less than \$3,000; the assistant manager of R. D. Nuttall Co. to get 50 per cent more business from his regular inquiries; Mr. Brockleman to triple his retail grocery business in nine months; a green Jap to write a letter that pulled \$10 for every circular mailed. Read their signed testimonials.

The Cody System is twenty half-hours of straight talk right into your mind and heart on How to Use Words so as to Make People Do Things, How to Deal with Human Nature so as to Get Results, how to plan and carry out a big, successful campaign, how to turn your namby-pamby, hasty daily letters into masterly business-bringers, how to manage your office on a scientific plan, how to make your office assistant worth ten times as much to you, and your stenographer a cracker-jack correspondent. I can do for you what I have done for the others.

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A postal card will bring a Summary of the Vital Principles of this new science on two typewritten pages, and a two-page letter telling you how You Can Apply these principles to your particular business, on the understanding that you will return the installment in ten days or pay for the entire series, with my new book "How to Do Business by Letter and Advertising," \$10 cash or \$12 at rate of \$3 a month.

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to Build Business," etc.

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THE HOME NURSE. By Dr. E. B. Lowry.

Dr. E. B. Lowry, the popular writer on health topics, has brought out another very useful book, entitled, "The Home Nurse" (Forbes & Co., Chicago, \$1.00). It gives helpful directions for the care of the sick in the home and tells how to co-operate with the physician in providing for the comfort and cure of invalids. Full directions for first aid to the injured are also given. Technical terms are avoided and a complete index makes it possible to refer quickly to the desired information.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. The latest book by Edward Howard Griggs. 12mo. cloth, \$1.50, net; by mail, \$1.60. B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The heart of this work is an attempt to show the function of each of the great ideal fine arts in expressing and interpreting the human spirit. With this, it studies the common basis from which all the arts spring; the influence upon art of race, epoch and artist, and the use of the arts for culture.

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STATISTICS OF FREIGHT TRAFFIC. By Julius H. Parmelee, Ph. D., Statistician, Bureau of Railway Economics. Published by LaSalle Extension University, Chicago.

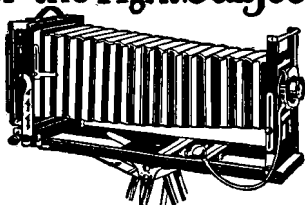
"Dry as statistics" is a common phrase, yet here are statistics that read like a story because they tell the romance of American transportation. Professor Frank H. Dixon, of Dartmouth College and Chief Statistician of the Bureau of Railway Economics, says of this treatise that he knows of no work that throws more light upon the development and operation of railway operation than this. Not mere figures are given, but the why and how of the statistics, and one who reads this treatise may garner much valuable information concerning Railway Mileage, Equipment, and Capitalization, as well as Revenues, Expenses, and Traffic. The treatise is one of a series of publications forming the basis of the LaSalle Extension University course of instruction by correspondence in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic.

BASES FOR FREIGHT CHARGES. By U. L. Lingo, Traf. Mgr., Inland Steel Company. Published by LaSalle Extension University, Chicago.

The value of a traffic man's services to a concern is measured not only by his technical knowledge and understanding of railway tariffs, but also by his comprehensive application of such rules and practice to the business in which he is engaged. He must

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know how to put these rules into effect legally, and how to make use of all the means that are available or can be devised for the betterment and development of traffic.

It is this knowledge that must be garnered by him who would be successful in this field of transportation and when he can take advantage of Mr. Lingo's experience he is fortunate. Among the topics discussed are Freight Tariffs, Rates, Weights, and Special Charges. This treatise is one of a series of transportation publications which will form the basis of the LaSalle Extension University course in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic.

FREIGHT RATES: OFFICIAL CLASSIFICATION TERRITORY AND EASTERN CANADA. By C. C. McCain, Chairman, Trunk Line Ass'n and W. A. Shelton, A. M., former Instructor LaSalle Extension University. With appendix of test questions, 295 pp. Published by LaSalle Extension University, Chicago.

A work that will prove a delight to those who wish a clear and straightforward exposition of the subject of rates in this territory is *Freight Rates: Official Classification Territory and Eastern Canada*, recently published by the LaSalle Extension University in conjunction with their course in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic.

Many people have an idea that freight rates in the United States are made entirely

without a definite system. The authors have demonstrated in this treatise that not only is the rate structure in the eastern part of the United States definite, but also that it approaches very closely a scientific basis.

This work, with *Freight Rates: Southern Territory and Freight Rates: Western Territory and Transcontinental*, forthcoming publications of this series, will show the present day tendency towards uniformity within each of the territories.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT. By W. N. Agnew, Traffic Manager, International Steam Pump Co. Published by LaSalle Extension University, Chicago.

The duties of the Traffic Manager, as outlined by W. N. Agnew in *The Industrial Traffic Department*, a treatise prepared primarily for the Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic students of the LaSalle Extension University, are as follows: quoting of rates, routing of consignments, supervision of all shipping and receiving, taking complete responsibility for incoming and outgoing goods, and supervision of all work in connection with his office. Then the author goes on to tell "how" these duties may best be carried out. Some of the topics discussed in the work are Files and Furniture, Publications, Records, Tariffs, Rates, Classification, Routing, Claims, Tracers, Accounting, and Demurrage. Adequate test questions are provided.

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He had a large general practice when, ten years ago, he took up the special practice of Psychotherapy. At that time he resigned his connection with the college and wrote and published his first book on Psychotherapy, entitled *As Ye Will*. A few months later he established the magazine which he published for six years, contributing most of the matter that appeared in its pages.

He is also the author of the following Correspondence Courses, each consisting of ten typewritten lessons, with auto suggestion and exercises:

- The Psychology of Health.
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The merchants pay us for our pages, and we use this money to increase our service to you in the physical and mental qualities of our pages.

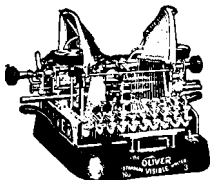
Going no farther you see you are already under obligation to our merchants for a \$4.00 magazine for the price of \$2.00.

Then you find in our advertising something that will meet your needs and you write for it. Or our advertising pages call your attention to something that will be of service to you.

Then the merchant supplies you with an article that serves your purpose—fully and efficiently.

And then you have returned your measure of service: to us for entertaining you in our reading pages and for instructing you in our advertising pages; to our merchants for enabling us to entertain you and bring you to each other; and to yourself for an increasing knowledge of how to live and what to buy.

Here's the only hitch in the chain. Be sure and say "I saw it in *The Business Philosopher*" when writing to our (and your) good friends, the advertisers.



Free Trial Typewriter Offer!

No Money Down—13 Cents a Day

Get this offer on an Oliver Visible Typewriter before you spend even \$10 for some old-style, cumbersome, second-hand machine or some little cheap make.

Learn how 15,000 people have secured Olivers—the great world-wide leader of all machines—the \$100 kind—the typewriter that made others adopt visible writing—the typewriter that you see everywhere—the full size commercial machine.

Extraordinary Price

Our low price is a tremendous surprise to everybody—it seems impossible—but we have thousands of satisfied customers to testify that we live up to every claim.

Rent Money

Get the details of our wonderful Rental Purchase Plan. Learn how you can own a superb Visible Writing Oliver for a few pennies a day and no money down.

Life Guarantee

Read a copy of our record-breaking guarantee. Note how we have absolutely protected each purchaser for the entire life of the machine.

Read a few of our testimonial letters from customers and learn how generous and fair we are in our treatment—how we wait for payments in case of sickness or misfortune.

Half an Hour to Learn

People who had never written on a typewriter learned from our plain instructions in half an hour.

Let us tell you about the free trial privilege—how without advancing a cent to us you can have one of these fine machines in your office or home to use free.

You won't be urged to keep it unless you are more than pleased.

No Red Tape

We have no collectors. We charge no interest. We aim to please you so thoroughly that you will tell your friends.

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Send your name today and get a remarkable book describing in detail the construction of the famous Model 3 Oliver, telling how it's made and the features which put it in the lead.

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Get full details of the most remarkable selling plan ever devised for the purpose of putting standard typewriters in the hands of those who need them.

Everything is Free

Your name won't be followed up with a salesman—we have none. Just read about the typewriter, the low price, the easy terms, the life guarantee—that's all we ask. Please do it now.

This coupon is to make it convenient for you to send for our offer now. Just fill in your name and address, tear out and mail—a lead pencil will do.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
664 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Gentlemen: You can send me your book and typewriter offer free. I am not buying anything or obligating myself in any way.

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Street.....

Town..... State.....

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

You can reach business men in every part of the country through a little want ad in **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER**. Do you want to buy anything from merchandise to service, or sell anything? Then use the next issue. Forms close first of month preceding date of issue. Rate, 25 cents a line; seven words to the line.

AGENTS—500 PER CENT PROFIT: GOLD AND SILVER sign letters for store and office windows; anyone can put on; free sample. **Metallic Letter Co.**, 431 N. Clark St., Chicago.

WANTED—SALES EDITOR—MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS the principles of correct advertising, who can write strong, forceful sales literature copy and sales suggestions, who understands and believes in Sheldon's principles of salesmanship. Should be 26 to 35 years old, in good health, weigh not less than 160, keen, energetic, of good character and habits, and able to work hard and steadily for not less than \$150, or more than \$300 per month. Send photo, full particulars. State salary expected. Address **W. T. RAWLEIGH**, Pres't, Freeport, Ill.

FREE BOOK—SEND US FIVE NAMES OF FRIENDS to whom we may send sample copies of *The Business Philosopher* and we will send you free, by mail post-paid, your choice of the four books of power by Allen: "As a Man Thinketh," "Out from the Heart," "Through the Gate of Good," or "Morning and Evening Thoughts." **SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS**, Arca, Illinois.

FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK LOOKS BETTER THAN FIFTEEN. If you have grit and selling ability become our salesman, handling a line of guaranteed office supplies, business helps and printing. Exclusive territory. Apply, **National Office Supply Company**, Zion City, Ill.

EXPERIENCED FOUNTAIN PEN SALESMAN WANTED—To handle our New Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen—Possibilities for a live wire almost unlimited. Address **Laughlin Mfg. Co.**, Detroit, Mich.

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If you are honest and ambitious write us to-day. No matter where you live or what your occupation, we will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of our Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once. Can arrange for spare time only if desired.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
P-118 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

SITUATION WANTED—MALE

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TEXAS RANCH LAND EXCHANGED FOR BRICK buildings anywhere.—**H. C. DRAWE**, Corpus Christi, Texas.

BE A MERCHANDISE BROKER. EARN \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year. We teach you how to establish a successful merchandise brokerage business. Our system insures success. Can be conducted in any size town. No experience or capital needed. Little competition. Write for "Free Information" today. **National Brokerage Company**, Department B. P., Davenport, Ia.

FRIENDS—YOU'RE SURELY COMING TO AREA this Summer and join the rest of the bunch at the Summer University? Well, let us know at once so we can plan for you. Read Mr. Sheldon's letter following reading pages in this issue. Then sit down and drop "Kim" a line. Don't put it off and don't miss this great opportunity to join in this real gathering of the clans. Write direct to **C. E. Kimball** at Arca, Illinois.

P. B.—700 acres of beautiful woods and water to play in. Clear, clean air. Food that will be a joy to your physical cosmes and pabulum for your mental nourishment. Inspiration—thought—a good time!

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Every book advertised or reviewed in the pages of **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER** may be obtained direct from **THE SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS**, Arca, Lake County, Illinois. Send the money—tell us what you want, and we will serve you promptly. Hundreds of the best Business-building, Man-building books published on our list. Yes, we believe in the "Money-back" plan, this is intended as a service to our readers.

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Income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. **National Co-Operative Realty Company**, L-484 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

SHELDON GRADUATE DESIRES A POSITION AS Salesman, Pittsburgh preferred. Address **A. K.**, 346 Oakland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Free—Six Big Issues of Investing for Profit



If you will simply send me your name. Special Introductory FREE Offer. Six fine Monthly Issues—each worth \$10 to \$100 to you.

How much do you know about the Science of Investment? Do you know the *Real Earning Power* of your money? What is the difference between the *Rental Power* and *Earning Power* of money? Do you know how \$100 grows into \$2200?

Why you should get *Investing for Profit*: Only one man in a thousand knows the difference between the *rental* power and the *earning* power of his money. Few men know the underlying principles of incorporation. Not one wage earner in 10,000 knows how to invest his savings for profit, so he accepts a paltry 2% or 3% from his savings bank, while this same bank earns from 20% to 30% on his money—or he does not know the science of investing and loses his all.

Russell Sage said: "There is a common fallacy that, while for legal advice we go to lawyers, and for medical advice we go to physicians, and for the construction of a great work, to engineers—financing is everybody's business. As a matter of fact, it is the most profound and complicated of them all."

So let me give you just a glimpse of the valuable investment information you will get in my six big issues, "The Little Schoolmaster of the Science of Investment," a guide to money-making:

The Science of Investment.	Capital Is Looking for a Job.
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How to Judge a Business Enterprise.	Investment Securities Are Not Investment Opportunities.
Where New Capital Put Into a Corporation Really Goes.	The Actual Possibilities of Intelligent Investment.
"Watering"—Its Significance.	The Capitalization of Genius and of Opportunity.
Idle Money vs. Active Money.	

Wait till you see a good thing—but don't wait till everyone sees it. You will then be too late. Never was a time more auspicious for a public campaign of education on the logic of true investment. A revolution in the financial world is now going on—to the profit of the small investor.

You are now face to face with your opportunity—if you have the courage to enter the open gate to the road of fortune.

I believe you will find much interest in reading my six issues of *Investing for Profit*. From cover to cover it contains the fundamental principles of investment it has taken a lifetime to gather—from my own experience and from every available authoritative original source of information.

If You Can Save \$5 a Month or More

Don't invest a dollar in anything anywhere until you have read my wonderful magazine. *Investing for Profit* is for the man who intends to invest any money, however small, or who can save \$5 or more per month, but who has not as yet learned the art of investing for profit. Learn how \$100 grows into \$2200.

Use this Coupon for the Six Issues and Financial Advice FREE

If you know how to invest your savings—if you know all about the proposition in which you are about to invest your hard-earned savings—you need no advice. But if you don't, if there is a single doubt or misgiving in your mind—I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries you may make, or furnish any information I can regarding the art of saving and making money through wise investment.

So sign and mail this coupon now. Get *Investing for Profit* FREE for six months. Ask me to put you on my mailing list for Free Financial Advice. Don't put this off. It means too much to you now and in the future. Sign and mail this coupon at once.

H. L. BARBER, PUBLISHER, CHICAGO

Mail This Now

\$

H. L. BARBER, Publisher,
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Address _____

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SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

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Issued monthly. Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions; \$2.25 in Canada, and \$2.50 in foreign countries. Requests for "change of address" MUST reach this office before the tenth of the month in order to insure PROPER mailing of the current issue of the magazine. In sending in the new address, please give your previous location.

Published by the Sheldon University Press, Area, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 12, 1913, at the Post Office at Area, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted by Sheldon University Press.

L. F. HARDY CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.

There Are No Two Ways About It YOU Need a Vacation — Everybody Does



Looking east down Lake Eara from knoll in back of main School building, showing lake to the first bend.

BUT you don't want to just loaf during your vacation. What you and everybody else needs is recreation.

A Re-Creation time.

The usefulness or service-rendering power of a so-called vacation or "holiday" as they call it in England, is recreation—re-creation.

Idleness does not re-create. It rusts.

What one needs is change of activity. All life and renewal of life is change.

Sameness begets stagnation and mental miasma. Change of scene and association begets renewal of life—increased vibration.

When Hubbard wants a rest he goes over to Cleveland or to some other place and works about sixteen hours a day on a vaudeville stunt and other things (See the Fra), then he goes back to the usual round at East Aurora and it is fun again.

When I get tired I go out and start a branch school or two and sell a few thousand dollars' worth of enrollments or go on a "tower" like Samantha, and deliver myself of a few score lectures at the rate of a few or more a day.

Come to AREA. Not just the coming summer but regularly every year. But when you come don't loiter in the hammock all day and read novels. Help pick up the brush for the camp fire, gather the eggs, make a speech once in a while. Bring your musical instrument and join the band.

If you can't play, join the chorus and sing. If you can't sing, speak a piece.

If you can't speak a piece, tell a story.

If you can't do any of these, play baseball, or handball, or tennis.

If this does not suit you, gather vegetables from

the garden or catch a mess of bullheads. Get busy anyway.

Blessed is he who works, for he shall raise the rate of vibration.

We do not encourage drones at Area.

Don't forget to bring your musical instrument no matter what it is. Anything short of a piano goes. We will furnish that and you may play on it without bringing one.

Violin, cello, banjo, mandolin, bones, cornet, drum and Jew-harp. I cannot think of them all just now, but the fact that everything goes covers the whole business.

Bring it along even if you cannot play very well. It will be a good place to practice. We will make the woods ring every night.

Bring along your good stories too, of the clean kind, also that speech you want to deliver yourself of.

We will work it in somewhere even if it has to be around the camp fire.

The giving of it will be a good vent for your cosmic storage tank and it will do some one some good.

When we get together let us remember that learning is like love, the more one gives the more he has. Give freely of the ideas which have helped you. It helps you to give them.

It makes you certain that you really believe them. Besides it helps you to cultivate the power of expression.

It helps the other fellow to listen to you.

If in no other way it may help him to develop the positive quality of patience. If he can't stand it cleg through, he can slip out and go fishing.

— See *Kim's announcement* as to tents and reserve a place now.

Yours Aractically,

A. F. Sheldon.

Lecturer, Author, Scientist Teacher

A Lecturer? Yes; perhaps the most powerful speaker on topics which cut deepest into the conscious needs of business life there is on any platform today.

An Author? Yes; acknowledged to be the foremost writer of the times on matters relating to the "how" of equipping one's self for success in life, in whatever calling, business, in its commercial aspect, being his main theme.

A Scientist? Yes; an investigator of extraordinary power. Equipped mentally in a manner and to a degree positively unexcelled in this field, if indeed ever equaled. One whose investigations ALWAYS result in organized and classified knowledge for those of less tendency to search for the hidden truths of life and of business.

A Teacher? Ah, yes indeed! This is Arthur Frederick Sheldon's native heath. He sheds light on the teaching profession as he pours out his great Soul in harmony with his powerful possessions of Mind.

His work at the Summer Classes at Area, this year, as on former occasions will be entirely unique. Those of us who may be privileged to receive instruction from him this year will have the added good of his wonderful experience in Europe the past two years, as he has gone up and down the lands gathering and giving out as occasions offered and opportunities presented themselves.

Americans everywhere abroad who have met him are aglow with enthusiasm for the work he does in establishing the manhood of the day; and that the chief teacher of the English speaking world on these lines, is an American. And Europeans join heartily in his praise.

Mr. Sheldon will TEACH every day of the two sessions of the Summer School, July 20, to August 1st, and August 17, to August 30. Others have taught and tested Sheldon Truth, also, but the MASTER'S work is what you will most keenly enjoy. It will repay you in overflowing measure for the cost to you in time and money.



ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON
Lecturer, Author, Scientist, Teacher

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Every subject is fully illustrated with photographs and drawings. It is complete enough

for the most exacting scholar, yet so simple a child can understand it; and so interesting that everybody will read it with pleasure. These six superb volumes contain over 3000 pages and are printed from large, clear, new type on highest quality paper and bound in heavy buckram. 1500 text illustrations, 24 full page colored maps, 24 full page color plates, 24 full page half tones. Leading educators and librarians everywhere agree that this is the finest reference book available anywhere. Highest endorsements.

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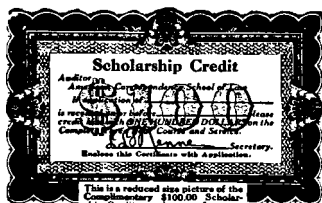
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Be Yourself

Perhaps you see in some one else,
The man you'd like to be—
Perhaps the garments that he wears,
Just suit you to a "T"—
Perhaps his wealth, his handsome face,
His air of sweet content,
Have made you want to copy him
And all these things preempt.

But, friend, when God made you and me,
He made us to be men—
If apes He'd wanted, apes He'd made,
And placed us in a pen—
He made us in His likeness;
To think, and act, and talk—
To have opinions of our own
And not in "circles" walk.

There is in us ability
To be just what we will,
But we must draw upon it, friend,
If we'd get up the "hill"—
We are just what we are because
We are content to be
Like brothers to those "hairy men,"
Who live up in a tree.

Read, ponder, think, reflect,
Select what's best for you—
Don't handicap with precedent
That which to you is true—
Then you're a part of "God's great plan,"
Nor bound by others' pelf—
You are a man, a noble man,
Because you are—yourself.

—W. E. Fitch.

The Business Philosopher

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON, Editor

Only articles calculated to increase the "AREA"—(Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action) of Business and Professional Men appear in the Business Philosopher

Volume X

JUNE, 1914

Number 6

ON THE FRONT PORCH

Where We Talk Things Over

JUST smell the apple blossoms, John, as we sit here on the front porch. As I look down over the sloping hillside, with its pink and white beauty spread before my eyes, I think again on the Science of Service. Here are rows of trees, that we think so much of that we had a tree surgeon come and exercise his art upon them. Next fall we should have barrels of luscious fruit to store up for our winter needs. These trees survive and thrive on this fertile soil where brambles and ash and less useful trees have long since perished. Because these serve our needs. Last month I told you in our advertising pages a little about Willie Holt of Burnley, England: how he survived the pressing circumstances of childhood; how he found his niche in this great world of opportunity, and how he discovered his chance for Service and seized upon it. He is going to be with us, John, in July and August, at our Summer School, so I want

to tell you a little more about him. Then you can meet him, let him teach you things about his specialty—billiards—that you probably never knew before, and we shall both get inspiration whereby we may the more readily surge into the traces of our own opportunities for Service.

I have before me a catalog, *The Care and Use of a Billiard Table*, written by Willie Holt himself and breathing in every line, in every illustration, the spirit of Service. He doesn't tell you alone that *his* is the *best* billiard table, that *his* is the *cheapest* billiard table—he tells you how to *use* a billiard table to get the greatest amusement, the greatest amount of man-building, of re-creation, of stored-up energy for yourself. He doesn't let you buy one of his tables and by ill-use or lack of "know how," ruin it or get less than the full amount of pleasure therefrom. The whole spirit of his literature is to teach you how to use his goods for your.

own greatest good. He has carried the AREA idea into his business and has so developed it that every line, from his letterhead to his "*Billiard News*," and even the dry, statistical report to his directors, teaches the development of Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action.

I will analyze his letterhead. Below his telephone and telegraph address, and the name Willie Holt (Burnley) Limited, we find the motto, "Social Intercourse can develop your Ability."

Yes, nothing more so. This is a coöperative world, and man is a gregarious creature. We are intimately bound one to another, and the first lesson of life that the human animal must learn is that of getting on with his fellow creatures. The better he learns it, the easier is his path through life.

As he grows older, the deeper understanding and sympathy he has with those about him, the greater his ability to influence and direct the efforts of others, and the greater his regard for his own efforts.

On the other side of his letterhead we find a design of crossed billiard cues and billiard balls, designated by the words, "Man-Building Re-Creation."

I have told you many times my idea of that fundamental truth, that true recreation is but a re-creation—a storing-up of energy in the countless, infinitesimal cells, like a storage battery—re-creating us, making us new and ready with surplus energy to tackle

the next problem that comes to our hands. Such re-creation is not found by any passivity—in the mere ceasing of action—but it is found in an exercise of other portions of our mental and physical being, in new lines of *action* which aids the constructive forces to repair the damage wrought in the set of cells used in everyday work. And so below, and leading to this, we find the statement, "Real recreation is change of thought."

Balancing each other on this unique letterhead (right here I will point it out to you) you read, "You cannot play billiards and think of other things," "Your desire to win compels you to concentrate."

The power to concentrate is that power given to man, and capable of development by him, which differentiates him from all lesser orders of animals.

It is the power that enables one man to solve a problem of life, of science, that seems insurmountable to the millions of his fellow-men.

This is the power that first gave to him the civilizing aid of fire.

Some prehistoric ancestor, more persistent than his brother, found that rubbing two dry sticks together made a smoke, and, less easily diverted than his brothers, he concentrated on satisfying his curiosity as to the ultimate result and so found that sacred spark, worshiped by many tribes, that, passed on to us, gives us steam in our radiators and sends our ships of commerce gliding over the boundless deep.

Back in October, 1912, I told you a lot about Willie Holt. I outlined to you then a good deal about his life and personality and what some of the men in his home town said about him. I told you how he acquired his skill in billiards until he became champion trick billiard player of the world; how he cultivated and increased his area along his natural bent until he built up a lifework, a prosperous business culminating in a happy and well-rounded contentment.

I don't want to repeat, take back, or add to anything I said at that time, except to mention that in the time passed since that article he has gone right along up in his increased service to his fellow-men, teaching the gospel of concentration and increasing his Service to an ever-increasing number of his fellow-citizens.

The best way you can know the man Willie Holt is through what he has to say in the course of his business literature and I quote here from his *Billiard News*:

I have heard people call Billiards a game for loafers and loungers. That expression, of course, was uttered out of the audacity of ignorance, so I forgive the speaker. The real Billiard player who plays for the love of the game, and who hopes to win, is a very different and altogether superior type.

The man who aspires to be a successful Billiard player must never give way to dissipation. He must be temperate in all things, even in his love for the game. Thus he learns the valuable lesson of self-control, really the first and most important lesson of life.

You will never find a drunkard or a man who indulges in excesses of any kind become a champion Billiard player.

It is as impossible as it is to make water run uphill.

Of course, you will find loafers and loungers of all classes in the ranks of the great army of Billiard players just as you will find weeds in the most beautiful garden, or find parasites on the most healthy plant.

But you don't give up your garden or destroy a plant because it is subject to attacks from weeds or parasites.

The man who aspires to success at Billiards must live as clean a life as the man who seeks honor in the athletic arena.

To become even a moderately good player you require a steady hand and nerve, a cool judgment, infinite patience and resource, complete control of temper, grim determination and unflinching courage. These are not the qualities you look for in a lounge, are they? Besides, in these days you will find a Holt Billiard Table in hundreds and hundreds of happy homes.

You will see father competing in pleasurable sport against son, brother against sister, husband against wife, with onlooking friends and relatives gathered together in happy union.

The taint once attached to the game has been completely banished.

To-day, indeed, billiards is the fashionable indoor game wherever people appreciate a game for its own sake alone.

Among the so-called "Smart Set," perhaps, Bridge has a greater fascination—or, I should say the gambling associated with bridge has a greater fascination.

But the "Smart Set," after all, constitute a very small fraction of fashionable society, and Billiards is far and away the favourite game with the real *crème de la crème* of the social world.

It is a game that appeals to the intelligent members of every class of the community. *It is an intellectual game.*

Every year the workers of this country are becoming more temperate. Why? Because they are discovering rational pleasures.

Go into any working man's club, or visit any of the Willie Holt Billiard Halls, and you will see that the men who are playing Billiards there are among the

most intelligent, most clean-living members of society.

No, my friend, it isn't true. Billiards is a game for men, and a game that makes men, not loafers or loungers.

That is why I think Billiards, talk Billiards, write Billiards, preach Billiards.

Now isn't that true philosophy? Every good thing in this world may be turned into evil, just as the opposite is true that evil is only good misdirected—good, gone to seed.

You know, John, while I was over in England I left my garden uncultivated. This spring when I returned I found the degenerated descendants of some strong, sturdy tomato plants, that used to bear me great, red, luscious fruit. As long as they were cultivated and cared for and all their energies kept in the right channels, they continued to bring forth the finest fruit for my table. They continued to derive from the soil, and place in a form most serviceable to man, the elements that were necessary for his nourishment and energy, and he in turn passed on his measure of Service.

Lyman Abott once expressed the thought that the only way the soul of man would lose its identity was by allowing its energies to be drowned out by wasted energy, foolish habits, and the weeds of its environment. Take the thought for its worth, and let us remember that, unlike the tomato plant, we are the controlling force of our environment and can cultivate ourselves and direct our own energies.

Take this little "Holtism" and consider it:

When out of form, or stale, practise easy strokes; find the easiest you know, practise each and never miss any.

Then try one harder, then another harder still; but whatever you do, miss none. When you get the strokes your confidence grows; your confidence determines your ability. Keep your confidence growing, then your touch and form will come back. It is one of the secrets of Willie Holt's fine form.

What a lesson you can find there for your everyday effort, whether you are playing billiards, keeping books, or dictating letters, in or out of an office for your daily bread. Keep your mental form and your physical form always in trim. Each day set your task just a little higher. But don't stand in front of a mountain and try to jump over with one leap.

You will remember about the frog who came to the well and wanted to get across. He used his legs rather than his head, and instead of trying to circumvent it, he decided to take two jumps to get across. You know the result.

And right here I must say a word about Willie Holt's guarantee. He not only gives advice as to the care of the billiard table and how properly to learn the game—in fact his literature intimates that unless you are going to get the fullest and best use from one of his tables he doesn't want you to purchase it—but he has also got the "money back" idea, without which the highest success in merchandising, whether you are selling beef or brains, mouse-traps or washing machines, will never attain its greatest service-giving power and hence success.

I quote his guarantee certificate, which goes with every table:

The popularity of Billiards to-day is wonderful, and this changed aspect needs changed conditions.

Players to-day are more particular, more critical; they ask and expect to have good Tables, true Balls, and nice Cues, and to show Our Appreciation we hereby Guarantee the Billiard Table made by us, supplied to

No. _____ for 10 years from _____, 19 ____.

Should any section, part or material show signs of defects, more than ordinary wear and tear, on notice being sent to our Head Office we will immediately send a qualified experienced workman to put the matter right. Even after 10 Years we will read this Guarantee in a broad sense, and shall esteem it a real pleasure to have reports sent in should any defects appear.

Further, during the first 12 Months, we undertake to give the Table free attention; *it is at this period that a Table needs SPECIAL CARE*, and we undertake to send a qualified workman to Level, Adjust, and generally overhaul on our behalf, to see and keep the Table up to promise, and we do this at no expense to you.

We do, however, invite YOUR co-operation in keeping the Table in good playing condition, by notifying us during the first Year of any signs that the Table is out of Level, or the Balls running untrue, or flying off the Table, or any slight defects that need attention.

If the fault is serious, tell us, and our man will come at once, or call when near if only slight.

Really great merchandising is the greatest civilizing influence at work in this world to-day. This is true.

It sounds hard until you stop to think it over, but it is a fact that the Bible and the splendid work done by missionaries are but the fore-runners of the traders and the dealers in brass jewelry, firearms, and rum among the uncivil-

ized nations of the world. Short-sighted people say those tribes were better off in their uncivilized state, but this is not true. The first pirates of commerce sell to their childlike brothers the corrupting merchandise of civilization.

Like the proverbial goose that laid the golden egg, this short-sighted policy either destroys the market by killing off the people or they are thus destroyed in the wild burst of so-called savagery. But after this anarchistic stage comes the day of the far-sighted merchants, who push out into the new country and sell the natives plows, harrows, shoes, and trousers. They also teach them how to use them.

Every government, than which there is none so successful as the British, which has any record of success in the development of uncivilized nations, has fostered this policy, spent many millions of dollars, all with the ultimate purpose of creating permanent profit-bearing markets. These can be created only by teaching, to those who do not know, the use and benefit of the better things of our civilization. Simply stated, they serve by teaching the people how best to do things for themselves. So when Willie Holt sells a billiard table, he teaches the purchaser how to use it, how to care for it, how to use it as a tool of service to himself, rather than to adopt the short-sighted policy of selling a cheap table, and letting the purchaser ruin it as quickly as possible in the fond hope that he will come back and purchase another table equally cheap.

It is a tremendously fine thing for the world that there are in every line of industry such men as Willie Holt, for you see if there was not some one to sell the best things, and to teach people how to use them, we would still be buying cheap things and we would not have yet advanced very far in our living comforts from those of the cave man, or our antediluvian ancestors.

Now let me get this right so none of us will forget it: If you can teach a truth, preach a sermon, make a pair of overalls that will raise the standard of living, the

standard of comfort of any part of your generation, and will market it through the Service idea, success and material reward await you just over that little hill ahead.

If you cannot render this service, if the little spark of divinity given you to cultivate is debased to the mere point of trying to find something that will reap you quick riches, no matter to what extent you have fooled the people in the past, just around the turn is the marsh of quicksand that will suck you in, and in a minute's time from the depths of eternity there won't be even a bubble to show for your efforts.

There's a very great deal of difference between self-confidence and conceit. The only people who fail to distinguish between the two are the conceited ones.

There is as much difference between the quiet assurance of one's powers, born of self-knowledge and training, and the blatant egotism of conceit, as there is between gold and tinsel.

Conceited people fail to impress anybody but themselves. The least sophisticated see through their shallow pretenses. But the self-confident carry with them the atmosphere of power, and all the world knows it.

The self-confident man is the trained man. He knows. The conceited man is the untrained man. He is trying to make people believe that he knows. The trained man—the self-confident man—doesn't have to try to make people believe that he knows; they know it instinctively.

The self-confident man—the trained man—works, digs, denies himself, pushes ahead—and wins.

The conceited man—the untrained man—brags, blusters, spouts his hard-luck story—and fails. Think it over!

"Good Will" as Commercial Capital

By WILLIAM T. GOFFE, Author of *Problems in Retail Selling Analyzed*

*How personality and a real desire for
service will make permanent customers*

THERE is no doubt but that every established institution is morally, as well as legally, warranted in counting upon the money, or capital value, of its "good will." Every annual statement may rightly include that item. Frequently this item may equal or even exceed the physical assets. Good will as an asset is an abstract thing, distinct from the concrete, such as buildings, stocks, and equipment, but it is none the less real. It is personal, as it were. The institution has, through service of one kind and another to the buying public, promoted "a beaten pathway" to its doors, which promotion has cost time, enterprise, and much cash. This has crystallized into a mental trend toward it on the part of the consuming public which is of great value. A thing more significant still is that the individual employee in business, from the least to the greatest, possesses a good-will capital—personal capital preëminently—for every one whom the individual connects-up with in either a social or commercial way is just another opportunity afforded for an increase of that capital. Take a hypothetical case. You go into a shoe store; you need, or feel a desire, for shoes. Isn't this about the way of it? You are met by the polite and more or less urbane clerk, and are shown to a seat. The footrest is placed before you, and you mechanically put your foot upon it. The clerk begins by asking you what kind of a shoe you want, and of what price; then your number. You do not always know. Oftener than not you are undecided as to names and makes, and as to

sizes, if you're a woman, well— But, anyhow, you want a well-fitting, neat, and comfortable shoe of good pattern and style, at a price not too high, and you so state. Then the clerk begins to cast about up and down the line and from floor to ceiling, as though to impress you with the manifold choice at your disposal, and then grabs a box, opens it, takes out a shoe, twists and turns and bends it, and presses earnestly upon the heel stiffening, and finally brings it to you, unbuttons or unlaces your old footwear, and presses or drags the new one on, smooths it down and laces or buttons it up, smooths it down some more, assures you that it's just what you want, tells you the price, and waits as if his or her whole duty were fully done. The whole transaction has been as if you had pressed a button and an automaton had responded. The clerk may have fortunately struck upon the very shoe for your satisfaction and comfort, at a price you felt like paying. You may, in a measure, give credit for the service; but what about the good-will element of the sort which will surely and unfailingly bring you back to *that* store and to *that* clerk when, three or four months later, you need more footwear? Was there anything in the service itself of a *personal* nature that will bring you clear across the city past a dozen other shoe stores, and move you to that particular store in preference to others? Do you feel that compelling motive born of a conviction that you would meet there *shoe experts*, people who would expertly recognize *your* shoe needs, and

serve *you* from that viewpoint, rather than merely to sell a single pair of shoes?

Suppose you went to a men's furnishing goods house, with the view of buying—if you could find what would please you there—a spring overcoat. You have always worn a size 44. In looking over the stocks displayed, you find a style and pattern and cut that exactly appeals to your liking, but it's a number 40. The clerk prevails upon you to "just pull it on," and urges then that it is "a fine fit," "just the thing," etc., but you reply, "How can that be so when this is number 40 and my size is 44?" What about the good-will element when he says, "Oh, well, there isn't anything much in size numbers, anyway." What about it? Wouldn't you feel a loss of confidence? But you like that particular pattern and style, and when the clerk says he'll get your number for you from the factory, you are glad and go away and wait for notice that the garment has been secured for you. In due time you get a 'phone call asking you to come in and get your coat. You go in, and the clerk tells you that he couldn't get 44, but he was able to get 42, and as even the 40 was really large enough for you, this 42 would be perfectly satisfactory to you, he is sure; and proceeds to get it for you and to slip it on you. "Oh, that's fine! Just the exact thing for you," he assures you. But still the number 44 is tugging at your memory. You aren't fully satisfied. You turn it over in your mind, and while doing the turning act, you turn up the sleeves and lo, you find that they *have been lengthened*. It is the same number 40 you had admired a few days ago. The clerk has lied to you. He has altered the original garment and tried to fool you. Would you give much for that clerk's good-will capital, or of the store's, so far as your future trade is concerned? Now, this isn't a "Jew" trick, as men sometimes denominate that kind of business. It

was done quite recently in one of the biggest business houses in the country, not a Jew house, by a clerk who was not himself a Jew. But he is ignorant of the laws of success. He knows nothing of the value of personal good-will capital.

Suppose you should go into a tailor shop and state that you feel the need for a suit; perhaps a suit and an extra pair of trousers. Wouldn't it impress you favorably if the proprietor or salesman should show sufficient desire to *serve* you, that he would tactfully inquire something about your present wardrobe; what you wanted the new outfit for, particularly; whether for dress, or semi-dress, or for some particular trade wear, before he asked you what price you wanted to pay? Then if, instead of unfurling with as many flourishes a dozen or more patterns for your inspection, and incidentally your confusion, he should quietly pick and choose for you the very patterns you had vaguely in mind, and still manifested more interest in serving you than in stating prices, wouldn't the element of confidence grow large in your mind and heart, to the end that the capital of good will would inure to that tailor in bunches?

And now come to the ladies. Suppose you went to the store of an outfitter for women and children to see about a suit. Perhaps you are a little at sea as to just what you will buy. Just the kind and style of suit you most desire is a little hazy in your mind. You expect the clerks to aid you. When you enter, a gorgeously attired woman glides toward you with something of condescension in her air, and asks your wishes, but never does or says a thing to place you at your ease and make you feel at home, while coldly and acidly awaiting your order. Then when you suggest, at a venture, that you would like to see, say, a navy blue suit, and she gets one, then another, and yet another on that line for your choice, but never

advising, never helping you in your interest, never really attempting to lead your attention to anything else; and when you speak of price she merely states it, and altogether acts as if she were bored, wouldn't you say, "Well, I'll call again," or something like that, and go away to some other house? Or if you should buy there, and afterward should feel disappointed, would you blame yourself or blame her? And what about the good-will element for that house and for that saleswoman?

People who are for the moment in employ, who forget their capital as well as the question of income, will have but little of the last. But Nature is inexorable. She insists upon conservation as a great virtue, as well as

she does upon legitimate acquisition; and it may be, if one could go far enough in a short magazine article to demonstrate it, that Nature will have nothing of us, in the way of gaining and growing, who are so lacking in conserving that element known as good will.

If you are a clerk in a retail establishment, I say, "Make your callers like you personally." You've no doubt plenty of good goods to show and sell. But goods alone cannot guarantee repeated calls and purchases. Others have that element also. You must add to that element, service of a personal character. *Personal Liking* is the name of the element of capital stock known as good will.

Did you ever stop to think what a lot of supposed wisdom is based upon somebody's guess? Think it over.

But when it comes to holding a position in an exacting world of business, that kind of wisdom will get you into trouble. The information and knowledge that you pick up on the street, at the club, or even in the magazines and newspapers, may be based upon guesswork.

Did you ever hear a man talk about "feeling his way" about some proposition or other? It made you think of those blind fish that grope about the bottom of the sea, didn't it? Do you think the man who is always "feeling his way" will ever come to be a capable executive?

That word Efficiency is a word that even college professors can't seem to get along without these days. We hear it everywhere. And efficiency is not gained by guessing; you've got to KNOW how to do the things, not GUESS how.

In order to preclude the possibility of your ever having to guess at it, you must take a course of study from a school which is an acknowledged authority. They know how. They will teach you how. Even the knowledge you gain in the school of experience may be based upon somebody's guess.

The Little Business Man

By MAYBELLE STRAWBRIDGE

*A little story to the beginner,—
the boy of to-day who foreshadows
the business man of to-morrow*

DO you realize, little business man, what an important factor you are in the business world—and just how much it expects of you in the future? You would hardly believe, would you, that the boss who rides down to his mahogany private office mornings in a red motor car was once, perhaps, just a little hard-skinned, chap-handed, bashful boy like you and probably worked in a country grocery store for two dollars a week?

The majority of "bosses" have worked their way up from your very level, step by step, to affluence and wealth. But you will not find the road upward an easy one, little Business Man. You will have many struggles and heartaches on the way.

If you are not afraid of work, you will push on in spite of everything

and finally reach the top. There is little glory in only going halfway up, and the climber lacks ambition who is content to rest on the center rung of the ladder.

To be really worth while, you must at least climb near the top—but if you can clear it, you have reached the pinnacle of business success. You will never get a footing, however, if you kill time playing marbles with lazy boys in the alley, for only Industry and Honesty will keep your eyes clear and spur you on to Success.

The world is depending on you, little Business Man, to shape its laws and conduct the commercial field of the future, and you must begin right now—to climb, slowly at first, so the ladder won't wobble, then faster and faster until you get your footing—then hold on.

"There is interest, information, stimulation in the advertisements. The brightest minds of the age in which we live can be found in the advertising profession. To the man or woman who is the purchaser of necessities or luxuries the advertising columns are at once a friend, a guide and counsellor"—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN, in The Baltimore Sun.

Are You Crippled by Details?

By ORSON SWETT MARDEN

The man who is going to fill the position of a Captain of Industry mustn't spend his time policing the company street

IF J. Pierpont Morgan had made a practice of spending his time on the little details of his business, instead of leaving them to his assistants, he would soon have incapacitated his mind for seeing things in a larger relation.

If General Grant had spent the major part of his time in doing the lieutenants' and captains' work, drilling the regiments and companies and attending to the details of keeping the uniforms in order, and all the trifles of discipline, he could never have planned his great campaigns or carried them out effectively. The man who makes a program cannot carry it out successfully to the smallest details. It is one thing to be a general and another to be a private—one man cannot be both.

I know two business men who work by exactly opposite methods. One is a victim of routine; he is buried from morning till night in little things. He goes to his office in the morning and does all the little things first, and often it is nearly night before he is ready for the great problems which confront him. The result is that he has used up his best strength on details, so that his creative energy is seriously impaired when he comes to the larger affairs, and he cannot seize the great problems with the same mental grasp or handle them in as masterly a way as he would have done in the earlier part of the day.

The other man goes to his office and grapples with the most important problems first, when his mind is fresh and vigorous, his brain is clear, and his judgment unclouded, and he saves the little things, the routine duties,

which he cannot delegate to others, to be attended to when his mind becomes wearied and has lost much of its creative energy. He is in his office only three or four hours a day, but he accomplishes infinitely more than the other.

I recently asked a business man why he tried to attend to so many little things, so much of the detail of his business.

"Because," he said, "I cannot get others to attend to it. If I do not do it myself, it is not done properly. I try to get others to do those little things, but somehow there is always something wrong about them. I make it a rule never to let a letter go out until I have read it carefully; and if I do not watch all these little things, I find there are a great many mistakes. I know other men manage to get employees to attend to the detail of their business, but I cannot do it."

Now, one reason why this man cannot get others to do things properly is because he does not trust them. He does not put it up to them to do them. He does not make them feel the responsibility. They know that he will go over their work anyway, and if there is anything wrong, he will straighten it all out. There is nothing like making employees feel responsibility. As long as they know somebody else is going over their work, and that they are not held responsible for it, they will not put their best efforts in it.

The leader must have system, must be able to project himself in others, must be able to get others to carry out his ideas in detail. The man who makes a great program cannot carry

it out himself; the very fact that it is great precludes such a possibility. The leader must surround himself with lieutenants who can take the detail off his hands so that his mind will be free to grasp large things.

It is unfortunate that young men starting in business are not taught the philosophy of the brain functions. They could make their minds very much more effective if they knew the underlying laws of mental action, of mental economy and efficiency.

I know a man of great natural ability, but the detail habit has become so deeply entrenched in his nature that his ability for larger things has been almost ruined. He cannot seem to get away from details or to delegate them to others. To him, there are no trifles. Principle enters into the least detail, and everything must be done with the greatest possible precision and accuracy. He believes that slighted work is a positive sin, and that if others are not injured by it, the doer himself suffers in the blurring of his ideals and in the inevitable deterioration which follows familiarity with inferiority.

Now, while we cannot help admiring this man's view, we cannot help regretting more that he has, in a sense, become such a slave to trifles that he sacrifices the greater things. I believe it would be infinitely better for him to devote more of his energy to larger matters,—to planning, to making a program,—and let others carry out the details, even if some things were not done quite as well as he would have done them personally.

A man must look at his business from the largest possible standpoint. I know men who have practically

ruined really great executive faculties by their slavery to trifles. They formed the trifle-doing habit when they first started out for themselves, because they thought they could not afford to hire others to do them, and when they became more prosperous they could not get away from this habit. The result was that their creative faculties, the faculties which should have reached out and formed great combinations, were never developed. There is something about the constant doing of little things that cramps and dwarfs the faculties for doing great ones. Somehow the constant application of the mind to little things, to petty details, develops skill in this direction; but, according to the law of compensation, it is a loss of the generalizing ability.

A good detail man is never a great leader, a great general. And vice versa, I know men who are great generals in business—they have developed enormous capacity for doing large things—who would be all at sea attending to the little things in their business.

Men who have achieved the greatest successes in business life have made it a rule not to do what they could hire others to do, for the greatest economy is in devoting oneself to the highest thing possible, the most complicated, the most difficult part of the business. Men who conduct great enterprises are men who are constantly stretching their minds over great problems, trying to solve knotty situations, minds which are reaching out to extend the business, trying to establish a larger and more effective system,—knowing very well that they cannot attend to the little things and do the great ones too.

Talent knows what to do; tact knows when and how to do it.

The Human Corporation

By SHELDON LEAVITT, M. D.

This is the first of a series of twelve articles which Dr. Leavitt is writing for the benefit of readers of The Business Philosopher. They should be followed carefully as they treat with authority and in detail that most important matter—the preservation of health.

THE title has a most curious sound, has it not? The human body has often been likened to a machine. But that does not answer my present purpose, for I seek to show what a high-grade organization it is. It is so much more than a machine that I spurn the comparison. Think of the best-organized well-officered, high-purposed, and sensitive business organization that your fancy can picture, and hold that in mind as the ideal of this wonderfully constructed and operated concern through which the highest intelligence and largest purpose unite to express themselves.

In the same connection, remember, if you will, that this likeness is far from being exact. Do not expect me to make things fit perfectly, for I shall not be able to do so. I am not employing the comparison for the purpose of showing you how much alike they are, but merely to enable you, by means of something you know a good deal about, to get a working idea of what I want to teach you.

Notwithstanding the free discussions of disease manifestations, disease prevention, and physical things in general now encouraged, there are few who have a comprehensive understanding of this body—the thing nearest them every hour in the day, though by no means embracing all there is of them. I want to get my readers out of the thought that the whole self is embraced between the hat and the shoes. Get a bigger view of yourself; and the bigger the view

the higher will you rise in the scale of living and thinking.

Taking up this likeness between the body and a business corporation, the first thing that strikes me is the general construction of them. They are both made up of parts. The interests are larger in the case of the body; it is a far more important organization than the other, though in man's haste to conquer the world commercially he is inclined to forget this. In the biological order the higher the organism the more complex its structure and functions. The constituents of the body are far more numerous than those of the largest corporation. A business organization, like that of our largest railroad systems, at the most has a few hundred thousand shareholders who are interested in its welfare; while the human body is composed of many millions of intelligences in the form of cells, every one of which not only is deeply interested in the success of the organization, but has an important part to act in connection with the work to be done. When we go through the general offices of one of these large railway systems and see the large number of men and women at work in the various departments, and then learn that at various points through the extent of its ramifications there are thousands more, we exclaim, "How vast! How complex! How intricate!" But if now you could enter the offices of the physical organism, and witness the employees at their stations in the various departments and study the systems em-

played for governing that extensive activity which runs out in every direction into vast stretches, and contemplate the millions upon millions of employees in those near and distant services, you would be speechless with astonishment.

Talk about organizations? Think of the thousand and one things going on in this body, not merely in the operation of its stationary parts but also and most astonishing of all in the remarkable adjustments it has continually to make in order to protect itself against the crises of temperature, atmospheric pressure, varying degrees of exercise, mental and physical, with the resulting variability of waste and supply, together with mental shocks and the bad habits so often encountered. Think of these things, I say, and compare them with the similar adjustments required of the largest business concern. When we do so the latter sink into relative insignificance.

In a large business organization there have to be numerous officers—heads of departments, directors, and finally a chief who must have a general oversight of affairs. In providing thus for doing business successfully in the business world men are merely imitating what Nature has done in the human body. As in a large railroad system there are departments which take immediate charge of the various features of the business, such as freight traffic, passenger traffic, legal affairs, supplies, and so on, likewise in the body there are the alimentary, the circulatory, the excretory, the secretory, the nervous, and the motary interests, all looked after by very active cells in the various organs. And while we are unable to demonstrate their existence, there are doubtless officers in every department looking after all the particular interests.

Then there is the great executive department, with the president of the corporation at its head, upon whom

devolves the largest responsibilities, and in whom are vested the chiefest powers. Just so is it in the body. The general offices are in the cranium, with the lesser local offices, known as ganglia, in various parts. At one important point on the lines is the solar plexus, at another the hypogastric plexus, and so on, simple affairs within their territory being looked after by them and the larger ones referred to superiors. The general officers, no matter how well qualified to do so, could not attend to all the affairs of the organization. Routine matters are entrusted to local authorities, and only such questions of local concern as the latter are unable satisfactorily to handle, or which in any way might modify the general policy of the company, are brought to the attention of the chief authority. There are those who insist that all this intelligent work, involving in many instances exercise of the greatest good and of discriminative sense, is done through automatic reflex processes; but I don't believe it, and for your own sake I hope that you do not.

But now sometimes local authority becomes supercilious and assumes duties which do not belong to it, and attempts to decide questions which should go to headquarters for answer, so that simple trouble may spring up and give rise to considerable friction. Then the higher power steps in and settles the matter without much trouble. Such an affair is a passing disorder in the economy. But now and then it happens that a serious dispute arises between the chief authority and a lesser one, into which a divided sentiment of the shareholders enters and the very integrity of the concern, as then organized, may be menaced. This corresponds to the serious illnesses which come to us on certain occasions. Occasionally these disorders represent the cumulative action of years of repressed feeling, springing from an honest difference of opinion, it may be, which on

coming to a crisis and being firmly and positively settled, leaves the organization the stronger for having gone through the experience. Sometimes, however, there is not a complete settlement of the dispute. It is merely glossed over. Bad feeling is left to do its work, and the way is thus paved for a final disruption. You can see how all this is equally possible in both the human organism and the business organization.

The topic is so interesting and apropos that I am liable to be betrayed into prolixity, and must hasten on to mention another feature of correspondence which is well worth our attention. It is this: the greatest danger to an aggregation of any sort is found within itself. So long as there is perfect harmony of thought, of purpose, and of action—so long, in other words, as there is absolute solidarity—a well-officered organization moves steadily on a successful career. Then, let me inquire, what qualities characterize a good officer? They are chiefly two, namely, good sense and strength. A man in an important position should have judgment to guide him and strength and courage to enable him to execute his purposes. In this organism of ours, while the general policy remains much the same at all times, the character of the executive officers is known to vary. Sometimes the authorities are firm and exacting, enforcing the most rigorous and efficient measures, and then the organism is vigorous and contented in all

its parts. But protracted calm is apt to become a weather-breeder. There are always ambitious, mischievous units that take advantage of the lack of vigilance encouraged by peace to foment strife. That is just how it happens that the most serious illnesses sometimes succeed a protracted period of health. When there are little disputes all the time the officers are more likely to be on the alert and to keep their forces mobilized. As for the prevention of trouble, as well as for its cure, I commend to you the elements, which I say characterize every good officer, and these are good sense and strength. With a strong, courageous, sensible chief at the head of an organization of any kind, disturbances are nipped in the bud. They cannot gather energy enough to do much harm before they are suppressed. But let trouble arise when the chief is effeminate and witless—then, Lord help us, what trouble does ensue!

The subject is susceptible of great elaboration, but I desist, as I have gone far enough, I believe, to show the cogency of the business organization as a symbol of the human organism. These contributions are intended merely to stimulate thought and turn it loose along the lines of physical betterment. I ask the reader to build up in his own mind the comparison here begun, for by so doing he will be the better able to solve many of his own physical difficulties and correct his numerous defects.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit makes it a pleasure.

Are You Shirking Responsibility?

By GEORGE E. GIRLING

*Opportunity comes to you in proportion as you show capacity to assume it.
Do not shirk your responsibilities*

IF you were asked the question, "Are you a shirker?" I could imagine the look of indignation cross your face, as you reply, "Am I a coward, that I should be asked such a question?" Yet I dare to predict that there are very few men in any walk of life who could answer truthfully in the negative.

Take a walk through any commercial house and notice the employees for a few minutes, and I think it would not be long before you would hear Mr. Shirker say to himself, "Here's an error I could correct if I like, but why should I? This is Mr. So and So's work. If it should escape his notice I won't get the blame. It's up to him."

Now while it is right and proper to hold a certain individual responsible for any particular work, this does not morally exonerate you from blame.

If you allow mistakes to pass your notice without correcting them or bringing them to Mr. So and So's notice, you may excuse yourself by saying it was none of your business. It was not, but it was your employer's business, and remember, his business is your business, and the man who willfully allows such things to pass is a shirker. There are many such to-day, shirking their responsibility because it's not their business.

I do not know of a more common weakness among our employees of to-day. This is one of the apparently little things that keep many an ambitious youth from climbing the commercial ladder. Shirking their share of responsibility, even if the other fellow should discover the error, is no more or less than cowardice. If this is your weakness, fight it. It may cost you a little criticism, but it will help you to fight harder, and ultimately to attain success.

It is just as reasonable to expect your prospect to reach a favorable decision without first having been brought thru the three earlier stages—attention, interest and desire, as to expect water to run up hill.

— JEREMIAH

Better Accounting *for* Retailers

By E. ST. ELMO LEWIS

Advertising Manager, Burroughs Adding Machine Company

*What they most need to know about
their business and how to get it*

IN a small eastern town, near Boston, there is one of the most progressive retailers in the country. He is so progressive that his sales jumped from \$37,000 to nearly \$150,000 in fourteen months. This was "progressiveness—plus," as every one will admit.

He told me about it one day: told me *how he did it*. It set me to thinking how other retailers who want to be progressive may profit by his experience. In it are the vital elements of success.

"For eleven years I was a guesser," said he. "I bought by guess. I sold by guess. I guessed at my cost of doing business, at what my price ought to be, at my profits, and guessed where the money that I should have made had disappeared. About each of these things I knew as much, I believe, as the average storekeeper of my class."

His trouble was that his information was neither exact nor specific—the only kind of knowledge on which a sound business can be built.

One day he woke up and begun to wonder why some stores forged ahead so much more rapidly than others. He asked himself why his store stood still, and what he needed to produce results. He adopted a "why" attitude toward every detail of service and every article in his stock.

After a while he decided there were four basic principles upon which to work:

First, to buy nothing he couldn't sell at a profit, either in money or advertising, and to judge every arti-

cle bought from the customer's viewpoint of values.

Second, to turn his stock just as often as possible.

Third, to give full, exact measure, but no more.

Fourth, to know his costs, what makes them, and to cut them to the lowest point without sacrificing quality or service.

He was up against strong competition, he told me. One store was older and larger and commanded a majority of the generous buyers, while the other was the "new cash store." The latter was the keenest competitor of both. It was skimming the cream of the trade.

An analysis of conditions showed that the only way to keep his customers and gain new ones was to cut the costs of doing business and pass the economies along to the customer.

It was evident that price, service, and values, together with volume of trade, were the factors in his problem. He took each one, and studied its effect on all the others.

One question then arose: "What service was absolutely necessary to hold his customers?" which at once suggested another: "What features would they dispense with in exchange for lower prices?"

His customers received everything in the way of service they could ask for. Clerks called every morning to take their orders. Special deliveries of trifling purchases were made many times a day. Charge accounts were the rule—with payments at the customer's convenience. All this service and accommodation cost money, and

had to be included in his prices. The higher prices encouraged department-store trading, although they did not give extra service. Altogether it was a ticklish problem, but he decided to put it to a test.

He first cut the "extras," but not before he had sent out to all his customers a circular letter telling why and offering reduced prices instead. He had a good argument and it worked well. Nearly all his good customers stayed with him.

After a while he arranged his deliveries so as to have regular trips morning and afternoon. Wagons left the store at the stated hours to cover certain routes, and orders had to be in within prescribed times else they went over to the next delivery. This caused some inconvenience at first, but when the customers realized the saving resulting from lower prices, they came into line with the new policies of the store.

To effect further savings he put on motor delivery wagons, and prices were again put down on many items. Outsiders saw the advantage of trading with an up-to-date store and came to buy of him.

Certain other economies which he had in mind were also tried out at this time. One was a careful check on stock. He adopted a single plan of charging all items received, and made weekly inventories to check the stock on hand against stock received and sold. This was not an infallible check, and a monthly discrepancy was bound to occur. But it increased the efficiency of his clerks by making them more watchful of stock.

"I was groping toward certain vital facts," he explained. "I wanted to know what lines were paying a profit; what that profit was; and what it cost to sell each line. I needed the information about my clerks: how much each man sold; what kind of goods he sold; and how much profit each man made for the store."

This information he dug out of daily reports, sales books, and stock inventories. The important thing was to so divide his stock into lines or departments that he could compute the selling price and net profit on each. This he did, and learned that the most complex problem could be solved if he simply *took it to pieces* and settled the details *one by one*.

His *daily* detailed report was the pulse of the business, and was carefully studied. Any unusual increase or falling off in a department was shown up the day it occurred. Usually the charge could be traced to some specific cause.

If favorable, this means the confirmation of some buying or selling or advertising policy or device. It meant the discovery of a new slant in public taste, or a new means of interesting buyers.

When a decrease occurred, the information was quite as valuable, since it showed up some inefficiency and called attention to stock which should be moved at once.

For those who wanted credit, he adopted a credit-deposit plan. At intervals they would send him a check for an amount convenient to them, and would simply draw against this deposit with each order. In effect, the store was a grocery bank; each order was a check which was honored in food stuffs.

I have a daily statement by which any retail merchant can know at the end of each day just how his business stands. It embodies a method similar to that of our Boston retailer, and several items have been added.

One form is used for each day's business. If properly filled out at the close of each day, it will give the retailer a record concerning the vital facts about his business, and that's what he is looking for. It spreads out on one sheet the important figures of the day's activities and provides the merchant with excellent means of comparison, one day with

another. It gives the merchant an opportunity to study and compare one day's business in 1914 with the same day in 1913, with a view to finding out whether his business has increased or decreased.

This "statement" is divided into eight parts.

The first section is devoted to "Clerks' Sales." The clerks are numbered and the totals of their cash and charge sales for each day are set down, then a grand total of all the clerks' sales is taken.

The second division is used for "Department Sales." The great importance of dividing even the small retail store into departments has been proved. From this record the merchant can determine which divisions of merchandise are proving profitable and the sales of which are falling behind. With such information he knows just when to boost a certain class of goods.

The third division of the daily statement is used for keeping a record of outstanding accounts. If properly kept, the merchant can tell at the end of each day just how much money is owing to him.

The fourth division shows a record of money owed by the merchant. By subtracting the amount paid on invoices from the total amount of invoices received, the retailer has the amount he owes to date.

"Cash received to-day" is the fifth division in this form. This includes each sale, and money received on account.

The sixth division is a space for keeping a complete record of the bank account. Every merchant should certainly know how he stands with the bank. It's one of the vital facts of a man's business. A man's stability in business is usually reckoned by

his relation with his bank. If this record is kept properly a merchant may know at the end of each day just how much money is available.

The seventh division is given over to a space for figuring the day's new profit.

The eighth space is taken up with a record of some most important facts. For instance, "Special Attractions." Suppose a man has been keeping this record for a year or more. He compares the sales on January 2, 1911, with those of January 2, 1912. He notices that 1912's sales are nearly thirty per cent greater. He looks at the bottom of his record sheet and sees written under "Special Attraction," "Circus in Town." Immediately he knows the reason for the increased sales of 1912 over those of 1911 for that day.

Some other special information to be kept in this form is a record of window displays, newspaper advertising, special sales, absent or extra employees, and the weather.

Suppose Bill Brown, the grocery man, keeps such a record. He notices that on September 15, 1911, his sales were less than those of September 15, 1912. He looks at the bottom of his sheet made out in 1911 and discovers that it rained all day on September 15, 1911. He knows immediately the reason for the bad showing that day.

Some merchants seem to prefer to get gray hair by sitting down and worrying about "why they are losing money" instead of digging in as our Boston retailer did and *finding out* where the money is going. With a record such as the daily statement constantly before them, there is no need for worry. A merchant can tell at a glance where the leaks in his business are, and put forth some effort to stop them.

Happiness is in action, and every power is intended for action.

The Penny That Broke Brown

By J. R. WORDEN

The story of Brown and the insignificant penny that broke him

BBROWN'S case is particularly interesting because he had unusual ability as a merchandiser.

He kept his store full all the time—great hand for special sales—had a fine looking store—wrote snappy advertisements.

He was doing the business of the town and had to live pretty well, of course, to keep up with his reputation.

Then he failed.

The receiver found it was just a matter of bookkeeping.

Brown never had been much of a hand at figures—said, "The money was made in the front of the store, not in the office."

He had always sold goods for what he thought they would bring, without much relation to the cost—because he didn't really *know* his cost.

The receiver explained it to Brown this way: "Here's a can of tomatoes that you sell for 15 cents. It cost you in the first place 12½ cents. The cost of selling it, including overhead expense, depreciation, your salary, in-

terest on investment, insurance, etc., is 3½ cents. Therefore you lose 1 cent on each can you sell. That's the penny that broke you."

Before the receiver turned the business back to Brown, all clear, he had installed a bookkeeping system that showed Brown what were his *true* costs—a bookkeeping system that gave him *every morning* absolute facts about his business.

Now Brown knows how much profit each department and each salesman made yesterday. He knows what goods are selling at a profit—what ones at a loss.

He knows just how much he owes and how much is owing him.

And he is finding that the cost of getting the extra facts required, is made up for many times in money saved in every department of the store.

Ninety-five per cent of all retailers are doing business the way Brown had done. That is why ninety-five per cent of all retailers fail sometime.

Are you losing that penny?

"There are two kinds of advertising that do not pay—dishonest advertising and advertising that isn't lived up to. By not living up to advertising I mean not backing it up with service to the customer—something that every advertisement implies and something that every reader of advertising has a right to expect.—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN, in The Baltimore Sun.

How I Won New Customers

By CHARLES MARLAND, of London, England

For the benefit of our readers we have obtained permission to publish Mr. Marland's experiences whereby he won his firm's prizes for both New Accounts and Biggest Business for 1913

I HAVE just received a gold jeweled watch, suitably inscribed, which is the second valuable and tangible testimonial presented to me in connection with my daily work "on the road." The idea of offering a prize for competition among salesmen or saleswomen will probably occur to many a sales-manager or employer as a valuable suggestion, applicable as it is in many directions and with such good results. It is the one thing that will give definiteness and purpose to many a selling scheme, and go far toward making that scheme a certain success.

The principal interest of this article, however, is not for the manager but for the salesman. It is to interest my fellow-travelers that I write, knowing how eager I am myself always to read of the experiences and opinions of others who are engaged in similar work. And not to interest only, but to try to help others by recalling what methods and practices have helped me.

Every manufacturer is, first of all, concerned as to how to find buyers for his wares; his representative is still more concerned, or should be. His primary care it is not only to ride around and call upon a list of customers handed to him from his predecessor but to *open new accounts* wherever there is an essential dealer, or an essential market, or an essential town. New customers must ever be the desire and the realization of every progressive business and of every progressive salesman. I want to tell you how I made it a daily ac-

complishment. I shall not tell you anything wonderful. You will possibly say, "Oh, that's nothing new." Never mind. It is worth the telling even if it only confirms your own experience. You will know you are working on right lines. And surely some suggestion will arise in your own mind as you read, or afterwards, of how you can apply the following to your own profit.

To begin with, I put as the very first condition or reason of my success the fixing or rather pre-fixing of a definite standard. I said "*I will open at least one new account every day.*" I set out every morning with that determination, and as I was restricted by my firm to open only *one class of trade*, it was not by any means easy work. Often it would be near sundown before I had done it and (I will be candid) some days I missed the mark and did not secure the new customer. But the next day I would get two or even three—so that would make up for the day I got none. It is very important to have a definite, clear aim or standard. Announce it to others, and that very announcement will stimulate you to stick to it even when you feel like giving up. Just like one of the big London firms—who are now advertising to all the world that they are going to do a £2,000,000 turnover during 1914—a big venture no doubt, but a sure way of doing more than they would otherwise do. So with the smaller business, the institution that is controlled by and centered in an individual, "Hitch your wagon to

a star." Aim high. Make it your mark to outdo all the rest of the fellows and *know just the target or the figure that you are aiming at.*

Then, secondly, work hard! And thirdly, work hard! And fourthly, work hard! Yet, wait a minute. Did I work hard? No, by Jove, I didn't. I worked long hours many a day. I started early on Saturday morning very often, but the secret of getting hold of new customers is to "work easy." By that I mean, don't force the pace. Don't try to compel a retailer to buy your goods on the very first call, especially if he is inclined to say "No." Be willing to call again and again and yet again rather than tackle a man who is in the wrong mood or who may naturally be a very hesitating and cautious person. Never urge and argue a prospect to such an extent that he deliberately and definitely says "No." Often when I have discovered that a man is just about to answer negatively I have been rude enough to interrupt him and go on saying something which hasn't allowed him to finish what he was going to say. And often when a man has said "No," I have taken no notice, but simply ignored it, and continued as if his mind was still open to the subject.

It is by far better, however, to ward off a man's considered and deliberate decision, "*I made up my mind not to buy.*" If it does come, however, even then do not regard it as final or binding for the future. Say, "Oh, well, perhaps later on you may be interested. I'll call and see you perhaps the next time I am around." Say anything to keep his mind open until he has closed it in your favor. Indomitable optimism is indispensable for your work, and everybody can increase his stock of it by practicing it.

Once, after about the third frequent call on a man I particularly wanted to sell to, the other day he

said quite firmly, "I have decided not to take up your goods."

"Oh, very well," said I, "very likely when your stock is a little lower you will be more interested," and as I walked away I laughed at the easy way which I nullified his own words as soon as they were spoken.

Take it that he does not mean "No," that he can't mean "No." Think that. Keep on thinking it, and let him feel it, until he also comes to *think it as well as feel it.*

You must humor every man and play up to his every whim. Again I say *don't argue.* It is fatal to argue. Just as you would not argue with your wife if you are a married man—don't argue with a prospective customer. Pretend to take his view, or at least be sympathetic with his objections, and turn them around so that they become reasons why he should stock and sell your products. Herein, of course, lies the very essence and heart of salesmanship, the art of persuasion, the creation of desire, the wooing and winning of the will. It is a case of one personality against another. It is a field for exercising one of the greatest gifts humanity possesses. One mind playing against another mind! One will contending with another will! Tact and sympathy, logic and facts, perception and persuasion, knowledge and eloquence, all are required in the high calling of a commercial traveler.

And pity the poor fellow who goes floundering on, thinking that a good suit of clothes and hard work are the only requirements for success. You have to deal with men's *minds.* You must, consciously, become a psychologist, and know how to make men and women will and wish. You must, when you leave the unconverted, not forget him, but study him, his characteristics, his style of business, his tendencies, his likes and dislikes, and most of all, his probable line of resistance, and remember it well on your next journey. Keep a notebook

indexed under towns or districts, and enter therein points or facts or figures which are particularly applicable to the man you have just left or to the men you have tackled through the day who have proved convincing and converting with others.

You must learn the art of gently switching a man's mind away from a subject or a thought that is ugly and hateful to him and keep before him all the time the advantages and attractiveness of your firm's policy or your own proposals.

"I like the way you put it," has been said to me many times, and without being egotistical I would like to say that *that* constitutes the success I have achieved as a salesman—in knowing just how to put it *according to the man before me*. Sum him up; take his measure; study his idiosyncrasies, and then approach him without a single word to rub him the wrong way.

Now for one or two anecdotes and illustrations. Nothing interests and helps a traveler, methinks, more than to hear the experience of his fellow-travelers. It shows just how it is done better than essay or lecture.

"Tell us a story," is the language of humanity, adult as well as adolescent. Well, here for the first is a case of hardness of heart and bitterness of mind, the like of which every traveler has to encounter at some time or another.

A shopkeeper whom I regarded as "essential," had shown hitherto a strong determination not to buy. I knew he had resisted the efforts of my manager, my sales-manager, and many another salesman before me—so I was very eager to book his first order, and I did. This is how I did it. I called once, and he tried to get £100 out of my firm to use his showcase for a special display. Next time I got him warm on *my* business—as I thought—so warm that he said, "I'll come to your office with you and see your boss." "Come on," said I,

and paid his fare. When I got him there into the very hot-bed of salesmanship I was sure all would be well. Not so. All the time he was there *he tried to sell us one of his patent electric clocks*. He was a salesman, a smarter one than I. He took the game in his own hands, and bowled us both over, both the sales-manager and myself, at our own game. Naturally I felt very abashed, though my manager said, "Don't bother about him. You'll never get him to buy." But I did. Just one, or it may be two visits after that, I hammered away at him with some irresistible facts, ignoring the reason why "he would never buy," putting it in a way which I knew most appealed to him (knowing his nationality). Having talked with his son and his bookkeeper, and got their support, I appealed to them at the right moment, and at *last booked his order* with the promise of a bigger one next time.

Another case was of an "essential" dealer, who again and again objected to pay any more if he bought a dozen than the biggest firm who bought a gross, not an easy objection to overcome. I did it with him as with many similar objectors, having thought out beforehand (or rather experienced out) the best answer to this, and every possible objection. I showed him the firmness and the fixity of our schedule of prices—open to one and all alike; that he could not make equal profit on all lines of goods, and that whatever profit he made on mine, being a distinctive and well-advertised article, was sure to bring some extra business, possibly a lot. By keeping to that aspect of the subject, he ultimately became a frequent three-dozen buyer.

Scores of other examples like the above could be quoted to show the importance of forgetting whatever is displeasing to your customer and dwelling only on what you can discover interests and attracts your man. And if you can't interest him

in your goods, or in anything about them, then play your personality for all it is worth, and with patience and persistence interest yourself in his interests, his business, and his hobbies. Everything and everybody relating to the dealer you want to sell your produce to should be studied and

consulted and enlisted on behalf of your crusade. "He can who thinks he can." If you think you can do it, and keep on thinking you can do it, you will do it up to ninety-nine per cent.

That is how I won my prize, and that is how you can win.

The Bird in the Bush

You've heard that old proverb which claims that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." That may be true in some cases; but not with reference to your future and achievements.

Go after that fellow in the bush. He's more to be desired than the one you have in your hand. Don't be satisfied with what you have already attained. Keep on climbing.

Some people forget that there is a next step. They are satisfied to do the same thing over and over, and to do it as well to-day as they did last week. The thought of progress is foreign to their minds.

It is not enough to do the same thing over and over. You should do it better. It is not enough to merely fill up your time. It is not enough to do as well as you did, or as well as your father did before you. Your work should show improvement.

Few people are idlers, in the strict sense of the word. The important thing is not to keep busy, but to do work that counts, that can all be applied to a definite end, and that is of sufficient importance to deserve the calling out of your ambition.

When you have taken one step, begin to think about the next one. Let every little success spur you on to attempt something more difficult.

Salesmanship—Is it a Profession?

By E. ELMO MARTIN, of *The Sheldon School*

None but a strong affirmative can be the answer to the question propounded by Mr. Martin by any one at all familiar with the principles and practice of salesmanship

SALESMANSHIP, the power to persuade people to purchase your product at a profit,—is it a profession? As a profession is a science practiced, we must first determine whether or not we have a science of salesmanship. This then is the first real question, for if we have a science of salesmanship, and salesmen have come to know and practice that science, they are professional salesmen, and it follows that salesmanship is a profession.

The science of salesmanship, and such does exist, is organized knowledge, classified common sense, and tested truth about the development of the power to persuade people to purchase your product at a profit. From observation and study of the experience of thousands upon thousands of successful and unsuccessful salesmen, it has been found that success is a matter of conscious or unconscious obedience to natural law. The laws that are common in the field of salesmanship as discerned and classified readily fall under four heads—the four universal factors around which all the laws of salesmanship can be grouped, namely: (1) man himself—the salesman; (2) the goods or service—the proposition; (3) the other fellow—the customer; (4) the sale—the mental agreement. Everything that has ever happened, or ever can happen about salesmanship can be bracketed opposite one of these four heads.

The first and most important factor is the salesman, the man who negotiates with the transaction. When he comes to know himself in body and

mind, and how to function successfully with both, he is well on the road to become a professional salesman.

With regard to the second factor, the goods or service regarding which negotiation is held, great stress is today placed on the importance of knowing the goods, yet few salesmen have turned the searchlight of scientific analysis upon their product. This done, the salesman speaks fewer words and conveys more points, and it is points not words that carry conviction.

As to the third factor, the other fellow, it goes without saying the best judge of human nature, other things being equal, achieves most in the field of salesmanship. While no two customers are exactly alike, yet science has revealed the fact that, just as ten digits represent all combinations of numbers, and just as there are eight notes in the musical scale, so do all people fall into seven classes as to temperament. In the degree that the salesman understands these seven temperaments and their accompanying characteristics, to that degree is he able to play upon the harp of a thousand strings—the human soul—and bring about mental agreement. A science of character analysis exists to-day, opinions and prejudices to the contrary notwithstanding.

The fourth factor, psychology,—the science of mentality,—is no longer that intangible, uncertain something that cannot be understood. The laws of mind are as definite in their operation as the law of gravitation. Favorable attention properly secured

and sustained ripens into interest as surely as the night follows the day; interest properly augmented changes to desire; and desire intensified is followed by decision and action, and the sale is made.

It is comparatively easy to perform any given task when one knows the "how" of doing it. Just as we have amateur and professional ball players, so have we amateur and professional salesmen. Until the existing knowledge of common law was organized by Blackstone, any old pettifogger could practice law. Until medicine was put on a scientific basis, the medical quack was one of the dangers of the times. To-day we do not allow any would-be or may-be doctor to practice on our families, and the day is close at hand when we will not permit any old salesman to jockey with

our most valuable of assets—the trade.

Even to-day many a good business man questions the existence of the science of salesmanship and would ridicule the idea of salesmanship being a profession. He prefers to continue to pay out his good money for the so-called experienced, yet in reality hit-or-miss, cut-and-try type of born salesmen.

Salesmanship is a matter of law, and not a matter of luck. Its laws, discovered and classified, furnish the basis of a science, the practice of which is a profession.

The salesman who knows himself, knows his goods, knows his customer, and applies that knowledge by consciously obeying natural law in selling, is a professional salesman, and salesmanship as practiced by such men becomes a profession.

Love your work for work's sake, and not for any pecuniary gain or personal achievement.

Shoulder your share of responsibility, even if it is not directly yours.

To correct or point to the responsible party an error which may escape the other's notice.

To remember the firm's business is your business, whether it is directly connected with your day's work or not.

To be honest and fair to your fellow employees, even if it is against your own interests.

To be consistent and lenient in your criticism of others.

To remember that while you may criticise others who are not expert in the things you are, they may be expert in things you are ignorant of.

To help the other fellow at the right time, do not wait to be asked, if it's only to open a door when his arms are full.

—GEORGE E. GIRLING



CONCRETE BRIDGE, HORLICK PARK



RIVERSIDE DRIVE



EAST SIDE MONUMENT SQUARE, RAVINE, WISCONSIN

Racine Described *and* Illustrated

By WILLIAM T. GOFFE, Associate Editor of *The Business Philosopher*

Readers of *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* know that its aim is educative; that entertainment is not its special function, although to many the views of the editor in regard to true education are so very interesting as to become entertaining in a high degree. Mr. Sheldon defines the term "education" as a "leading-out process," accomplished through the gaining of knowledge and its personal application. This aim legitimately includes giving publicity to matters commercial, which hold a general public interest, as well as a special interest for those who study business deeply and practice it as a profession. It is conceivable that while new readers may be attracted by a review of a given city and its commerce, though necessarily restricted, it may prove valuable to both those who serve and those who are served. This is the object sought, anyway: Confidence and Satisfaction to all concerned. By choice this involves lessons of thrift, industry, courage, and ambition, together with that great sub-stratum of all permanency, honesty. It is expected that a compilation of facts touching Racine and some of its industries and commercial achievements, as well as its educational, social, and religious life, will be presented from an angle that shall produce an elevating influence upon readers of *The Philosopher*, whether they be at the Antipodes, in South Africa, India, the United Kingdom, Canada, or the United States. The apparent aim of so-called "write-ups," have often seemed to lean markedly to compliment. The community serving as the subject of such work has been appealed to from that side of human nature generally supposed to be most vulnerable to flattery. Large space is usually devoted to illustration regardless of fitness as a unique presentation — public and semi-public buildings and business houses, not always slightly; more or less enhanced views of parks, avenues, and harbors; as well as idealized outlines of manufacturing plants, etc. Perhaps this has had its effect for good upon communities needing the implied prod or criticism to urge them on to improvement. However, that plan served its day and the public tired of it, and interest waned in that "write-up" which fawned and flattered, and even misinterpreted for the sake of what the publishers hoped would bring them immediate gain. The reader will apprehend without further remark that the style referred to will not be taken as a guide in this necessarily limited review of Racine's products and trade records. While every city possesses features that are unique in themselves, and Racine is no exception, this work will be illustrated in the main by views of goods "Made-in-Racine" and sold everywhere in the civilized world — and some not so much advertised.

RACINE is essentially a manufacturing city.

Its growth and development within a generation, and a little more, vindicates the judgment of Captain Gilbert Knapp, its founder, who in 1834 decided to plat a town on the Root River. He wrote to friends in the east, in the year 1835, that he believed the location was ideal for the establishment and upbuilding of a manufacturing city; and its first business institution of any sort, a saw mill, proved proportionately as great a success as have the city's later

and greater manufacturing concerns.

The growth of Racine has been steady, continuous, and substantial, throughout the eighty years of its existence. Its population to-day exceeds somewhat the 50,000 mark, and because of the remarkable growth of its factories, and the annexation of much contiguous territory, this figure will probably be increased to 60,000 or more by the date of the next federal census.

Racine is situated upon a point of land extending about four miles out into Lake Michigan. The Root River,

flowing from the west, empties into the lake at about the center of the city, north and south. The river supplies good docking facilities, navigable, as it is, for about a mile. The outer harbor is partially completed. The final work will be done upon it within the next ensuing couple of years, when another breakwater, half

a mile long, will be built south of the river mouth.

Two lines of lake freight and passenger boats supply a daily service from Racine, and thus are cheap transportation rates guaranteed to the east, north, and south. The Chicago and Northwestern railway, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, have almost hourly fast train service to Milwaukee and Chicago. The city also enjoys the advantage of the near-by railroad terminal and belt-line facilities of Chicago, to as great an extent almost as though it were located within the city limits of Chicago, instead of sixty miles away.

There are also two electric lines entering the city; one running from Milwaukee to Chicago, and the other from Milwaukee to Kenosha, Wisconsin, a sister city of some 28,000 population, and fine commerce. In

addition the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway operates a line running west from Racine to the Mississippi River.

Although blessed as Racine is with a delightful climate, and unusually favorable conditions for a great commercial development, the city's growth and increase in prosperity up to the

present, it is safe to hazard, is due more to the character of its inhabitants than even to the natural conditions, which it is conceded are exceptionally fine and advantageous. Of the 12,509 foreign-born citizens of Racine, quoting the latest census figures, four fifths came to America from northern Europe. These were for the most part skilled mechanics, who came to Racine to engage



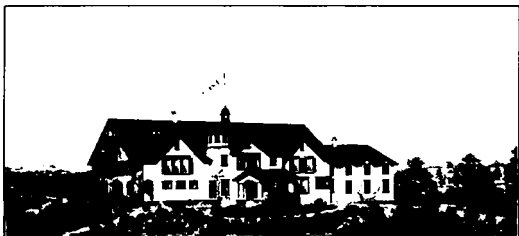
FIRST NATIONAL BANK *Gilbert & Funston, Architects*

in the service of one or another of the great factories of the city. Scores of these citizens have made valuable discoveries and inventions in the field of mechanics, and have opened factories of their own, thus contributing to the importance of the "Belle City," by adding to the many factories and constructive interests that make her name very familiar and much admired in all parts of the country. These interests cover a wide range

indeed, but the more important include farm machinery, road-making machinery, automobiles and accessories, wagons, engines and engine parts, furniture, and steel work. This is also the home of the world-famed Horlick's Malted Milk, and the citizens are a unit in prideful appreciation of it.

as a progressive scholarly institution.

There are fifty-four active churches in Racine, which is but to be expected of a city with a population of the character of this one. The Lutheran denomination predominates, with fourteen churches and parishes. Next in number is Methodist, with eight churches; then Roman Catholic,



COUNTRY CLUB

Gulibert & Funston, Architects

Workmen in these industries are paid very good wages—in some cases it may be said to be high—and for this reason the working population of Racine is, on the whole, very prosperous and contented. A very large percentage indeed, of Racine's citizenship, is composed of home owners, and thus it is that such conditions as industrial strikes are scarce indeed.

Educationally Racine is well up to the front rank. Besides one high school, another is shortly to be erected, and there are fourteen public grade schools. In addition to these city schools there are a dozen or more parochial schools and several private schools. There are two colleges also: one, Racine College, is noted all over the country as a preparatory and military school for boys. The other, Luther College, is also gaining a well deserved fame

seven; five Episcopal, three Presbyterian, two Congregational, and the others are small congregations of various sects. The inevitable public library is here, one to admire indeed, with its branches. There are six beautiful parks; two very well equipped hospitals; a fine government building with two branches in the postal division; a fine water system; thirty miles and more of paved streets; good theaters; a municipal bathing beach; a noted Country Club; three fine daily papers; an agricultural journal of state-wide fame; and numerous other advantages for one seeking a new home in a central state and in a community west of Lake Michigan.

Racine merchants and manufacturers have been so occupied with the work of establishment, that definite and hearty efforts to boost the city's interests through commercial organization of the citizens, do not date

much over four or five years back. The Retail Merchants' Association has recently devoted some effort to devising ways and means of attracting more rural and county trade to Racine, and in line with this policy two very successful ventures were staged this past year. In September 300 members of the association made

Day" than it was a business venture.

The Commercial Club, consisting of five hundred of the leading commercial and professional men of the city, has gone about its business of advancing the interests of Racine in a systematic way and on a large scale. Secretary Walter H. Reed deserves personally very great credit for the



EAST PARK

a tour of the county in automobiles, preaching the gospel of "Trade at home; and what you cannot find at home, buy in Racine." This round-up trip, with its various social features, did much to make new connections and to cement old friendships between country and city people. Then shortly afterward, in November, when a "County Day" was held in Racine, several thousand people from the surrounding country came into the city to repay the visit of the city "Boosters." This in spite of the fact that no special railroad rates were provided. The affair was more in the nature of a "Goodfellowship

work done by the Commercial Club as a whole. A particular mention is made of the big "Made in Racine" exposition staged last summer, which astonished the whole Northwest by the display it made of Racine-made goods. A broad presentment of the output of the two hundred and fifty factories was gathered and shown in the new million-dollar factory building of the Case Threshing Machine Company. The club is now planning for the opening of a public market in Racine; besides which, and other important movements, a very extensive campaign of advertising has been entered upon.

J. I. CASE THRESHING MACHINE CO.

FICTION without a hero, or history without a "red-letter" chapter, would be neither; and so a publication dealing with Racine without a careful study of the J. I. Case

aided more perhaps than any other single influence, in the growth of Racine, until it stands in the very front rank as a manufacturing center.

Entering the city from any direction, one's vision is assailed by



HOME OFFICE OF THE CASE THRESHING MACHINE COMPANY
Most palatial office home in the Northwest. It might be taken for a public library or an art building.

Threshing Machine Co. wouldn't be at all complete, and would merit little attention. Indeed, the very growth of Racine, Wisconsin, as a municipality is almost contemporary with the development of the great Case Corporation.

Away back at the dawn of the Belle City's life, when only the restless waters of Lake Michigan could be depended on to carry pioneer settlers to Wisconsin's broad lands, J. I. Case, the founder of the institution of which we write, came here and planted the seed that sprouting and growing and developing resulted in the colossal industrial giant it is to-day and which

some interesting evidence of the activities of this great corporation. The magnificent new south works is

the very first thing one sees when coming from the south by either railroad, interurban cars, or pike, while approach to the city by boat gives one to understand how completely the company's activities cover the ground by a fine view of the main plant of the Case Company, in the very center of Racine's industries.

When you visit Racine and miss getting acquainted with the Case Company you're classed with those who go to New York and do not see Broadway, or to Chicago, without



F. K. BULL
President of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Racine's largest manufacturing institution.

seeing State Street. The company's buildings cover sixty-five acres, and it is said that the floor space over which employees walk every day, totals 2,843,000 square feet.

Few institutions can boast of such a palatial and conveniently arranged office building as this company has, and unless you were advised of the

gaged in the production of some one of the single articles included in the Case catalogues. The principal Case products might be classed as follows: threshing machinery, gas and steam tractors, tractor gang plows, corn machinery, road-building machinery, and automobiles. It is a pleasure for THE PHILOSOPHER to make reference to



CASE 25-H. P. GAS TRACTOR

Pulling Case automatic lift tractor gang plow, which shows the progressiveness of the Case institution and its product.

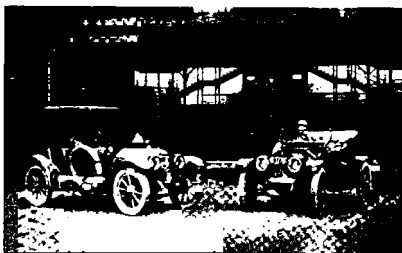
fact, you would probably take it to be anything but what it is, the center of all these powerful industries, and the heart that pumps the Case business out through arteries which lead to every corner of civilization. The illustration on page 405, which shows the Case home office, serves better perhaps than any other to demonstrate the progressive standards of this municipality. Were it grouped with views of a series of the great library buildings of this or any other country, or with the classical buildings of the universities, one would think it in a place entirely fitting to its ornate beauty. Indeed, while the magnitude of the Case plants and buildings is external largely, their description must not be allowed to take the place of the consideration of the internal workings—their products. The company's present output includes a host of important articles. And it is said the cash outlay for catalogues and other descriptive printing sent to the millions of patrons who swear by the Case name and product, would alone be sufficient to pay all the expenses of several of the smaller plants en-

gaged in the production of some one of the single articles included in the Case catalogues. The principal Case products might be classed as follows: threshing machinery, gas and steam tractors, tractor gang plows, corn machinery, road-building machinery, and automobiles. It is a pleasure for THE PHILOSOPHER to make reference to the "Human Plant" in the Case organization. It was through the Case Company's sales organization that the Belle City's name and fame got its first great impulse; and that same sales

force keeps the city's name to the fore on its electric display boards in Russia, and other European countries, South America, Australia, Mexico, and many other quarters of the world.

For seventy years the Case official family has included blood inherited from the founders of the company; and its history demonstrates that not once has the stern policy of progressiveness failed to be impressed upon every venture in which the concern became interested.

Whenever new machinery has been invented, this firm was first to use and apply it. Advance, Advance, Advance! has ever been the watchword of the founders of the Case family. And to-day the Case Company can honestly boast of the most modern of plants of its class of manufacture, just as it can truly be said of F. K. Bull (son of Stephen Bull, one of the original officers), Richard T. Robinson, F. Lee Norton, and Warren J. Davis, the present heads of the great concern, that they are amongst the genuinely progressive and hardheaded business men of America.



JOE TINKER AND FRANK CHANCE

The two highest salaried ball players in America, at the wheels of Case cars,
products of the Case Auto factory.



THE WILDWOOD, WASHINGTON PARK

More of Racine's Nationally Known Institutions

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The achievements of a nation, a business concern, or an individual are always interesting from a human interest standpoint, and the history of Horlick's Malted Milk Company from the time this company placed their first food product upon the market, over a third of a century ago, to the present is particularly interesting.

Many old-time druggists will recall Horlick's Food. For a time this product enjoyed a large sale, but Mr. Wm. Horlick, realizing the great disadvantage of all

foods for infants that required the addition of fresh milk to complete them, owing to the difficulty of obtaining fresh milk and keeping it so, experimented for years with the view of perfecting a pure food product containing a proper proportion of pure, rich milk — a food that would be complete in itself, that would keep indefinitely in any climate, that would be free from all the dangers arising from the use of milk that is impure, adulterated, laden with disease germs, etc., and to have this food absolutely safe, very nourishing, easily digested by the most delicate infant or invalid, and at the same time contain all the elements of nutrition necessary to sustain life.

Mr. Horlick met with many disappointments in his researches and experiments. He was advised by leading chemists to abandon the idea,



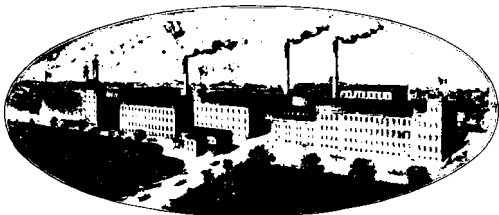
Horlick's World-Famous Trade Mark



RESIDENCE OF ALEXANDER J. HORLICK

as it was both a chemical and mechanical impossibility to perfect it. Yet he persisted, regardless of loss of time and heavy expense, and his efforts were finally crowned with

an organization of practically unlimited resources, and a Scotch conscience. Back in 1834, Henry Mitchell, once of Edinburgh, opened his small shop in that little port on Lake



PLANT OF THE HORLICK COMPANY

success in the discovery of Horlick's Malted Milk.

From its inception, this product took first rank of all prepared foods. The medical profession at once recognized its many advantages and prescribed it largely, making it their first choice where a safe, delicate, and nourishing diet was the desideratum.

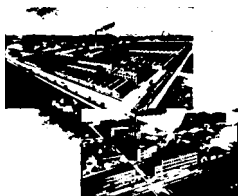
"Horlick's" original and only genuine Malted Milk now enjoys by far the largest demand of all prepared food products, being well and favorably known all over the civilized world.

Mr. Horlick is ably assisted by his two sons, Alexander J., vice-president of the corporation, who served two terms as mayor of Racine, and declined a third nomination, owing to pressure of business, and William II, secretary and assistant manager, who is in charge of the manufacturing department of this mammoth plant.

MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR COMPANY

THE Mitchell Motor Car has been made one of the better cars, by three things—skilled application of technical knowledge,

Michigan known as Fort Dearborn, now Chicago. This little Fort Dearborn wagon shop was the beginning



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR CO.

of the modern Mitchell organization of to-day, built with a steady, substantial growth on Henry Mitchell's quality idea. Richard Mansfield used to say that an idea was as real as a bullet. "I can see



FIRST FACTORY

it," he says, "go smashing across the foot-lights and into the minds of my audience." Quality ideas have a lifting power to raise a product above the commonplace, the "good enough," and mediocre.

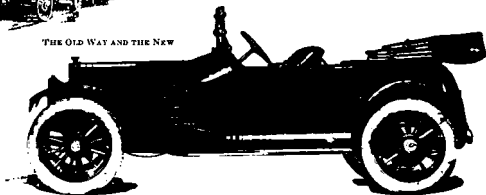
This small enterprise flourished, grew larger, and then larger, with steady, healthful growth under con-

servative
business
methods.
Ft. Dear-

born, of sterling strength, unswerving in its purpose, and even to-day you may go through the Northwestern country, as well as all parts of the United States, and you will find the name "Mitchell" carries with it a prestige that is golden. The idea of fair dealing and keeping faith was a religion in those early days. It was a golden rule of business, and during the eighty years that have since elapsed, the potency of the inspiration of the founder of the Mitch-



THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW



MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR CAR

born became Chicago, and Henry Mitchell's shop became an organization with Henry Mitchell's Scotch conscience and quality ideas pervading it.

The removal of the plant from Chicago to Kenosha, and then to Racine, were mere incidents. The organization remained the same and began to produce good men as well as good wagons. And so the name Mitchell grew more and more to enjoy the respect of the men who settled the great western country. Indeed, there wasn't a farmer in the whole Northwest who wouldn't swear by the Mitchell quality, and the organization back of it.

Such were the beginnings of the Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company, and in all the years that have followed there has been no departure from the original policy and character of service to patrons. It has been a pol-

icy of sterling strength, unswerving in its purpose, and even to-day you may go through the Northwestern country, as well as all parts of the United States, and you will find the name "Mitchell" carries with it a prestige that is golden.

Then came the day of the automobile, and the organization was ready—an organization with the established prestige of keeping faith with the people, having big facilities for purchasing, with big plants for manufacturing, and with the single business idea of producing the "better" automobile, as Henry Mitchell had aimed to build better wagons in his Fort Dearborn shop. Ancient history, merely? No! Living policies of to-day!

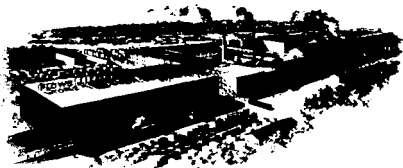
Marshall Field in his little beginnings believed in keeping faith with the public. Likewise did John Wanamaker. To-day the Marshall Field and John Wanamaker organizations perpetuate the characters of their founders. The man who creates an organization, multiplies himself.

His organization becomes his second self, reflects his ideals, his personality and character, all of which may survive him. This is why the Scotch conscience of Henry Mitchell, wagon builder of Fort Dearborn, dictates the standard of workmanship and materials which go into the Mitchell automobile.

The name Mitchell certifies quality, and means the better made automobile. In its primary principles and essential construction, the motor car of to-day is accepted as standardized. Details of equipment differ, but these, in a great measure, are differ-

great industry, and to abandon that attitude, it is realized, would be to throw away a most valued treasure—the Mitchell prestige—which means more to the company, in the way of continued business success, and to its customers in the assurance of satisfaction, than any other element in the firm's business dealings.

This is what has come of the Henry Mitchell idea of "better" quality; and of eighty years of faithful service to the buying public—the Mitchell car—a maximum motor-car value—and more so because, outside of anything in the specifications, it is



PLANT OF THE J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS

ences of taste. The really big difference in automobiles is not *how* they are made, but *how well* they are made.

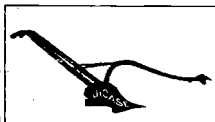
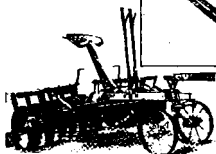
The facilities and resources of the Mitchell organization bring to the construction of the Mitchell car the most authoritative engineering skill, together with the most accurate of modern machinery. Every process of manufacturing every part is conducted under a really masterly inspection system, guaranteeing the perfection of every detail.

The plants of this company have a floor space of twenty-three hundred thousand square feet. It occupies seventy-five acres for its works. A sense of intimate personal friendship for its patrons pervades the whole of this

built to the standards of the Scotch conscience. The company's address, is The Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company, Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

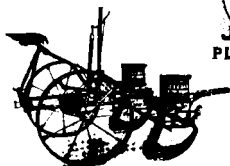
J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS

ONE of the well-known trade marks which spread the name of Racine all over the United States is the famous "Plow in Hand" of the J. I. Case Plow Works. The "Plow in Hand Line" is known to farmers in every corner of the country where there is any tilling of the soil. It includes walking plows, sulky and gang plows, power lift engine gang plows, cultivators, harrows, planters, listers, transplanters, stalk cutters,—of many styles, each adapted



The J. I. Case
Plow Works

Agricultural
Products



to soil conditions, and the preferences of the farmers in certain sections.

The J. I. Case Plow Works has always built its machines to suit the needs of the farmer under the conditions under which he must do his work, instead of first building a machine and then trying to induce the farmer to change his work to fit it.

An Experimental Department is always at work there studying the needs of the farmers in different parts of the country, investigating soil conditions, and securing other information which will enable the company more intelligently to meet the needs of the farmer.

The business was established by J. I. Case in 1876, and since his death has been carried on by his heirs. The company has branches and distributing houses in Kansas City; Omaha; St. Louis; Dallas; Minneapolis; Baltimore; Indianapolis; Denver; Aberdeen, S. D.; Abilene, Texas; Amarillo, Texas; Billings, Mont.; Boise, Idaho; Burlington, Iowa; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Columbus, Ohio; Des Moines, Iowa; Elmira, N. Y.; Great Falls, Mont.; Greenville, N. C.; Lexington, Ky.; Madison, Wis.; Memphis, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Owensboro, Ky.; Peoria, Ill.; Phoenix, Ariz.; Portland, Ore.; Raleigh, N. C.; San Antonio, Texas; Sioux Falls, S. D.; Spokane, Wash.; Toledo, Ohio.

The J. I. Case New Foot Lift Sulky Plow is known everywhere as "The plow a man can pull," because it has been pulled by a man, turning a furrow of full width and depth at many demonstrations in all parts of the country. The demonstration is such a convincing proof of light draft that no words are necessary. The farmers see for themselves, and it is well known that a farmer can see a thing as quickly as anybody.

The J. I. Case Plow Works is sales agent for the Wallis Fuel Save Tractor, manufactured in Cleveland, Ohio, by the Wallis Tractor Company, of

which H. M. Wallis, president of the J. I. Case Plow Works, is president. The Wallis Fuel Save Tractor possesses all the best features of tractors previously built, and in addition embodies several very important improvements not found on any other tractor. Its light weight enables it to do its work on soft or newly plowed ground, and there is no power wasted in propelling many thousands of pounds of unnecessary weight around the field.

The tractor is mounted front and rear on spiral springs, which protect the motor and transmission from shocks and jars. All gears, except the master gear, run in oil baths, in dust-proof cases.

THE CHICAGO RUBBER CLOTHING CO.

PROMINENT in this city of many manufacturing enterprises, the Chicago Rubber Clothing Co., of Racine, deserves more than a passing notice. The history of the company is a story of perseverance and stick-to-it-ive-ness. A dozen concerns have tried the art it so successfully follows, but somehow have been unable to give the public that value so much demanded. Naturally one comes to the conclusion that this company must have given, and does continue to give, good values for the money, in quality of goods and service, which means "profit and satisfaction" to the buyer and user. Thus again is the wise business maxim verified, that "He profits most who serves best."

From a meager beginning in 1886, employing less than a half dozen people, this concern has grown to the proportions of an annual trade of more than a million dollars, and an employ of over 200 people in the manufacture of its unique product. The goods manufactured are many and varied. From dainty silken beach caps and tiny flowered washcloth pockets for milady's traveling bag, they range to heavy rubber coats



MR. H. M. WALLIS
President of the J. I. Case Plow Works

WILLIAM SOBET, Vice-President
H. M. WALLIS, JR., Secretary
L. M. BURNS, General Sales Manager

and aprons such as icemen use. There are also modish English slip-ons in wide variety of styles and cloths, from heavy jeans and drill for workmen to clinging silks for the lady of leisure, and wools and cashmeres for men who take particular pains with their dress. In addition, there comes from this factory rainy-weather hats and capes, leggings, blankets, and rubberized cloths for the tailoring trade, for organ manufacturers, piano manufacturers, carriage and automobile makers, and even for those who ply the aeroplane calling.

The end of the company's growth is nowhere in sight, improvement and growth being the constant order of things. Within the past year the demand for its automobile clothing and slip-ons called for the erection of a fine new factory 117 by 62 feet, four stories, which is entirely devoted to making the newer forms of water-protecting clothing.

The company's site is located out of the range of the crowded manufacturing district, where abundance of pure air and sunlight is secured. A tract of land contiguous to the factories it controls is devoted to employees' recreation periods. The welfare of the young women in its employ is looked after by the company, accommodations being provided which tend to lighten the day's burden and relieve its monotony. A well furnished dining room is given over to the young women during the noon hour. A rest room also, furnished with piano and lounging chairs, in which has been installed a branch of the Racine city library, supplies means for enjoyment and social intercourse, making for harmony during working hours.

The area of styles of cloths and cuts of garments turned out by this company amazes one who has given no thought to the subject. More than 200 different cloths are rubberized for the making of slip-ons alone.

These range from cantons and silks to cashmeres and woollens, many of them of such high grade as to evade detection from the high-priced dress overcoats to be seen on city promenades.

A careful and vigilant watch is kept on Dame Fashion, and with the appearance of a new cut in overcoating, comes a corresponding new slip-on—if judgment dictates.

The Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, of Racine, prides itself upon the fact that it is the only organization of its kind anywhere in the West, which rubberizes its own cloths. Native rubber is secured, compounded with various chemicals for the various uses to which the cloth is to be applied, calendered and vulcanized—all entirely within the walls of the factory.

Aside from the factories and home offices at Racine, Wis., the company maintains offices in Chicago, in the North American Building, where the metropolitan affairs of the concern are cared for, and where out-of-town customers find it convenient to transact business with the firm.

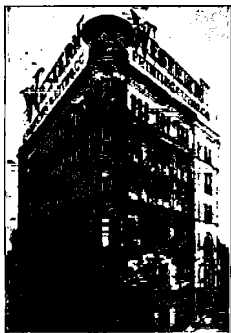
The output of this company never diminishes, but, on the contrary continues to steadily increase as the years go round. The explanation is plain: that the goods made by the Chicago Rubber Clothing Company are reliable in the highest sense. The trade concedes this.

THE WESTERN PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY

DURING the past half dozen years, there has grown up in Racine an enterprise in the printing and lithographing line, which ranks the largest and best equipped in the State of Wisconsin. Six years ago what is now the Western Printing & Lithographing Co., was the West Side Printing Co., occupying a small basement under a jewelry store on State Street. Within these few years this concern has



grown from so small a beginning, until now it occupies all but one story of one of the largest and best constructed buildings in Racine. It employs a force of more than 100 skilled workmen and nearly all the year round runs both a day and night shift. In addition to the ordinary line of commercial work, catalogues, etc.,



HOME OF THE WESTERN PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY

this firm produces the most difficult color work and book and magazine work, together with lithographing in colors.

Service is and has been the policy and watchword of this publishing house. When a manufacturer plans to publish a catalogue, for example, this firm will get his thought as he expresses it, and then proceed to submit dummies of several ideas and suggestions for his observation and choice, thus enabling him to see just how his job will appear when completed.

Then the wording on the cover is secured, and if a running heading is desired on the inside pages, this

firm's art department submits sketches, etc. So that in addition to the service of printing, the patron receives the benefit of the aid of *trained* men in designing, and who make it their business to render each catalogue they design more excellent and a better trade winner than its predecessors.

The field of this concern is broader than Racine. Its service is demanded by many of the largest advertisers in Chicago, and its salesmen cover very much of northern Illinois and Indiana; all this besides a very satisfactory mail-order business from New England to California. During a trip through the great pressrooms of this concern, the writer saw work being produced for the Case Co., Racine; the Case Plow Works, Racine; Armour & Co., Chicago; Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency, Chicago; Swift & Co., Chicago; American Tobacco Co., Chicago; and the Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind. Doubtless the fact that running expenses in a small city are smaller than in others, enables this and other institutions here to compete favorably with plants elsewhere, and thus outside firms find it to their advantage often, to patronize this firm.

The officers of the company are E. H. Wadewitz, secretary and treasurer and general manager; R. A. Spencer, the president, a practical printer, who acts as general superintendent of work; and C. H. VanVliet, vice-president and sales manager. These are all young men of constantly growing and increasing vigor of mind and body, and men of the sort to win and stay winning their patrons' confidence and esteem because of their alertness as well as their ability as printers and publishers.

THE HARVEY SPRING AND FORGING CO.

THE Belle City Bolster Spring Co. of Racine was founded in 1889. In 1900 the name was changed to the Harvey Spring Co. While pre-

viously the work had been limited to assembling wagon bolster springs (see cut), the manufacture of vehicle springs was begun in that year. In 1907 the Milwaukee Wagon Iron Works was taken over by the Harvey Spring Co. under the name of the Harvey Forging Co., and in 1913 the two were merged under the name of

keyboard, plate and all, moves downward, entering the oil bath eight seconds after the plate has left the furnace. Simultaneously the keyboard on the opposite side of the machine releases its plate and rises from the oil. The man in the cut is taking a hardened plate from the machine. This plate will be placed in a low tempera-



PLANT OF THE HARVEY SPRING AND FORGING COMPANY

the Harvey Spring and Forging Co. The product of the spring department consists of automobile, carriage and wagon springs; that of the forging department, wagon forgings and irons and ironed woods, singletrees, neck yokes, etc.

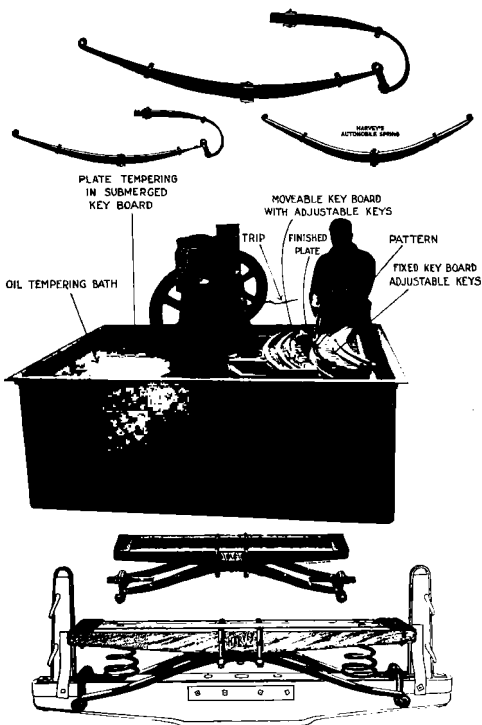
The prosperity of the concern has been notable. Not the least of its achievements has been the development of the Harvey spring forming and tempering machine, patent pending (see cut). The operation of this machine is as follows: A plate is taken from the furnace at the proper temperature. It is placed in the machine as shown, and the machine is tripped. The movable keyboard approaches the fixed keyboard, gripping the plate firmly throughout its entire length. Instantly the entire

ture furnace and drawn to give it the required toughness.

The value of this machine lies in the increased output and the superiority of the product resulting from its use, and in the fact that its operation is not dependent upon a skilled labor force. Springs should excel in three qualities,—appearance, ease of riding, and endurance. It is the last of these, endurance, that is vitally improved in the product of this machine.

RACINE SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.

THE principle enunciated by Mr. Sheldon, that "he profits most who serves best," certainly works out in this shoe factory. The slogan of the business might well be "Good, always good," and then have a mar-



A PAGE SHOWING THE TEMPERING PROCESS AND SOME OF THE PRODUCTS OF THE HARVEY SPRING AND FORGING COMPANY

gin to go upon. This is a stock company. Mr. F. C. Goff, a man with thirty-five years' experience in the manufacture of boots and shoes, is



the general manager, Mr. Charles S. Davis is superintendent of manufacture, and his twenty years' experience in the business is an additional reason for the slogan, "Good, always good."



All leathers used in this factory grade higher than those usually used in shoe factories. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred workers are employed the year round, who produce an average output of seven hundred pairs of shoes every day in the year. These run in price from three dollars and a half to five dollars a pair, the specialty of the factory be-

ing a four-dollar shoe. The recently constructed plant, containing thirty-five thousand square feet of floor space, is evidence of this firm's prosperity. It is provided with dining rooms, and rest rooms for the women employees.

The Racine Shoe Manufacturing Co. ship shoes even into the Boston market regularly, competing success-



fully with eastern lines in eastern markets. One reason why this may be accomplished is the fact of the factory's nearness to the leather factories, Milwaukee and Kenosha leath-



er production being carried on right next door, as it were.

The accompanying illustrations show clearly the excellence of style and output of this firm.

GUILBERT & FUNSTON, ARCHITECTS

NO one has received greater benefit from press publicity than has the architect, and, in turn, the architectural profession. The public is beginning to realize the importance of these principles as they are being worked out. In designing a building, private or public, commercial or educational, the thought

time of outlining the first idea, however rough, until the work of the decorator and finisher is completed.

The purpose of the structure, or, in other words, its usefulness, shall be expressed in its total impression, as well as in its detail, and only through both of these can we receive the satisfied, ethical sensation because its beauty is, in the first place, in its structural parts, which makes



A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE DESIGNED BY GUILBERT & FUNSTON

and work of the architect must be formed about the plan, windows, and openings.

The architect's work is to design a building in plan, not so that it will fit some portico or facade of some particular temple of old, but to so arrange the plan that it will serve the requirements, or purposes for which the building is intended. Then the structure for the building is constructive in its concepts from the

each one express a certain function in the total organism.

The importance of the construction, the form and motive of the building, must force the architect to think and work in lines with the engineer.

Through this firm's organization an owner can have his roughest sketch, representing merely an idea, or just a mere description of his wants, developed into a most prac-



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE EXCELLENT WORK OF GUILBERT & FUNSTON

tical design; the structure properly laid out, all the lighting, heating, ventilating, plumbing, and other appurtenances accurately and economically arranged, and provided for, and everything completed in the very best practical manner. Much time and study have been given to the thorough and economical planning of various types of buildings, as well as to the materials used.

The character of the work of this firm, its individuality and originality, can be seen in all of their many buildings. Maintaining a standard for logical treatment and incorpor-

ating in their work throughout the basic principles of design, which is apparent, they have given to the city of Racine and the vicinity a large number of well designed structures, several examples of which are published in connection with this article.

It is because they have accepted the problems that have been placed before them in the true spirit and have so successfully mastered some difficult situations that they have won for themselves the praise and admiration of those who have placed in their care the working out of projects unusual and yet successfully mastered.



A PLAIN CLASSIC STYLE DESIGNED BY GUILBERT & FUNSTON

RACINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THIS company's business is the manufacture of automobile bodies, of the pleasure car variety, for the trade. The company is capitalized at eight hundred thousand dollars, and at the present time is doing an annual business of two million dollars. Both open and closed

RELIANCE AUTOMATIC LIGHT CO.

THIS concern manufactures automatic time switches. All types run a full week on one winding, and turn electric circuits both on and off. The clock mechanism is inclosed in an iron case ten in. square and five in. deep, has black weatherproof enamel finish, and weighs about 20 pounds.



LUTHER COLLEGE

bodies of autos are produced here, such as limousines, sedans, and coupés.



Between six and seven hundred men are employed. This is the second largest auto-body building concern in the United States. An electro of one of the bodies produced by this firm is shown herewith.

The closed face is especially convenient for lighting companies who supply a flat-rate service to consumers, and who install apparatus upon their own poles. The company guarantees every part and will replace any defective part within one year from date of purchase. With ordinary care, the switches made here will last from ten to twelve years.

These switches are profitably employed to control show-window lighting, electric signs, show-case lighting, apartment-house hall lights, motors running at predetermined periods, isolated street lights, burglar alarms, and bill-board lighting.

This mechanism is said by users to be both "perfectly simple and simply perfect." This being the case, the company confidently claims its product to be "the best by every test."

GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.

THE Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co. was incorporated at Racine, Wisconsin, under the laws of Wisconsin, in 1892. At this time the corporation was doing only a limited business. A plan of advertising was started, however, both for the domestic and foreign trade, which has won for this com-



G. M. STOOL

pany a merited success, so that their products are now shipped not only to every state in the Union but to almost every country in the world. Their products are shipped in car lots to New York every week for export, and from there distributed to the various countries. Therefore, the products of this firm are well known in foreign nations, not only among the military fraternities but among dealers as well.

The product of this firm consists of folding camp furniture and complete camp outfits, including folding beds, cots, stools, and chairs in great variety, and camp equipments, including tents. These goods are the most compact folding goods on the market, hence the best for export purposes.

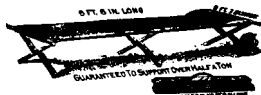


G. M. PORCH CHAIR No. 35

The management of the firm seeks to manufacture superior goods in every line they manufacture. They have absolutely

refused to cheapen their line in order to meet the competition of cheaper goods. This policy is evidently winning out as their business is increasing from year to year.

At the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898 the United States War Department advertised for cots. They needed about seventy thousand. In response to this advertisement from the War Department there were some twenty or more samples of cots shown, but the cot submitted by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co. was the one selected, and orders were passed for sixty-seven thousand five hundred cots,



GOLD MEDAL CAMP BED No. 1

which were manufactured for the War Department during the winter of 1898 and 1899. Two years later, however, after these cots had been in use for this period and because they had given universal satisfaction in the new insular possessions of the Philippines, Porto Rico, and where the United States troops were stationed in Cuba, the War Department adopted the Gold Medal cot as the standard army cot for the United States army. About the same time this same cot was adopted by the medical department of the army, and also by the Navy Department, and since this date all firms who would manufacture cots for the army must manufacture cots which conform to this standard. Not only has the Gold Medal cot been adopted by this department, but their stools, chairs, and even their portable folding bathtubs are standards in the United States army. This speaks volumes for the product of this firm.

The goods manufactured by this company are in general use by campers throughout the United States and are sold exclusively through their dealers and jobbers.

A free catalogue is offered to all who wish it.

HAMILTON-BEACH MFG. CO.

FOUR years ago the Hamilton-Beach Manufacturing Co. was organized to manufacture electrical specialties and

labor - saving devices. The Cyclone Mixer was the first product of their factory.

During the four years over fifty thousand of these popular mixers have been sold. Not only in every state in the Union, but in almost every civilized country Cy-



AUTOMATIC EGG BEATER

clone Mixers are being used and are making good.

Besides the Cyclone Mixer, the Hamilton-Beach Manufacturing Co. manufacture "New-Life" vibrators (thousands of which are in daily use throughout the known world), the celebrated Cyclone hair dryer, the Cyclone shoe dryer, H-B portable electric grinder, the Cyclone fan, and a full and complete line of fractional horse-power motors ranging in size from 1/40 h. p. to 1/4 h. p.

The Hamilton-Beach factory is a model of modern equipment in charge of competent executives who are ex-

perts in their line. Only the best of material and workmanship is put into the H-B goods. All goods are thoroughly tested, assuring a product as near perfection as up-to-date equipment and efficient management can produce.

Quality and service has always been the slogan of the Hamilton-Beach Manufacturing Co. This accounts for the marvelous success and growth of this enterprising young industry.

BEFFEL FURNITURE CO.

ONE of the oldest and best known furniture and undertaking establishments in Racine is the Beffel Furniture Co., 604-610 Sixth Street. The business was started in a humble way in a small store in 1874, and since that time has steadily grown until now it ranks favorably with the largest mercantile establishments in the city.

For many years the business has been under the direct management of William J. and Edward Beffel, and it was through their efforts that the new store was planned and erected four years ago.



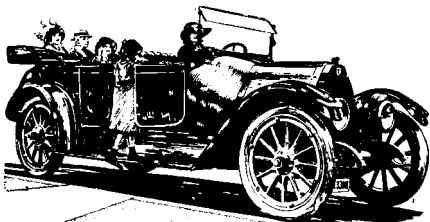
HOME OF THE BEFFEL FURNITURE CO.

The attractiveness of the exterior of the building is greatly enhanced by the large canopy which covers the entrance, while the interior is equally pleasing on account of the large balcony extending around the three sides. The floor covers a large space of 50 by 112 feet, and is admirably arranged for the display of high-grade furniture and novelties.

The colonial structure to the left of the main building is their new undertaking building, which was erected last year. The architecture of the exterior, as well as of the interior, is both unusual and beautiful, and is

The experience of the new company's official roll—which consists of William Mitchell Lewis, president; J. M. Cram, secretary and general sales manager, and R. M. Petard, vice-president and designer—dates from the inception of the automobile industry. Consequently Racine is fortunate in having as infallible manufacturing brains as these men represent.

Good manufacturing sense has also favored Racine in that the new industry gets most of its material for manufacturing and assembling from the lake shore—"The Belle"—city. Most of the parts for the car, like forgings,



PRODUCT OF THE L. P. C. MOTOR CO.

especially adapted for this kind of work.

The funeral parlors and offices are lavishly furnished and contain all the appointments and comforts for the most exacting patronage. The show rooms are to the rear, as well as the daylight morgue, which contains all the sanitary equipments and conveniences for scientific purposes and the holding of postmortem examinations.

L. P. C. MOTOR COMPANY

IN giving motordom a new automobile that critics say is a milestone in motor car progress, William Mitchell Lewis of Racine has also given his city another industry in the L. P. C. Motor Company.

castings, and bodies, are purchased in Racine and the power plant of the car is made within the L. P. C. factory. As a result a fair share of the money that a man in New York, let us say, pays for a Lewis "Six" is returned to Racine.

The L. P. C. Company, at present writing, occupies two buildings and is producing a car of exceptional merit. The car retails at \$1600 and possesses all the value that is ordinarily offered by makers of \$2000 to \$3000 cars. For it is a six-cylinder car of 135-inch wheel base, electrically started and electrically lighted and possessing all the dignity of appearance and refinement of details that is obtainable in the \$2,000 to

\$3,000 class. It is a credit to Racine, for its appearance rather startled the motor car industry and it was scarcely a month from the date of the announcement of the new model when Secretary J. M. Cram, gave out the



news that the entire output had been sold on contract to dealers.

THE WISCONSIN AGRICULTURIST

THE majority of business concerns are formulated for the purpose of accumulating wealth. To infer that any organization is run without that end in view is presum-

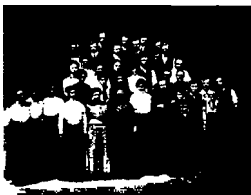


ing a great deal. Yet there is a happy combination of ideal accomplishment, and just profit, which makes the truly successful business organization.

If one studies any of Sheldon's theories he will find that they are

built around the ideal. Science in salesmanship is his theme—to think better thoughts—to do bigger deeds—to stand higher and higher in the estimation of one's self and in the eyes of others.

Thirty-seven years ago *The Wisconsin Agriculturist*, now the leading farm paper of Wisconsin, was started as a trade publication. Mr. Andrew Simonson, then a comparatively young



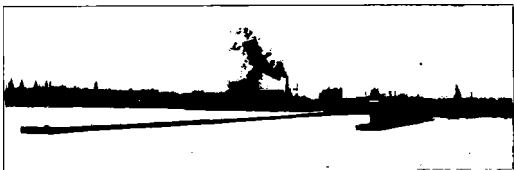
man, assumed ownership not long after that date. He was a man of big character and high ideals. He saw for himself and associates, prosperity; he saw for his state, an excellent work accomplished; he saw for his subscribers, a more contented lot in the world—and he accomplished them all.

To-day *The Wisconsin Agriculturist* plant, while not claimed to be ideal

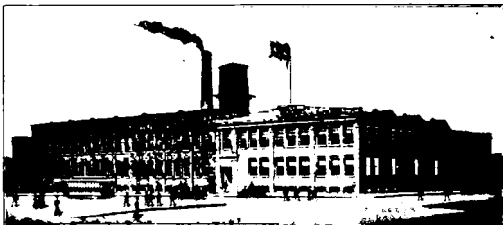




RACINE MALLEABLE IRON WORKS



HARBOR VIEW, RACINE



ALSHULER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

from a publishing standpoint, has been built up around that man's ideal. Twenty-nine happy, cheerful workers are combined in producing Wisconsin's home and farm paper.

The medium goes into every third farm home of the state, and has over 62,000 loyal adherents who subscribe for it every week in the year.

Publishing a farm paper is by no means an easy problem. Such a publication must contain technical agricultural material which, above all else, is accurate; it must have sufficient interest from the woman's standpoint to make the paper in demand by her; it must be well printed and typographically artistic; and it must serve a purpose in its community. All these *The Wisconsin Agriculturist* does, and has done for many years, until it has become the by-word for the successful farm home of the state.

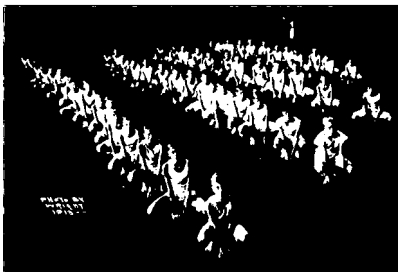
Thousands of letters are received by the editorial staff every year on subjects of vital importance to the farmers, these are carefully and individually answered, and the results of their information published through the columns of the paper.

Two large presses, running day and night for a part of each week, are necessary to produce *The Wisconsin Agriculturist*. The printing plant is in the same building, and is controlled by the same desire for perfection. Every department is systematized and run to insure speed and



HOME OF THE RACINE COMMERCIAL CLUB

accuracy. The mailing alone of 62,000 papers weekly is not an easy problem to solve, yet that number



BOYS' GYMNASIUM CLASS, RACINE Y. M. C. A.

goes out regularly each week without a hitch or frequent mistake.

Mr. Charles Everett, chief of the editorial staff, is a practical farm editor, having spent forty years of his life behind the plow. Mr. Frank B. Swingle, associate editor, and Mr. Chris Schroeder, the live-stock editor, are men who have had both practical experience and university training.

The editorial staff, with five corresponding editors, makes up the paper. The business management, advertising, and circulation department are similarly organized, making a powerful whole which is carrying on

when the time comes this test will be met by the citizens of Racine by providing a modernly equipped and up-to-date association building, and one which will be a center worth while for the activities of the young and middle-aged men of Racine. The present membership of the association is 860. Physical, educational, social, and religious departments are successfully conducted, as well as boys' and immigration work,



The Immigration Secretary teaching English to those of foreign tongue, Y. M. C. A., Racine.

the ideal "perfection at any cost," so long ago established by the founder.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASS'N
THE Young Men's Christian Association has been established and operating in Racine for more than thirty-five years, and the building at Sixth and College Avenue has housed the organization for twenty-six years. Its work has grown as the city has developed, until its present quarters now prove inadequate for its needs. Accordingly a campaign to raise funds for the erection of a new building is planned to open in June. President Wilson, we believe it was, who said that the modern community can be tested by its attitude toward the Y. M. C. A. and kindred institutions. Without doubt,

while shop meetings are held in the various industries at noon hour.

An accompanying illustration shows one of the "gym" classes. Another illustrates a group of members gathered about a physician who is speaking informally with them, and answering questions concerning vital



Dr. Seeley, of Springfield, Mass., speaking to Y. M. C. A. members of Racine. Answering important questions. Meeting in the lobby.

personal matters of importance to young men. Members of foreign birth, recently come to America, are under the guidance of an immigration secretary. One of the illustrations shows that official teaching English by a method worked out by

designers and inventors laboring incessantly to perfect new and advanced ideas in trunk construction, a competent office force, and an efficient advertising and service department unite to produce the best wardrobe trunk made. Herein lies the reason for the Hartmann reputation: "Makers of the World's Best Baggage."

RACINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

RACINE Public Schools are much like schools in other cities of the class; but not just the same. If they were just the same as all others, it would be unnecessary for more mention here than a brief statement of the fact.

The city maintains one high school, one manual training school, one continuation and industrial school, and eleven elementary schools, ten of which are very adequate indeed, each having enrolled from 400 to 700 children. One elementary school is now being added to so that its capacity will be about doubled. Besides these a new 16-classroom building is now being erected and will be ready for occupancy in September this year. A new high school with unlimited equipment of modern pattern, and another elementary school will be built this year also.

All elementary schools are under the supervision of male principals. Classrooms, so far as is possible, are maintained on a one-grade, one-class basis, and the individual help period of equal duration follows each recitation. Thus are failures reduced to the minimum. Kindergartens are maintained in connection with each elementary school. The following statistical facts are of real interest:

There are 12,046 boys and girls in the city of school age, 5,966 boys, and 6,080 girls. Of these there were enrolled in the schools on January 1, 1914, as follows: Elementary schools, 5,801; high school, 713, and in the continuation schools, 389.

There are 205 teachers, principals, and supervisors, employed in the city schools, at a cost for instruction of \$138,231.22. The cost of maintenance, including all expenses not covered under instruction, is \$66,753.06, or a total charge for instruction maintenance in the schools of \$204,498.28. Rather powerful showing for a city of 50,000 population.

RACINE HOSIERY COMPANY

ONE of Racine's youngest and most progressive institutions started operation September 3, 1912, with a paid-up capital of \$1,500 and a production of 42,000 pairs of stockings a year, using three knitting machines and employing three hands. Since then they have increased the number of machines to twenty-nine with a production of 420,000 pairs of stockings a year, employing twenty-two hands. The production of this mill consists mostly of pure thread silk and artificial silk, which is finding ready market from coast to coast.

All of the officers of the company are thoroughly practical and have years of experience in the hosiery business. Mr. W. R. Anderson, president of the company, has had forty years' experience as a dyer, and he is now the highest salaried man in his profession; Mr. A. R. Anderson, manager and treasurer, has had twenty years' experience in all departments of the mill from the office down; while Mr. J. H. Brinsley, secretary of the company, has had fifteen years' experience on the knitting end of the business.

All of the hosiery is made with the latest and most up-to-date improvements known to the art of knitting, such as French welt top, reinforced transfer, expanded heel, narrowed ankle, double sole, and advanced toe.

The incorporation of these features allows the manufacturers to give the broad guarantee which comes with every pair of stockings, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Mental Meditations

Non-accomplishment is the result of perpetual postponement; but just as you have the power to postpone, so have you also the power of accomplishing.

Man is his own master. If he were not, he could not act contrary to natural law, and contrary even to the dictates of his own conscience.

This power of appealing to reason, when rightly used, is the key to all progress. Man is not bound by the shackles of instinct; he can depart from old methods and adopt new if he only will.

But the ant, for instance, is doing the same things in the same way her ancestors did thousands of years ago; and again, the whole existence of the bee seems to depend on routine; she always does the same things in the same way, and exhibits no capacity to profit by or repair the effects of accident. Therefore, she cannot progress.

But with man, a reasoning being, it is a different thing. Nature leads up and over a certain stage, and we are expected to profit by the experience so as to guide similar future endeavors thereby.

Man must fight his own battles; he must choose and do; he must work out his own personal peace and happiness on this earth, and to achieve the very best we need only cease from ways that result in our own loss, physically, mentally, morally, or financially.

The records of the world show that nothing has been accomplished by man without effort and without trying, for it simply cannot be done.

But there are about as many degrees of trying as the thermometer registers; it is so simple and easy to imagine we have tried that any one and every one can do that.

When you try, do it above "blood heat," so that it is actually "in earnest."—OMER ILIFF.

Adventures in the Countryside

By CHANNING BARNES

To a friend who recently said "Yes, the country is all right for a day or two, but I don't see what any one can find for excitement."

YOU city dwellers, looking out over your flat roofs or gazing across street or alley at the encompassing brick walls, little know what awaits you in the vernal countryside. You probably spend your evenings walking up and down the resounding pavements under the glare of the arc light, seeking your solace in the restless, ever-changing, shifting surge of the multitude crowding about you, or it may be herding beneath the roof of some moving-picture theater like moths around a candle, attracted by the bright light and the tinkling music. You, all of you, are ever seeking, ever searching for some new excitement, some new form of amusement, anything to relieve the tension of over-taut nerves or to overcome the ennui of the association of yourselves, one with another. Come out into the country, my friends, and behold the ever changing, ever shifting phenomena of the woods and fields. Beneath my study window, with one eye cocked up in suspicion and wonder to my human glance, sits a little blue bird on her nest, mothering three little green eggs with her brooding care. Just now her mate came flying, bringing his tribute of a nice, fat, wriggly worm—just to show her that there is no occasion for her to go into the court of domestic relations with a plea of non-support. As he spreads his wings and dances out over the invisible air currents, his plumage glowing in the brilliant sunshine in his Easter dress of Alice blue with little white polka dots, he

certainly finds more excitement than do you in your Sunday morning parade along the Avenue.

Out across the field I see hundreds of robins, grackles, thrushes, black-birds (enough for several pies with the full count of four-and-twenty in each), all gossiping, discussing, wrangling over the latest fashion, the war in bird land's Mexico, and the probable outcome of the trust legislation.

Down by the lake, as I sit on the bridge and watch the slow-moving current, I have proof of the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest. Thousands of little bass and pickerel dart back and forth, searching for such unwary insects as they may devour, while from time to time a quick, sharp, light turn, a flashing of silvery sides, and a larger fish scoops in two or three of the little fellows for his tiffin. Anon, floating down stream, thrusting above the quiet water his leathery, misshapen neck, a snapping turtle comes exploring along the shore line. He finds a rock or stump on which to perch, there to indulge in "watchful waiting" for enemies and prey and to enjoy the long rays of the western sun. Out on the lake, first in one place, then in another, I see my piscatorial friends, thrilling with the very joy of life, leap clear from the water, and it takes a quick eye to see them before, with a resounding flop, they seek the cool depths after capturing one more fly for the evening meal. If I did not know about the flies I should think they were trying to emulate our old

friends, the Minstrel Show Dancers, whose sole ambition in life, apparently, was to see how many times they could clap their heels together with each leap from the boards.

As the shadows lengthen and the inverted bowl of darkening firmament draws closer, I hear the lazy creak and croak of the frogs in their evening song. And so the day in the countryside closes, and as soon as the darkness draws nigh I am ready to sleep, lulled by the evening sleepy songs of the robin, the whir and chime of the myriad insects, and the gurgling plash of the falling waters.

While yet the city dweller is just starting out to seek amusement, seeking some new thrill for jaded nerves, searching down the white way of artificial sunlight, getting as far as possible from his natural environment,—the woods, the waters, and the creatures made for his sustenance, companionship, and amusement,—seeing the same old shows, smelling the smell of crowds, indulging in unnatural and highly spiced cooking, in fermented liquors, and burning weeds,—while yet he is doing all these things, I am resting, my pillow soothed by the spicy breezes from acres of spruce and balsam, carrying just a breath of the sweetness of the woods with its countless flowers now in bloom. And while the city dweller is seeking such respite from his feverish struggle as he can find within the stifling brick walls, breathing the restless air from over blocks and blocks of graveled roofs, of slaughter houses, of turbid rivers, of night-smoking chimneys, I am awakened from my slumber by the first bursting, throbbing notes of my countless bird friends, pouring forth from every treetop their morning song, drunk with the joy of again beholding the roseate tingeing of the eastern sky and, like the Mohammedan prophet, calling all the faithful to bow down and worship the life-giving power of

another day now dawning as new, as fresh, as uncontaminated, as full of possibilities as were those first days in the Edenic garden so long ago and yet so close at hand. And so each minute, each hour so swiftly goes, and each day brings so many new beauties and interests to all my senses, that I scarcely would have time to eat or sleep were it not that Nature in these surroundings compels, with sweet insistence, my indulgence in both.

A week ago all the wooded hillsides under the trees were white with anemones, their dainty petals spreading over the soft bed of past years' dried leaves like a freshly laundered coverlet, while in other places the white patches mimicked the drifted banks of the but recently vanished snow. Then a slight diminishing of the white—little spots of yellow, of blue, of deep red showing through—marks each day, and brings to view a newly painted background for the wide, deep stage across which Nature's invisible hand pulls her happy puppets for my delight.

Seen through my study window, as I write these last lines, she has a complete new setting on my stage. She has placed in center background and at the wings her woods scene of stately trees, with delicate yellow-green painted on every twig and branch, while her stage carpet is the solid darker green of grass and flower leaves, all sown by lavish hand with clumps of violets and brilliant, newly varnished buttercups, while patches of gentle trilliums hang their hooded waxen faces before the stately grandeur of their more blatant sisters. To-morrow new scenes will greet my eye. Each day, each week, each season brings its own peculiar joys and delights, and each tiny creature and tree and blade of grass holds for the discerning eye its peculiar interest and pleasure.

The Philosopher Among His Books

THE MESSAGE OF NEW THOUGHT. By Abel Leighton Allen. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25 net, postage extra. Thomas D. Crowell Co., New York.

In this, the author's latest book, he endeavors to answer these three questions: What is New Thought? Wherein does it differ from the orthodox religions? What is the line of divergence between New Thought and Christian Science? He takes exception to the many cults parading under the banner of New Thought, and undertakes to tell wherein they differ and to compare its principles and teachings with those of the orthodox religions and of Christian Science. He admits that New Thought is really "old thought" suppressed in the Western Hemisphere for nearly two thousand years, revitalized from the discoveries of modern psychology, and now for the first time being studied by the peoples of the western world.

He defines New Thought to be "a term used to convey the idea of growing or developing thought," and not "a name or expression to define any fixed system of thought philosophy, or religion." He refers to the long and discordant contest between the advocates of idealism and materialism, and argues that the advocates of materialistic conception of creation's origin are constantly diminishing. In support of idealistic conception he claims that in all the various forms of animal life, and also in plant and vegetable life, there is an "intelligence" observable in the meeting and overcoming obstacles and difficulties of environment; that wherever there is life there is intelligence and that the entire visible universe and all created objects are the result of a universal intelligence. He claims that New Thought conceives in the creation an ideal or picture in the divine mind first and an object created according to that divine ideal or image, and that every action of our lives is evidence of idealism; that Christian Science is an extreme or absolute idealism and differs from the idealism of New Thought.

Quoting from *Science and Health* that "our corporal senses lie and cheat" and that "there are five personal falsities and their evidence is to be disregarded," this the author says New Thought cannot accept and maintains that it has taken millions of years to develop these five senses, and they cannot be discredited by the mere declaration that they are false, because these same senses furnish the only evidence to be relied upon. The great difference to the author seems to be that while New Thought advocates the infinite possibilities of man, and that he will continue to grow, to comprehend more truth, and to advance into a closer relationship with God, Christian Science and each of the orthodox religions recognize but one road leading to truth, and that the one pointed out and circumscribed by the rules of its organization.

The book is well written, in twelve chapters, and shows rare knowledge of his subject by the author, and much research and painstaking delving into history and early religious teachings. Chapter VIII, "As a Man Thinketh," is ably handled. Other subjects are "The Universal Mind in Man" and "Man Illimitable." The author concludes his book with a fervent exposition of the "Art of Living," showing a strong belief in the law of compensation, that life is an individual function, a problem for each person to work out in the manner best suited to his own individuality, wherein the author consciously or unconsciously agrees with the Catholic doctrine "that we are all endowed with a free will to use for good or evil, and as we use it, so shall we be rewarded or punished."

That the book will evoke much criticism from the creeds, sects, or cults therein challenged is obvious, yet there is no bitterness of hostility shown by the author.

It is well worth reading, and doubtless will receive a deserved recognition.—J. HENRY DALY.

POULTRY DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT. By B. F. Kaupp, M. Sc. D. V. S. Edited by D. M. Campbell, D. V. S., Editor American Journal of Veterinary Medicine. The American Journal of Veterinary Medicine, 1923 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

The author, B. F. Kaupp, is commissioner of health at Spartansburg, S. C. He has been veterinary inspector, Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture; Professor of Pathology, division of Veterinary Medicine, Colorado Agricultural College, and Pathologist to the Colorado Agricultural Station; Professor of Parasitology, Kansas City Veterinary College, and director of the anatomy laboratory, and is also the author of *Animal Parasites and Parasitic Diseases*.

Poultry Diseases, the author says, is written to fill a demand from veterinary students, students in poultry, husbandry courses at our agricultural colleges, veterinary practitioners, and others interested in the scientific treatment of poultry diseases. However, after a careful reading in which much valuable information has been absorbed, we are of the opinion its careful study not only by veterinary students and practitioners, but by poultryman and chicken fanciers, professionals and amateurs, would well repay them.

Section 1—"Visceral Anatomy of the Hen" is accompanied by a numbered plate of the digestive and genito-urinary tracts, that is most interesting and which the good housewife and cook might study with profit.

The book contains fifty-five other illustrations of the matters treated.

The author claims more than thirty species of external parasites infest birds, describes

Continued on page 441.

Just Among *the* Philosopher's Family

LAST month we told a few things about Dr. Leavitt and the articles he is contributing to *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER*. This month we want to tell about two loyal supporters of the Philosopher with whom we became acquainted through their friendship for the magazine and for Mr. Sheldon and his work. We should like to tell you about these friends of ours, not because they are wonderful, because they have attained great fame or riches, or because they are better or wiser than our neighbors, but because they are just plain "folks," the kind that make up this world of ours and help keep it running. We come across them every little while, these earnest chaps trying to render their share of service, and when we meet them through the daily mail, and come to know their personality and their inner thoughts, we just shake hands with them across the miles and are filled with the desire to have our thousands of Philosopher readers also know them. Did you ever stop to think that the most interesting thing in this world are these same folks? Looking out our mental window over the multitude of lives about us, we see here and there, rising above the crowds, some earnest chap striving each day to do something a little different, a little better than he did it the day before. Through the floating streams of commercialism, by some formal business letter we get in touch with his life, are impressed by his personality, come to know him better, and thus have another friend with whom we can exchange wireless thoughts for comfort and inspiration. These friends of ours are all we ask of reward for any good thing we have contributed to the world. We are going to let you know just a little about our friend Carl W. Pierson, president of the Rockford School of Engineering, at Rockford, Illinois. Like the "Father of His Country," he picked out the 22d of February as a good day on which to be born, and like the writer of this article, he selected for the place New York state, more specifically, Salamanca.

Just as early as possible in his life, his family removed to Grand Rapids, Michigan, that he might have another good place to start from. As you will remember, we told you last month that "Dr. Leavitt beat him to Grand Rapids by some years, being born there." He certainly was not afraid that the prophet was without honor

in his own country, as he established himself and his life work right in the city of Rockford, where he had gone through public school and the Rockford high school. Because of an ever prompting ambition to earn money, he left the high school before completing the course and was apprenticed to a printer. He learned the printers' trade and probably, like every printers' "devil," his thoughts were soon centered on several forms of publication.

The ambition was subdued for a few years while he spent his time in the employment of several manufacturers. He was employed in both woodworking and machine shops, and

grew to learn much of the conditions of the men who live on the lower strata of life. But as time went on, the prompting to enter the field of journalism could not be subdued and finally, with much difficulty and no end to planning and agitation, he entered into a publishing business. This house published for a period of a year *The Angelus Monthly*, a periodical of hope and high ideals of which he was the editor, then met an inevitable death at the hands of merciless creditors.

Realizing that greater knowledge would be valuable, and having been urged to go to Walden College by President Brunstrom of that institution, who had been attracted to him through his efforts as an editor, he tore away from his dying enterprise and enrolled at the above-mentioned college. Without funds, he had no alternative but to earn his way through school. This he did by working as advertising man, as newspaper reporter, and taking up many of the multifarious duties that fall to the lot of striving youth.

While in college his life was filled with scholastic advantages, and he served at different times as football manager, chairman of the Athletic Association, editor of the school's publication, president of the Literary Society, chairman of the Debating Club, class president, and manager of the Students' Employment Bureau.

After graduating from college he took a position as instructor in a high school and then in an academy. The world of publicity offering glowing inducements recalled his attention, and he again took up work in advertising, finally becoming manager of "The Waldonians." Simultaneous with this latter work he acted in

Continued on page 447



CARL W. PIERSON

The Following Letter From One Brother To Another

Mr. Harry Daly, the writer, until recently a Chicago citizen, two years invalided because of nervous strain incident to fifteen years' participation in Chicago commercialism, enthusiastically sings the praises of Area and the activities here, present and prospective.

Area, Ill., May 14th, 1914.

Mr. Eugene A. Daly, Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Brother 'Gene:

Did you ever hear of Arthur Frederick Sheldon? No? Well YOU want to wake up and get acquainted with "who's who" and what's going on in this world. Mr. Sheldon's the fellow that put "busy" in Business, and builded the foundation to building - do you get me? "Business-Building." I have had the good fortune - and believe me it WAS good fortune - to meet him face to face. He has an estate of some 700 acres, situated 37 miles northwest of Chicago, at Area, Illinois, so called in honor of the Philosophy he teaches, - "Ability-Reliability-Endurance-Action." Get it? Well, what I am trying to say is, that I was invited by William T. Goffe, well-known representative of Mr. Sheldon, and Associate-Editor of The Business Philosopher, to visit him at his home in Area. Here I met Mr. Sheldon. It has been the dream of Sheldon's life - and it is right now about to be consummated - to endow an Institution of Training that would be a memorial of his life's work, namely development of the Philosophy of Man-Building, Business-Building. He already has several fine buildings erected for the Institute - the AREA INSTITUTE OF BUSINESS TECHNOLOGY. He will have at the start accommodation for 100 or more boys, between the ages of 14 and 18 years. The regular Curriculum will cover a period of four years, leading to an appropriate degree in harmony with the all-round development of the student. The professions will not be taught here; but the three divisions of the mind - KNOWING, FEELING, and WILLING - and the PHYSICAL MAN will be trained and developed to

(using Mr. Sheldon's own term) "a marked degree." You can see without putting your specs on that this is no ordinary Business (?) College grinding out finished (?) stenogs; finished (?) book keepers, etc., where the unfortunate meet their finish after working 15 minutes for any one kind enough of heart to give them a chance. Oh, no; 'Gene, this institution teaches "Man-Building," and "Business-Building." Now get that right; business building and man building, from foundation to roof. But to get back to what I started to say: You have heard of the Garden Spot in Paradise? Well, this estate of Sheldon's is it. As I said before it comprises 700 acres, with a beautiful body of fresh water (Lake Eara) in the center; surrounded by shady groves; lawns of velvety turf; and acres of rich soil now planted to everything good to eat. But now I'll endeavor to get back again to my starting-point; though as you say down in your Maryland country, "I swan" that every time I try to write about this place, my thoughts keep tumbling over each other and carrying me right back to the beauty of this paradise-on-earth. Now then, we are (and I say "we" because, as I forgot to tell you, I have become a fixture from a visitor) to have a Summer School out here from July 20th to August 1st, and from August 17th to the 29th, for the weary business man, personally conducted by Mr. Sheldon. There is another fellow out here named C. E. Kimball, title - Manager The Sheldon Summer School. He is a great big boy. If you don't believe me just steal, beg, borrow, or buy the current edition of The Business Philosopher on sale everywhere, and take a look at him, 240 pounds of jolly good nature. Among his many pleasurable duties it will be to show the tired commercialist who attends the Summer School how to play, before, between, and after Mr. Sheldon's lectures; and believe me, "Kim" knows his business.

You are a business man: You have four boys; you will take a vacation this summer; now take it from me, - you write C. E. Kimball, Manager Sheldon Summer School, Area, Illinois, for reservation. You will feast on the fat of the land, sleep under the stars, in a tent or in a dormitory. But "do it now," and if you afterward say it was not the most beneficial mentally, physically and morally, and the most delightful vacation you ever had, I'll pay your expenses. You'll hear from Mr. Sheldon himself, his aim in founding the Institute, wherein it differs from other institutions of learning, and see for yourself the environment surrounding the students here,

the air of culture, the clean atmosphere, and that goes for both outside and inside of the college walls, and you will hear of a plan whereby you can become affiliated with the Institute yourself.

I believe that upon your return east you will sing the praises of the Sheldon Summer School to your friends, acquaintances, cronies, and that you will not hesitate to pack off one or more of your boys, my nephews, to The Area Institute of Business Technology.

Ever read that pretty little poem by Charles Mackay, entitled "The Inquiry?" I quote it with apology to the Author for the answer. The answer is mine.

"Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?"
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And answered, "Yes, at Area."

"Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play-
Knowest thou some favor'd spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs-
Where sorrow never lives and friendship never dies?"
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow
Stopped for awhile, and answered, "Yes, at Area."

"Then thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all that round, hath thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?"
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew
And a voice, sweet, said, "Yes, at Area."

"Tell me, my secret soul - oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?"
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes," in
Heaven."

and that means Area.

Lest you forget; write, and do it now, for sample copy of
The Business Philosopher, Area, Illinois.

My very best wishes to you and yours,

Your affectionate brother,

J.H.D.



*This Boy is "Kim"
He Will Make You Glad You Kum—
Sort 'o Make You Feel at Hum.
You Should Know Him.*

Which?

By KIM

Yes, I know you intend to come to Area this summer, but what's puzzling me is this—

*Which term
and which plan
do you prefer?*

I do want to give every one good service and you can help me in this more than you know by telling me now, when I shall see your smile. July or August, and whether you want a room in the dormitory or in a tent.

If you want to play real Indian and extract the greatest possible amount of prana from the ozone, I advise the tent.

If you want the modern accommodations, a little more handy like, say, dormitory—if you want the latter say so soon. There's going to be a big crowd and we cannot build any more dormitories this year. The reservations are coming in lively and if my prophesies are working right you will not be able to come in the dormitory class unless you hustle up.

TWO TERMS

- (1) July term, July 20 to Aug. 1.
- (2) Aug. term, Aug. 17 to Aug. 29.

WHICH ?

Two kinds of sleeping quarters:

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| (1) Dormitory | } Each same price. |
| (2) Tents | |

WHICH ?

Please let me know.

C. E. KIMBALL

Manager Sheldon Summer School
Area, Illinois



THIS is a picture of the cup won by the Winnipeg boys at the last session of the Summer School, 1911.

It was presented by Milton Bergey of Toronto, Canada.

The Toronto delegation swear in advance, that they are going to take the cup back to Toronto. The Winnipeg delegation seem just as determined that the cup still belongs in Winnipeg. I don't know yet just how the Chicago boys feel about it, but my impression is that there will be something doing at the session of the Summer School concerning the whereabouts for this cup the coming year.



Jean Paul Marat

The name of Marat will forever be associated with the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution. He fell at last by the hand of Charlotte Corday to avenge the loss of her lover. This period contains more dramatic interest than any other in the world's history. It is out of this period that the Empire was born, dominated and ruled by Napoleon. It is generally conceded the best account of the French Revolution is by America's great historian, Dr. John Clark Ridpath. The story of this period should be read by every American who prizes his citizenship and loves his country. How else are we to judge of the great questions that confront our own Republic except from the lessons of the past?

Six Thousand Years of History

Ridpath, the historian, takes the reader back to the very beginning of civilization and traces man's career down through the long highway of time, through the rise and fall of empires and nations. He covers every race and every nation, and holds the reader spell-bound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting or inspiring has ever been written. If you would know the history of mankind, every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, then embrace this opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication —

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We will name our special low price and easy terms of payment only in direct letters. A coupon for your convenience is printed on the lower corner of this advertisement. Tear off the coupon, write your name and address plainly and mail. We do not publish our special low price for the reason Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her support from the royalty on this History, and to print our low price broadcast would cause injury to the sale of future editions.

Mail Coupon for 46-Page FREE Booklet

We will mail you our beautiful forty-six page free booklet of specimen pages from the History without any obligation on your part to buy. Hundreds who read this have thought that sometime they would buy a History of the World and inform themselves on all the great events that have made and unmade nations. Don't you think it would be worth while to at least send the coupon and find out all about our remarkable offer?

Ridpath's Graphic Style

Ridpath's enviable position as a historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battle of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that History becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO



SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

them, their history, the effect of such infections and how to deal with them.

Internal parasites which he says are by no means rare, he classifies under four heads, giving their scientific names and synonyms as well, so as to be understood by all, their symptoms, preventions, and treatment.

Other chapters treat of the isolation of non-layers, diseases of the digestive tract, blood, constitution, liver, ovary, and oviduct, respiration, brain, and legs and feet diseases symptoms and treatment.

Interesting chapters follow on tumors, bacteria of the intestinal tract of chickens; the egg; malformations; fractures — wounds — anesthesia.

The section on sanitation, — for which the author acknowledges his indebtedness to D. M. Campbell, D. V. S., editor of *American Journal of Veterinary Medicine*, — is especially well written, calling to the attention that where any considerable number of birds are gathered on limited grounds, disease is certain to appear among them and defining "Sanitation" as "intelligently directed measures to prevent or delay the appearance of disease in a flock" and "all sane measures to limit its spread and encompass its eradication."

The attention is also called to the fact that whereas on large farms where the fowls are allowed practically unlimited range the loss may be small where poor sanitation prevails, but in intensive poultry plants while it may succeed for a time "must inevitably fail" in the end.

Valuable information is given as to the Site for Poultry Plants, Buildings and Runways, Water Supply, Disinfection of Birds, Temperature of Rooms, Disinfection of Yards, Disposal of Sick and Dead Birds, and the Mode of Performing an Autopsy. Verily the chicken is heir to as many ills as man and from much the same cause — ignorance of man.

Nevertheless, in polite deference to the author's valued treatise and with gratitude for the knowledge gained therefrom, yet, the sight of fried chicken and cream gravy continues to warm the cockles of our heart, and we can still say in our happiest vein — "Another helping of the chicken, please," and be content. — J. HENRY DALY.

THE INSTINCT OF WORKMANSHIP. By Thorstein Veblen. \$1.50. The McMillan Co., New York.

This, a suggestive essay by the author of *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, is written in scholarly style, showing masterful knowledge of social, psychological, and physiological questions.

The quotations employed embrace some of the best thought of modern times, both European and American, such well known authorities as James, Jacques Loeb, Graham Wallis, Sombart, Karl Bücher; and reports of the Bureau of Ethnology.

The author discusses at length the terms "instinct" and "instinctive" as applied to mankind "and the other higher animals," also the Mendelian theories of heredity, saying that "the

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You don't have to monkey with dangerous, awkward or unsightly locks, extensions, or so-called Safety devices—There are none.

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You can't lose your cap from a Laughlin—it secures itself *Automatically*.

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If you have no old back-number dropper-filler pen to send us in exchange, just enclose \$2.50 with this coupon containing your name and address, we will send the pen by return mail. *Delivery Guaranteed.*

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183 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.

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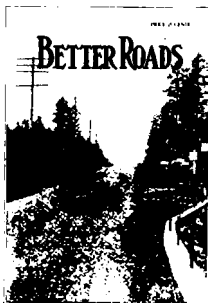
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Mr. Sheldon told me less than a month ago, at his office in Area, that he is more interested in the road question from a Business standpoint than he has ever made known to the public—yet. Are you prepared to become interested in this big question, more important to our final welfare than

the result of the trouble in Mexico? If so, learn more about it by subscribing to "Better Roads and Streets," a magazine published by Jesse Taylor, the man who is doing more for the cause than any man in America.

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people of Europe, each and several, are hybrid mixtures, made up of several racial stocks," and while no modern anthropologist would confuse nationality with race, yet "the similarity of these National hybrid types is so great as to perplex the student of race endeavoring to identify the social stocks from which these hybrid types come." He further says that "the instinct of workmanship occupies the interest with practical expedients, ways and means, devices and contrivances of efficiency and economy, proficiency, creative work, and mastery of facts.

A chapter is devoted to each of the following subjects: "Contamination of Instincts in Primitive Technology"; "The Savage State of the Industrial Arts"; "The Technology of the Predatory Culture"; "Ownership and the Competitive System"; "The Era of Handicraft," and the book concludes with "The Machine Industry," in which big business is rather severely arraigned.

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the capacity of instructor in the Rockford School of Engineering during evening hours.

The dignity of school work again made itself manifest, so that when the position of assistant director of the above school was offered, he accepted it. On the first of January following he was elected president of the Rockford School of Engineering, which position he still fills.

Since infancy, so to speak, he has written, both verse and prose. His mind is prone to delve into the more abstract themes, and consequently the more ideal. The origin and ultimate destination of things hold a constant lure to his thoughts and these are the things which he sets down from time to time, although lengthier articles also have been written by him.

Now he has promised to let us have a page of his work each month in THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, and perhaps now and then he will come across with an occasional lengthier article.

You have all heard of Lewis Victor Eyttinge, that soul which went down into the depths and passed through the "Valley of Despond" before he found that he had within himself the divine spark of manhood, and the gift of writing such letters as would make "The great god Bud (bloomin' idol made of mud)" sit up and take notice, and what's more, come across with the filthy lure.

To be sure, he is shut off by the walls of the Arizona State Prison, but in spite of this slight handicap he makes himself felt and is a source of inspiration to more people than you and I and the whole office force of your and my places of business and a dozen like us. Why, he sits right down to his typewriter surrounded by four thick stone walls and turns out letters that get right in under your skin and reach you where you live.

But it is not Mr. Eyttinge of whom we want to talk now, but of another man who, like Eyttinge, had to go down hill before he found the path uphill, but who, having found that path, is now climbing it with a speed, a concentration of purpose, that puts all of us to shame. I want to tell you about this man, James McPherson Shockley, now confined in the Utah State Prison for some error against the law of the land, but whose soaring spirit is reaching out for every good thing that comes within his grasp. Next month we shall tell you more about him and, what is more important, let him tell you about himself. There is a lesson to learn in every line of what he says. Below, we print a little verification Mr. Shockley sent us by way of a card of thanks for THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, which we sent to him.

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

By James McPherson Shockley

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER came.
I greeted him, speaking his name
With care; for I wondered
What form of achievement—
If any—had given him fame.

His outward appearance was fine:
His dress was attractive—each line
Was wrought to perfection;
His presence was cheering—
'Twas restful to tired orbs like mine.

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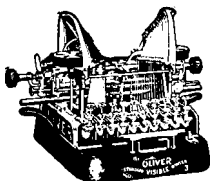
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Said I to my caller: "I'd learn
(Like Omar of old, from the Urn),
Some message from thee, if
Thou hast one to murmur;
So speak, as these pages I turn."

No fugitive speech heard I then:
He spoke not of saints, but of men—
Of men with a purpose—
Of live men who do things—
Of men—*thinking men*—**REAL MEN.**

And when the last page had been turned,
I told him this: "Friend, I have learned
From thee some great truths—and
Not meaningless maxims;
I'm glad that with *truth* you're concerned."

Oh, long may this new friend survive
To help toiling men to "arrive!"
And long may the Masters
Who speak through its pages
Continue to teach men to strive!

It is quite a jump from the Utah State Prison, from the cell of a man shut off from his fellow-creatures, to the office of the president of a large and thriving industry who sits at his desk directing the work of hundreds of his fellow townsmen. Here is another man who yet finds time from the cares of business to think and write upon the philosophy of life and to dream of high ideals. Your old friend, who has contributed to these pages from time to time in years gone by, has again favored us with the expression of some of the truths he has found in his work, and this he has selected and written down for the benefit of us all. Next month you will again have an opportunity to "listen" through these pages to Mr. George H. VanArman, who will talk to you on the "Forces that Win Success."

Last month we said something to you about supporting this magazine. We did not mean to lay it on too hard about mere monetary support. Necessary as the material side is, there are many other kinds of support, that mean as much or more to us than what we spoke of last month. Here is an instance of the way one man feels about Mr. Sheldon and the magazine. Mr. Griffin is vice-president and secretary of the large wholesale produce firm of Black & Griffin at Ogden, Utah. Under date of April 24, 1914, he writes as follows:

Mr. A. F. Sheldon, Esq., Area, Illinois.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER OF ALL MANKIND:
—I wish to congratulate you upon having reached another milestone of life on the first proof. How rapidly they spin and are gone.

That April **BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER** of yours. It's indeed a "peach." Why, Brother, think, if you can, what it would be worth to mankind to read and comprehend just this one issue. We'd have the long-sought-for heaven on earth right now, wouldn't we?

You are certainly to be congratulated for the good you are doing in getting these ideas before a small portion of mankind, and how blind we are not to make more of them.

I have a list of a few hundred particular friends. If at any time you have a surplus of

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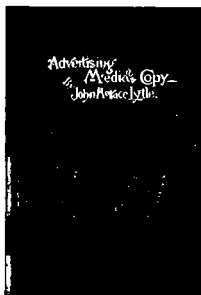
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By James Horace Lytle

This book, published about a year ago, has had a steady and continuous sale. A few weeks ago Mr. Louis Victor Eyttinge wrote to Mr. Lytle, as follows, about this book:

"I've never forgotten that I owe you some degree of gratitude, for your darned little book helped me quite a bit toward the position I now have in the letter field. I've said a kindly word about it in a forthcoming article in *Office Appliances*." It gets right down to business and tells you *how* to write letters that bring in profitable orders, that get money by mail, how to establish credits, how to make collections, in fact, it deals with handling complaints, sales-letters, landing prospects, and follow-up letters — persuasive letters of every kind and for every purpose that a business man might require.

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S. J. GIFFIN.

Another friend sends along sixteen dollars for seven years' subscription to THE PHILOSOPHER, as he does not want to run any chances of missing a copy. On May 6th we received the following letter:

Mr. A. F. Sheldon, Esq.,
care Sheldon University Press,
Arla, Illinois.

DEAR SIR:

I beg to advise that I feel that it is one of the most valuable magazines that I take, as it gives me so many ideas in the conducting of business generally and in the handling of men. The fine features about the articles are that they are short and to the point, and full of information.

With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. FRED ELMHIRST,
Belleville, Ill.

Now these are only a few of the letters, the originals of which we have on file here in our office, that come across our desk from day to

day. It is from such men as these who read THE PHILOSOPHER and get benefit therefrom, and who are so anxious to pass a good thing along that they send us the names of their friends, to whom they write, urging them to subscribe, that make us still believe that in this day of the making of many magazines, we are yet rendering a peculiar service all our own. Now if you feel that way, why don't you help us by telling your friends about THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER?

The greatest advertisement that any man can have, as so often said, is a satisfied customer. You are a customer of our brains, as expressed in these pages. Mr. Sheldon has traveled back and forth across Canada, the United States, through England, Scotland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. He has discussed with hundreds—yes, thousands—of the ablest men of these countries the problems and ethics of business. He has studied their plans, has discussed the broader views of their industries, and out of this ripe experience he is now passing on to you, through these pages, his conclusions for your benefit.

Don't you know of some friend who needs THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER? We do not want, nor will we take the two dollars from any one to whom the magazine will not render a real and vital service.

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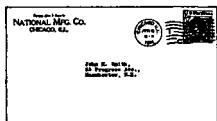
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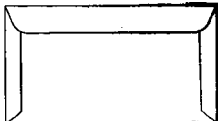
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One Flap For Sending
One Flap For Returning

Round Trip Envelopes Cut Your Costs In Half

ONE ROUND TRIP ENVELOPE EQUALS TWO SEPARATE ENVELOPES BY CARRYING BOTH MESSAGE AND ANSWER

50% ECONOMY in envelopes, printing, inserting second envelope, addressing, etc. EFFICIENCY 100%

SINCE the beginning of Envelope history man has used envelopes with only one sealing flap.

To carry a message and bring back an answer has always required TWO complete envelopes.

The Round Trip Envelope now updates this accepted custom by giving each envelope TWO FLAPS, compelling the ONE envelope to do the work of TWO. It also does what no two separate envelopes can ever do, as you shall presently see.

The patent office records in Europe and America describe our invention as "An envelope with a single pocket and sealing flaps on either side." Please read again and fix clearly in your mind as this is all there is to our whole story.

Ridiculously simple, is it not? And to think that this was not done ages ago. But it wasn't and even the name "Round Trip Envelope" had to be coined by this Company for the purpose.

Note here the simple illustrations of surface and sectional views of this ONE Envelope performing the work of TWO thru just an extra flap—above, as it goes to a customer, and below, as it again returns. *Safely and surely, with Identification and Postal records complete.*

So much for what this two-flap envelope IS.

What it DOES is the agreeable surprise to organized business, with possibilities beyond all comprehension in one reading.

If you had a man in your office who daily destroyed your correspondence records how long would it take you to stop such a costly leak?

For any business using the mails, Envelopes carry records equally as valuable where orders and remittances are to be returned or recognized for; but the problem was to preserve these records while out of your possession.

The solution comes to you in Round Trip Envelopes, because customers all like them for making business transactions easier. From the point of SAFETY the benefit is mutual.

Be Wise and Capitalize the Waste Products of the Commercial Wastebaskets

Round Trip Envelopes are primarily designed to utilize the waste products from the business wastebasket because the spent Envelopes carrying the first message possess the only complete, accurate post office record showing dates and hours of mailing and receipt by both parties together with identity of the original addressee. Mail customers unconsciously preserve and return you this valuable record because you make it easy and pleasant to do so.

Just ask any large mail order, or publishing house how much unidentified mail and remittances reach them. The answer we can assure you will be astounding.

Write for Samples

You might mention a quantity and let us quote a price.

Round Trip Envelope Co.

NEW YORK CITY—KANSAS CITY, MO.
327 W. 36th ST. 1804 GRAND AVE.

As a matter of fact one large western Mail-order house has accumulated nearly a million dollars in unidentified remittances received. Round Trip Envelopes would have reduced the Envelope expense one-half and made both buyer and seller much happier.

Every modern business suffers more or less with this great defect in organized system and millions of dollars are annually misappropriated in the mails or lost in legal confusion thru failure to preserve these invaluable records.

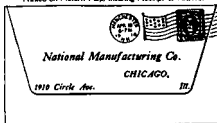
For several years past a number of large concerns doing a mail order business in various lines have demonstrated that the returns from Round Trip Envelopes exceed those of the old method of using two separate Envelopes.

Your customers will instantly fall in with this new idea, and the prestige of progressiveness will be an unexpected reward and a business asset.

This is not difficult to grasp, as tests have shown beyond all doubt that the human interest in Round Trip Envelopes is pretty much the same in the minds of past masters of business, experience or the most rationally ignorant. In removing a message from the envelope the recipient unconsciously withdraws the fresh addressed sealing flap from within the envelope. With it comes the ever same pleased expression, "how simple."

This is a Power of Salesmanship which should not be overlooked by the shrewd executive who formulates mail campaigns.

FRONT OF ENVELOPE WITH RETURN ADDRESS
Printed on Return Flap, Insuring Receipt of Answer



FRONT VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED



SAME ENVELOPE AS ABOVE WITH SHORT FLAP
Used in Sending Letter Removed



BACK VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Build a \$5,000 Business of Your Own—Be Independent

A Specialist is always well paid—especially if there is a good demand for his services. We turn out Specialists for a new unlimited field. We prepare men to handle collections and credits. We practically set you up in business for yourself. Our methods are exclusive, our systems are peculiar to our work and results are certain.

Surely You Can Do What 3,500 Others Have Done

Over 3,500 men in every walk of life have completed our instructions at home, many of them in spare time. These have established themselves in a permanent, growing and highly profitable business—and there are more following in their footsteps. Can you do what the 3,500 have done?

Surely You Can Succeed With 3,500 Helpers

Not only are we back of you, but you will have also the co-operation of the entire system—over 3,500 trained and practical assistants to cover the entire country—over 3,500 sources from which to draw new ideas and new business in your territory. The Cooperative Bureau is a very fitting name for this organization. You become a member, without charge, when you finish the course.



W. A. Shryer, Pres.

Start Now—Spare Time Only

Mail the coupon at once for a synopsis of the entire course and a wealth of evidence, facts and figures. Let me tell you what hundreds of our graduates are doing—how they have built businesses for themselves earning incomes ranging from \$3,000 to \$5,000. You need not give up your present position to start in this business. Notice from the letters on this page how many have started in spare time only. Our absolute guarantees are on file with every publisher carrying our advertisements. Use the coupon. Be sure and mail it promptly.

American Collection Service,
604 State Street, Detroit, Michigan

Five Average Cases

These are only average cases—not the most remarkable examples by any means—taken from our new "Testimony Book." Mail the coupon for this book now.

\$170.30 Weekly Profit

"During past six months have averaged \$160.30 per week in commissions; record week \$252.06. Commissions from first of year have averaged \$170.30 weekly."

CLAUDE KING,
Springfield, Mass.

\$50,000 Yearly Business

"Started agency in spare time, but growth soon compelled exclusive attention. Have now 200 clients. Collections for year will approximate \$50,000. Average commissions 30%. Highly recommend your system."

R. M. STANLEY,
Los Angeles, Cal.

\$263.00 Profit First

Month Spare Time
"First month following enrollment profits were \$263. This was done in spare time and evenings. Business has increased tremendously and am now devoting full time. Give all the credit to Mr. Shryer's system. It is worth ten times the cost."

A. PHILIP HYDE,
Holyoke, Mass.

\$150.00 Per Week

"I have been making in the neighborhood of \$150.00 per week, net commissions, for the past eight months. Your system is far superior to any competition that may be encountered."

J. M. PURVIS,
Toronto, Ont.

Four Months' Profits

"Following are my commissions for past four months: March, \$26.12; April, \$40.43; May, \$40.77; June, \$45.63."

H. A. MURPHY,
Youngstown, O.

COUPON MAIL TODAY

W. A. SHRYER, Pres.,
AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE,
504 State St., Detroit, Michigan

Please mail without cost or obligation to me, the full synopsis of your course; and "Pointers on the Collection business."

Name.....
Address.....

SEE "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

The History of a Book

TOLD IN SIMPLE TERMS

When a man looks into his own heart and then writes, he is likely to produce something worth while. The world likes men of deep feeling, profound thought, and positive convictions. The history of the world is epitomized in men of that type. Men of thought and character in our own day are breaking away from old dogmas and traditions; they are introducing many new principles of efficient action. Modern methods are distancing the old. We startle our grandsires by our innovations, and then justify our innovations by making good with them. There are changes in business, in theology, and lastly in medicine. You well know what has taken place in the business world, and have an inkling of what has occurred in the religious world. Now we want to tell you what is occurring in the medical world.

Fifteen years ago there was a doctor in Chicago who had climbed the professional ladder to near its top rung. He was a member of the faculty of one of the large medical schools, and had achieved a national reputation as a physician and a writer. He had a large and influential following. In short he had made a splendid success as the world commonly measures men. Had this doctor been less thoughtful and conscientious he might have followed the usual course; but the world would have been worse off. He got an idea, and you know what an idea is capable of doing to one. It grew until it possessed him and pushed him into new and untried channels. He is one of the men who have had a vision. And what do you suppose that idea was? We will tell you what it was, but we have not room to tell now just how he came by it. The idea can be put into a few words. Here it is: *The remote or predisposing cause of disease is mental, not physical.* Isn't that a Christian Science idea? you ask. No, for Christian Science says there is no such thing as disease. It is a mere delusion of the "mortal mind." But this doctor says there is disease, and that, since it originates in mind, its cure must come from the mental side. This is a revolutionary idea. It is heretical from the orthodox medicine point of view; and it was no wonder that the Doctor was condemned by his confreres. But he merely went right on "sawing wood" and let them talk, until now some of them are trying to steal the Doctor's thunder, which being new to them they are making sorry work of handling.

For the sake of a conviction that concerns human welfare a man of character will sacrifice even life itself. At that time psychotherapy, or mind cure, would not be tolerated by the leaders in the profession, and those who spoke in its favor were flouted as "Christian Scientists." This doctor knew that it needed but to be known to be appreciated, and so he set about putting what he learned into writing, under the title *As Ye Will*. On the appearance of this book, which was published ten years ago, he resigned from the college and began to urge his new work in an earnest way, and with increased success. *In this ten years he has demonstrated that Psychotherapy is the giant thing in modern therapeutics.* This doctor courageously sacrificed immediate advantage for the sake of a conviction, and is now reaping the reward of his strong action.

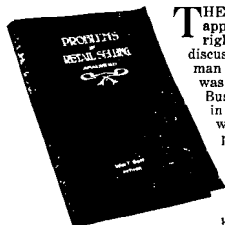
The book, *As Ye Will* opens up a most astonishing field of thought, which has already been of priceless worth to thousands. To any man, whether ill or well, it is invaluable. It is full of instruction and inspiration. If you are well you need it as a preventive of disease. If you are ill you need it to tell you how to recover your health. If your ambition sags it will fill you with new life.

The author of this book is *Sheldon Leavitt, M. D.*, who has practiced medicine and surgery in Chicago for thirty years.

The book is not put out for the profit there may be in it. He aims only to get the truths it contains before the public, by whom it is so greatly needed. It originally sold for \$2.50, but this revised edition, nicely bound, is going at only \$1.50, postage prepaid. It is worth a thousand times that sum to any man or woman who values health and happiness.

Address all orders and remittances to *THOUGHT, 1685 Lake Park Ave., Chicago*

Some Thoughts on the Retail World of Selling



THERE is one statement, which always appeals to me as specially germane to a right understanding, and a reasonable discussion, of the Laws of Success. The man who originally made the statement was the formulator of the Science of Business, and is recognized to-day, both in America and Europe, as one of the world's greatest living teachers and philosophers.

He said:—

"Everything in the universe is under law. There is no such thing as luck or chance. Nature's ways are exact, strain for strain, and blow for blow, with no allowance for

intention. Nature has no bad debts; keeps

no profit and loss account; nor does she ever fail in compensation. She settles all her scores at the proper time. We cannot 'break' her laws, though we may violate them; and when we do, the penalty we must pay is exact and unescapable."

Considered openly and without prejudice, that constitutes, it seems to me, a *very great* saying.

It follows then, that success in life—desirable conditions that last and perpetually increase—may come to a man only through living in harmony with, and in conformity to, Fundamental Natural Law. The first step then, is to learn to *know* and *understand* natural and fundamental law. This, in order that we may "line-up," and keep in harmony.

See Goffe's book—"Problems in Retail Selling, Analyzed"—for the reason, and the outworking of the "How." Ask for a free copy of the INDEX or TABLE OF CONTENTS.

(Fill in the Following Coupon)

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Area, Illinois.

Please send me a free copy of the Index or Table of Contents of your new book entitled, "PROBLEMS IN RETAIL SELLING, ANALYZED."

Name..... Address.....

Firm Name..... Position.....

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

Good Salesmen Wanted For Good Positions

Salesmen who want a position which gives them dignity influence, usefulness, and a fine income, now have an opportunity to engage in a work that brings them into touch with the best people in every community.

The work enables them to get acquainted with all the best people in towns and cities where lyceum courses are booked. They form acquaintances which welcome them back every year, and help swell the income.

Last year one representative cleared over \$5,000.00 in less than the first five months of the year.

Experienced men will find special profit, but we are also able to put new men into paying positions and them advance.

And lest we forget—**WOMEN REPRESENTATIVES** find pleasant and profitable work in this field.

WRITE TODAY and tell us your age, experience, present work, and how much time, and what territory you can handle. If you have the ability to operate as **MANAGER OF A DISTRICT BRANCH**, we have an extra good opening. References exchanged. Address,

Arthur E. Gringle

Editor of THE LYCEUM WORLD, Indianapolis, Indiana

\$5,000.00 PER NIGHT IN LYCEUM WORK

No explorer before or since has approached the harvest that Henry M. Stanley reaped (say as writer in the *New York Sun*), and no man of letters, soldiers, or scholar, has had such a single lecture tour as Stanley's greatest. In something like ten big cities he received \$2,000 for his first appearance. For the first night in another group of cities he received \$1,000 and in still another group \$500. Travelling in a special car upon which he lived in most places, and accompanied by four or five guests, he ended the tour with \$64,000 clear of all expenses. For that first night in New York a charity paid Stanley's agent \$5,000.00 and the receipts from the lecture were \$14,765.

\$50,000 A YEAR

In lyceum work, men like Wm. J. Bryan earn much more—as much as \$5,000 a week. Many who can deliver a good lecture, or lecture-recital of some good author, or can sing or entertain, or have musical ability, earn hundreds of dollars a week.

PERHAPS YOU CAN DO IT

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Edited by **ARTHUR E. GRINGLE**

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SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

What Would You Give to Learn

- How to prepare for interviews.
- How to size up prospects.
- How to secure attention.
- How to impress big business men.
- How to anticipate and meet objections.
- How to illustrate arguments.
- How to present your proposition when you have only two or three minutes' time.
- How to become familiar with trade conditions affecting your territory or your line.
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- How to determine a prospect's right to credit.
- How to conduct correspondence with your house.
- How to utilize records kept at home office.
- How to collect old accounts when required.
- How to deal with competition.
- How to qualify for promotion.
- How to secure the best traveling accommodations with the least expense.
- How to "entertain" satisfactorily and economically.
- How to train the memory.
- How to develop originality.
- How to concentrate.

- How to develop and use the imagination.
- How to exert your will.
- How to get action.

The above are a few of the thousands of pointers, suggestions, plans and systems for getting more business and making more money, which are contained in the

BUSINESS LIBRARY FOR BIG BUSINESS MEN

There are single pointers here, any one of which is worth the price of the entire set.

No man could learn from his own experience one thousandth part of what is contained in these volumes. Yet you can have this tremendous reference work at hand upon your desk by the payment of a few pennies a day.

A request will bring you full description of the books, with price, and outline of our special trial offer.

Just fill out and return to us the coupon below. You can make it worth your while in dollars and cents.

Sheldon University Press
Ara, Illinois

.....1918

Gentlemen: You may please send me descriptive circular of the Business Library for Big Business Men.

Name

Street and No.

City State

Firm Position

How to Play The Great Letter Game Scientifically

The biggest business game today is the sales letter. Not one in a thousand knows how to play it scientifically, but I can tell you the true



story of how \$400,000 was rolled up in a year with no other organization than one boy who could write letters.

It's the new advertising, the new salesmanship, it's business science in its latest, its biggest, its

most universal form. And this story shows that any boy perhaps may be a genius, and any girl may learn to be a "little manager."

If there's a person in the United States who knows this letter game so he can tell another, it is Sherwin Cody. (One big Eastern manufacturer and jobber wrote to an inquiring stranger, "Sherwin Cody is the best letter writer in the United States.") I've been right in it for seven years. My books have been the subject of it. This boy has been my side partner. I've taught Mr. Gard to get \$7,698 from inquiries that before yielded less than \$3,000; the assistant manager of R. D. Nuttall Co. to get 50 per cent more business from his regular inquiries; Mr. Brockleman to triple his retail grocery business in nine months; a green Jap to write a letter that pulled \$10 for every circular mailed. Read their signed testimonials.

The Cody System is twenty half-hours of straight talk right into your mind and heart on How to Use Words so as to Make People Do Things, How to Deal with Human Nature so as to Get Results, how to plan and carry out a big, successful campaign, how to turn your namby-pamby, hasty daily letters into masterly business-bringers, how to manage your office on a scientific plan, how to make your office assistant worth ten times as much to you, and your stenographer a cracker-jack correspondent. I can do for you what I have done for the others.

I want to send you on approval my new, greatly enlarged and perfected series of twenty half-hour weekly talks that go right to the heart of a thousand subjects without a moment wasted, showing you at a glance, in the most intensely practical way, just what you need to know for results. I don't throw a cartload of literature at your head and expect you to absorb it by magic, but feed you in a sane way half an hour a week. You'll digest every particle of my stuff and use it next day.

A postal card will bring a Summary of the Vital Principles of this new science on two typewritten pages, and a two-page letter telling you how You Can Apply these principles to your particular business, on the understanding that you will return the installment in ten days or pay for the entire series, with my new book "How to Do Business by Letter and Advertising," \$10 cash or \$12 at rate of \$3 a month.

Address **SHERWIN CODY** Personally
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER
AREA, ILLINOIS



SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

You can reach business men in every part of the country through a little want ad in **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER**. Do you want to buy anything from merchandise to service, or sell anything? Then use the next issue. Forms close first of month preceding date of issue. Rate, 25 cents a line; seven words to the line.

AGENTS—500 PER CENT PROFIT: GOLD AND Silver sign letters for store and office windows; anyone can put on; free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 431 N. Clark St., Chicago.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. SPLENDID income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. **National Co-Operative Realty Company, L-44 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.**

START AN EASY AND LUCRATIVE BUSINESS—WE teach you how to establish a successful collection agency and refer business to you. No capital required. Little competition. Rare opportunities. Write for "Free Pointers" to-day. **AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 186 State Street, Detroit, Michigan.**

UNCLE SAM IS BEST EMPLOYER;

pay is high and sure; hours short; place permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no layoffs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Special money back guarantee if you write to-day for booklet B-513. **IT IS FREE. EARL HOPKINS, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

GET A
BETTER
PLACE

FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK LOOKS BETTER THAN fifteen. If you have grit and selling ability become our salesman, handling a line of guaranteed office supplies, business helps and printing. Exclusive territory. Apply, **National Office Supply Company, Zion City, Ill.**

EXPERIENCED FOUNTAIN PEN SALESMAN WANTED—To handle our New Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen—Possibilities for a live wire almost unlimited. Address **Laughlin Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.**

WANTED—INFORMATION, NEWS, NAMES, ETC. We have established markets. Spare time—no canvassing. Particulars for stamp, "NISCO"—DOK—Cincinnati.

HUSTLING MAN UNDER 30 YEARS WANTED IN each locality. To join this Society and introduce our **NEW Memberships**. Part or full time—\$50.00 to \$500.00 monthly. Experience not required. Address, **The I-L-U 2940, Covington, Ky.**

BE A MERCHANDISE BROKER. EARN \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. We teach you how to establish a successful merchandise brokerage business. Our system insures success. Can be conducted in any size town. No experience or capital needed. Little competition. Write for "Free Information" to-day. **National Brokerage Company, Department B. P., Davenport, Ia.**

FRIENDS—YOU'RE SURELY COMING TO AREA this Summer and join the rest of the bunch at the Summer University? Well, let us know at once so we can plan for you. Read Mr. Sheldon's letter following reading pages in this issue. Then sit down and drop "Kim" a line. Don't put it off and don't miss this great opportunity to join in this real gathering of the clans. Write direct to **C. E. Kimball at Area, Illinois.**

P. S.—700 acres of beautiful woods and water to play in. Clear, clean air. Food that will be a joy to your physical cosmos and pabulum for your mental nourishment. Inspiration—thought—a good time!

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Every book advertised or reviewed in the pages of **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER** may be obtained direct from **THE SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Area, Lake County, Illinois.** Send the money—tell us what you want, and we will serve you promptly. Hundreds of the best Business-building, Man-building books published on our list. Yes, we believe in the "Money-back" plan, this is intended as a service to our readers.

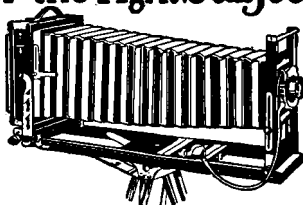
WE HAVE A JOB FOR YOU

Taking subscriptions for **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER**. We pay the largest commission of any of the popular magazines. Make your vacation money from this sideline. One man made \$75.00 during April. One woman made \$14.00 in ten days during spare time. Write to the **Circulation Manager, THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, Area, Lake County, Illinois**, giving references and the amount of time you will devote to this work.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE—THERE IS none, but you are offered my 15 years of experience in handling the largest line of collections and credits in the country. I will supply you with instructions that will enable you to recover on past and minimize the losses of present and future credits. Particulars free. **Frank M. Utt, Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

FREE BOOK—SEND US FIVE NAMES OF FRIENDS to whom we may send sample copies of **The Business Philosopher** and we will send you free, by mail post-paid, your choice of the four books of power by Allen: "As a Man Thinketh," "Out From the Heart," "Through the Gate of Good," or "Morning and Evening Thoughts." **SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Area, Illinois.**

The right Camera for the right Subject.



That's all there is to photography. We know from experience that Seneca Cameras meet every photographic condition successfully. Manufactured by the Largest Independent Camera Makers in the World, they are so constructed that they allow the widest latitude in every branch of artistic photography.

From the Seneca Scout, the smallest and simplest camera of the child, to the complete View Camera pictured above, we make photographic instruments for every known purpose, in all sizes — but one quality. Send to-day for the recent edition of our great Seneca Hand Book of Photography, Free to you. It will tell you just what instrument to buy. The relative merits of roll film, film pack and plate Cameras are discussed and you will know what Camera is the one for your purpose. Best of all, this book is free. Write to-day.

SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Enclosed find 4c in stamps (to cover postage and cost of mailing). Please send me free of all charges the Seneca Hand Book.

Name

Address

Seneca Camera Mfg. Company

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Largest Independent Camera Makers in the World

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

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Issued monthly. Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions; \$2.25 in Canada, and \$2.50 in foreign countries. Requests for "change of address" MUST reach this office before the tenth of the month in order to insure PROPER mailing of the current issue of the magazine. In sending in the new address, please give your previous location.

Published by the Sheldon University Press, Area, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 12, 1912, at the Post Office at Area, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted by Sheldon University Press.

L. P. HARDY CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.

Only a few more days before July 20, the date of the opening of the big July term of the Sheldon Summer School. This is the latest news from Area

Reservations

It is now too late to take advantage of the five per cent discount for the July session. By the time you see this there are yet only a scant few days left to send us the wire:

"Hold reservations for.....men,.....women,.....children. Check will follow."

Stick your check for \$5 in an envelope and post it to C. E. Kimball, Manager of the Sheldon Summer School, Area, Illinois, to make a sure thing of it. If you lay this magazine down you are liable to overlook it until it is *too late*.



The Garden

Gunga Din has had wonderful success with his garden this year, and we are all eating radishes, onions, the finest, tenderest spinach you ever saw, lettuce, and strawberries of his raising. There are quantities and quantities more coming along, besides new potatoes, string beans, peas, sweet corn—in fact green stuff of every shape and variety, which will be fresh every morning for your table. If you only knew how much better all these things taste when served direct from the ground to your plate than they possibly can when carted into the market and sold through the usual channels, this alone would compensate you for a pilgrimage to Area.

The Lake

We have rebuilt the old boat landing, and are putting on the lake good stanch row-boats for those who cannot yet walk upon the water, canoes for the more adventurous who can swim, and are refitting the sailboat, so that you can row, paddle, sail, race, cut bait, or fish to suit your particular wishes. Men, women, and children can enjoy to fullest measure the beauty and coolness of this clear gem of water in Mr. Sheldon's estate.

The Woods

A late spring followed by damp, warm, growing days has brought out among these beautiful hardwood trees, these towering, majestic oaks, such an unusual splendor and variety of wildflower as has not been seen before for several seasons. Each week has found new varieties of flowers blooming for the study of the nature lover, while every evening you will be lulled to rest by the songs of the infinite variety of wild birds. The three-mile drive around the lake, with its fascinating turns uphill and down, is being enjoyed by hundreds of automobilists from all around this section. The road has been put in good condition, and you can walk every day for the entire season and find new beauty on this estate.

The Dormitory

We have just completed sixty light, airy rooms in the main building, screened, with hot and cold water in lavatory. We started these rooms to hold six cots, but found it necessary to provide more accommodations, so separated them into nice little private rooms to hold only one cot, each room opening straight to a window, with lockers for all. Three quarters of the first floor has been cleared away to one large, high-posted room that will seat three or four hundred people for social gatherings, lectures, and dancing when they do not want to be out of doors.

Tents

The "Big Top" is up, just east of the tennis court, and some of the smaller tents. These were put in use for the first time on Memorial Day.

Dining Hall

Besides the large hotel range we have put in two other gas ranges for short-order cooking, and tested them out in good shape on Memorial Day, when Mr. Sheldon entertained some seventy-five people to dinner, supper, and breakfast, with a menu equal to that of a first-class hotel. Myra, our Senegambian Goddess of the Pots and Pans, tested out the facilities at that time, and says: "Ah sho' can take care of dem white folks in fine style, and give them all they wants to eat." Myra learned her art on a southern plantation where they certainly knew what was good to eat, and has perfected it in catering to some of Chicago's best families. She has also had experience in cooking for several conventions gathered from all parts of the country, and has invariably received the plaudits of the epicurean experts. She will be ably assisted by a competent staff. Kimball has framed up some menus that completely ignore the so-called summer hotel prices, his only aim being to enable you to get *all* you want to eat of *good, wholesome, superior* food at a cost as little or less than any of the *ordinary restaurants*, where you would not get any of the well-cooked country delicacies. It is his *one aim* to make your board bill as little as possible, consistent with the highest degree of excellence.

Athletics

Charlie Hamilton has framed up a systematic series of exercises for a short period, both morning and evening, of each day. He will precede these by a short "talklet" covering the meaning and philosophy of Endurance as discovered by Mr. Sheldon and practiced by tens of thousands of his students throughout the world. This is a special and valuable feature that would alone make these sessions unique and from which you will derive as much benefit as if you went to some so-called expert in physical culture, and paid a hundred dollars a week to get a new grip on your physical AREA. Besides this, Mrs. Hamilton will assist him in his work as physical instructor for the women and children. They will also lead in the preparations for the big Field Day and help organize the tennis, baseball, and medicine-ball contests. By the way,



we are going to have a *real* tennis court, built by experts at a cost of several hundred dollars, with underground tiles and pulverized stone top so that you can grab your racket and go to it within ten minutes after a shower.

Swimming

We simply have to make a separate heading of this, with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's expert instruction insuring safety and pleasure for those who can swim, as well as those who want to learn. Bring along *your own bathing suit*, but there will be a few for rent.

Juvenile Athletics

Special instruction and physical exercises at stated intervals for those little bodies in the formative stage with full representation in the athletic exercises at the big Field Day at the latter part of each session.

Lectures

Mr. Sheldon's lectures on Business Building and Man Building, wherein he will tell you the inner secrets of the Science of Industrial Success and the Science of Service, will be given throughout each of the two sessions. From his fund of knowledge, gathered at first hand through travel in European countries and in this country and Canada—from his classified wisdom the result of the investigation of hundreds of institutions and thousands of the leading minds of our age—he will speak to you with such *revealing authority* as even he could

never before give to such a marked degree. With his genius for teaching, for making you see the opportunities lying all about you, and his detailed exposition of the *modus operandi* for acquiring increased Man Power—increased Service Rendering Power—*plus* the inspiration of his magnetic presence and the fellowship and enthusiasm of those who have *lived his teachings* and so *acquired success*, YOU will go out from these weeks with such a new viewpoint, such an enlarged vision and increased Ability, as will bring a success in your everyday life heretofore unknown.

Mrs. Sheldon will lecture on "Area Child Education" at each of the two sessions.

Professor Walter Dill Scott, author of authoritative books on advertising and the psychology of business influence, nationally recognized as a scientist of the first rank, will lecture to you.

Elbert Hubbard, the sage of East Aurora, a warm personal friend of Mr. Sheldon, the man who by epigrammatic apothegms and the mental short-arm jab has demolished more platitudes and has stirred up more mental cerebration among a larger number of his fellow citizens than any other man, will talk to you.

Samuel Insull, president of the Commonwealth Edison Company, chairman of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company and of the Elevated Railways Company, and prominent in or the controlling factor of some of the large corporations of Chicago and in the East, has promised Mr. Sheldon to talk on the "Economics of Monopoly."

Willie Holt, the champion trick billiard player of the world, is on his way from England as you read this, and will demonstrate on one of the finest tables he manufactures the *reason why* he holds this title. Not only will you meet a man who has worked out Mr. Sheldon's teachings to *unqualified success* in his own life, but you will have the opportunity of instruction in the indoor cultivation of your AREA, through Re-creation.

Harold Almert, consulting engineer of national reputation, specializing in public utilities, will give a talk along the lines for which he is so ably fitted.

William R. Moss, prominent Chicago attorney, traveler, observer, and writer, will speak on vital topics.

Charles S. Wiggins, expert counselor of business-building letter campaigns, whose article "Sales-letters that Sell Goods," published in the May PHILOSOPHER caused the exhaustion of that edition, will talk to you on the "Mental Law of Sale in the Sales-letter Campaign." He is coming all the way from Winnipeg, Canada, and will demonstrate in detail the natural law governing this method of business getting. One point obtained from his talk used in your sales-letters might easily place your next campaign on the right side of that delicate dividing line between success and failure, which alone would be worth thousands of dollars to you.

N. G. Spangler, of Chillicothe, Ohio, will be here. Who is he? Just one of the thousands of men who have used Mr. Sheldon's teaching to increase their natural ability and who are so sure of the truth and value of those teachings that when he had some hundred railroad men under him he offered a first prize of a free trip to the Summer School for the greatest effort to increase the revenue of the Baltimore & Ohio S. W. Ry. Company. Mr. A. L. Townsend of Greenfield, Ohio, was the winner of this prize, and he will be here from July 20 to August 1.

Harry N. Tolles, salesman premier, lecturer, and a royal good fellow of the Sheldon School of Chicago, will tell you a few things. What about? Well, we don't know at this writing, but any of you who have ever heard Mr. Tolles, or read his articles in *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER*, will not care so long as he talks.

Harry L. Fogelman, class instructor for the Sheldon School, a man who goes over the country and in a series of twelve lessons wins the respect and gratitude of some of the largest executives in America, will talk to you on the "Power and Suggestion in Salesmanship and Advertising" in a most enlightening and authoritative way.

Wm. T. Goffe, educational director of the Institute Extension Division of the Area Institute of Business Technology, author of "Problems in Retail Selling, Analyzed," and a lecturer of power and conviction, will make plain to you the lessons and philosophy of a few points of business that he has observed in his travels around the country.

A. B. Farmer, of Toronto, the well-known instructor on Reading Human Nature, will lecture on his specialty.

W. E. Fitch of La Salle, Illinois—Pastor Bill—writes Mr. Sheldon as follows:

"If it appears to be possible for me to attend one or more sessions of the School, I should be very glad indeed to tell those in attendance what I think about something. Don't know just what that something would be, or how nearly correct my thoughts would be. Suffice to say that I am heartily in favor of the work which the Sheldon School has already done and which I hope it will continue to do for many moons to come."

C. C. Stockford of Battle Creek, Michigan, sends us the following good word:

"Judging from the program you have mapped out, there are going to be some very interesting times and I should like very much to be in on the "doings" for the full time. It has been some time since I have enjoyed any such mental feast, and I am beginning to feel a hungering for that very sort of thing."

Here's what Mr. Alexander writes from Toronto, Ontario, under date of June 3, about the 1911 session:

"Your letter just received vividly recalls the ten days of pleasure and profit which I spent at Area three years ago and which will live

in my memory till the grim Harvester claims his due. Of all the vacations I have spent, I think I may say that I have fonder and keener recollections of that summer than any other.

I cannot imagine any other place where one could crowd into the all too short ten days such an aggregate of enjoyment and benefit both mentally and physically."

And as we are writing this, we have just received a cable from Westwood at Auckland, New Zealand: "Will arrive Area third week in July." Now what do you think of that, when a man will come from the very antipodes for the Sheldon Summer School?

Many other speakers of national prominence will be on the program.

How to Get Here. Go to Chicago by any of the fifty-three transportation lines from all points of the compass which terminate there, take any one of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Sainte Marie trains (Soo Line), leaving Grand Central Station for the north and west, ride forty miles through the most beautiful rolling, suburban country around Chicago, and inside of an hour and a quarter get off at Area, and we will be looking for you. You can also go from any part of the city by elevated to Evanston, changing cars at Central Street for Chicago & Milwaukee Electric, thence to Lake Bluff, and west on the Libertyville branch of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric to Area, which is the terminal; and then again by Northwestern Railway to Lake Bluff, thence by trolley to Area; or by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line to Libertyville, and by trolley to Area.

And now for the wind-up. As mentioned above, on last Memorial Day Mr. Sheldon was host to about sixty of the business men of Racine, Wisconsin, their wives and little ones, and here's what Mr. Walter H. Reed writes about the time they had.

RACINE COMMERCIAL CLUB

RACINE, WISCONSIN

June 2, 1914.

Mr. Arthur F. Sheldon, Area, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Sheldon:

You were surely entitled to receive this note yesterday, but I just couldn't get back here. My party and body arrived, but my real self—my thoughts and mind—remains at Area.

For you did give us such a fine time, not one thing being left undone by dear old "Kim" and his willing staff who were untiring in their efforts for our pleasure and comfort.

This real treat of yours will last Mrs. Reed, Anthony and myself a long, long time, and my only prayer is that it will be our pleasure to be of some real service to you—and that in the near future.

If before then, draw on me at sight using the "Chart of the Stops of the Racine Motor Club through a Little Pig Dinner."

Very sincerely yours, W. H. REED, Secretary.

Judging from what we have done in years past, as shown by the above quotations; what we did on Memorial Day, as was attested by Mr. Reed; what we have to offer you, as described in these pages, are you convinced that we could give you the most profitable and pleasurable vacation you could enjoy this summer? Wire C. E. Kimball to-day for reservations at the July session, or write him at once and save your discount on the August session.

MORE OPPORTUNITIES
are *Lost* in our *Leisure*
time — those golden moments
wasted in frenzied search for
health and pleasure — than
cross our paths in all our
working hours. —SHELDON.

The Business Philosopher

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON, Editor

Only articles calculated to increase the "AREA"—(Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action) of Business and Professional Men appear in The Business Philosopher

Volume X

JULY, 1914

Number 7

ON THE FRONT PORCH

Where We Talk Things Over

WE are now in the midst of the heated season, when the only strenuous labor is that necessitated by the harvesting of the wheat crop, when our minds are intent on recreation and the lighter things of life. Now the schools and colleges have sent forth their quota of high-spirited boys and girls, crossing the threshold of theory into the realm of actuality. In this interim let us consider the problem of education while our minds are not engaged in the process of actual doing, but can look back in retrospect or forward to the future according to our viewpoints.

On these observations of history we must base our forecast of the future and we find it strongly indicated that the individual or group of individuals—be it family, nation, or race—which will attain a leading place in commerce, power, or civilization is that individual or group which has set its standard high and is ever pushing ahead with higher and still higher ideals.

On our southern border we have before us an example of a nation which is lying dormant, with ninety per cent of its people untouched by any aspiration for education. Four hundred years have passed while this vast army of tillers of the soil has struggled on in hopeless toil, bearing the burdens of the small governing class who have ruled the land. Those in power, equally ignorant and neglectful of their great opportunity, are exercising only the *privileges* of government without assuming its responsibilities. So we find this beautiful land, blessed with all the riches of climate, soil, and minerals, placed at the right hand of man for his use, still four hundred years behind the times, the scene of poverty, disease, and cruelty—a plague spot among the nations.

Do you realize that the solving of this problem of education is the greatest task that lies before every one of us, be he old or young, married or single, yet in the forma-

tive state or past that point where any scheme of education will particularly affect his own life? Indeed, this is such a broad problem, so far-reaching in its results, that I can but indicate in these pages a few of the causative forces which must affect every one of us in some measure, and on the solution of which the advancement or retrogression of our civilization depends.

A careful observation of the progress of the rise and fall of civilization as it has followed the setting sun from the Far East through the ancient empires of Asia to Greece and Rome, thence north through Europe, and crossing the barrier of the Atlantic, and now extending still westward toward its original home beyond the Pacific, we see that that nation or people which enjoyed the greatest power, influence, and happiness is the nation in which education flowered in the highest degree among the greatest number of its inhabitants—that since earliest times this civilization and power in every instance followed the rise and fall of education among its people.

The English-speaking race has manifested an intense desire and love for general education wherever its far-flung colonies have settled. Wherever its members have gathered together, among its first established institutions has been some form of school or educational system. The first laws passed, following those for bodily protection, have been those requiring some form of compulsory education.

If we cannot *progress* we will surely *retrogress*, and the large

majority of the people of Mexico are to-day far behind the standard of civilization found there under Montezuma when Cortez landed with his gold seekers.

It is easier to see the mote in our neighbor's eye than the beam in our own eye. Let us then turn our attention to the education we are offering the youth of our nation and consider well our standards. The term education means education, development, a *drawing-out process*. The educated man is that man who has so far developed the forces within him, has so drawn out and exercised his God-given talents, that he approaches his standard of greatest efficiency. It is high time that the world of educators differentiate education and educating. We are too prone to set up a curriculum, a textbook, a system before our mind's eye, like the golden calf of old, and fall down and worship it. It is the way of small minds to take pride in the acquisition of some course without any regard to the standard of efficiency produced by this process or the possible degree of intelligence which it is given to the individual to acquire.

Educating consists of a twofold process—first, Nourishment; second, Use. Nourishment plus Use equals Education, and this $N + U = E$ formula governs man's fourfold nature, those four natural and inclusive divisions of Body, Intellect, Feelings, and Will. Look about us, and we see this process of education stayed in its natural course, halted by some limitation of circumstance, or, yet more

criminally, by the confines of some so-called educational system. The term "highbrow" has been coined to describe this staying process as it overtakes the development of many of our so-called educated men. To be sure it is used unjustly by those who do not know the possibilities of education, to cast opprobrium upon those who have traveled farther on the high-road of knowledge than they have themselves. It was applied for and still stands for that type of man, now happily less frequently met with, who has allowed the N side of his nature to be overdeveloped at the cost of an atrophied U side of his nature.

Any system of education worthy of support involves the nourishment and use of the *Body*. The educated man will then have well-developed muscles, harmoniously working organs, keen eyesight, acute hearing—all his physical faculties trained and coördinated to obey instantly and without hesitation in the smoothest and easiest running manner, every impulse of his will.

For the second division of his nature he will have pursued and followed such studies, will have so Nourished and Used his Intellect that he can use it, like his body, at any moment, turning the full power of its faculties upon any problem that confronts him, and it will be working with such power and freedom that he can solve its intricacies with certainty and dispatch.

Now we come to the third division, that of the *Feelings*. In the child or in the undeveloped man

the feelings are allowed to be the supreme ruler of the individual. On their reaction alone depends the actuation of the body and of such intellect as is possessed. Again we can look about us and see child-like men, some unfortunately possessing a degree of responsibility over their fellow-men, who are blown hither and thither in the storm of life by their predominant feelings. Such men are a menace to themselves, to their family, to their friends, and cause much of the wreck and ruin in the business world. Not that they may not acquire a large measure of power—of so-called success—for they oft-times do. The snap judgment of many people is that our *intellect* is the point of differentiation between the genus homo and the lesser order of mammals. To a greater degree is this demarcation noticeable in the development and use of the *feelings*. The animal is governed by its feelings alone. The co-ordination of these feelings develops a sense and actuating power resembling the intellect and answering in some degree for the will. This higher sense, this higher development of the feelings, is what is known as instinct. Valuable as it is and to be cherished, it yet does not distinguish man, made in the image of God, from the beast of the field. So here in the third division of man's education we are confronted with the very delicate task of so developing the feelings as to bring out all the finer play of emotion, love, and consideration—the very flower of human life—without allowing an overdevelop-

ment, a running wild of the feelings, that would result in chaos to the individual and harm to his generation.

Governing all, sitting like a lesser God upon his throne, the *Will* rules the feelings, sets in motion for constructive and useful work the intellect, and brings to their support the balanced and nice-running engine of the body. The nourishment and use of this governing force, the task of educating the *Will*, the problem of watching from day to day its evolution and increased power, of training it in the right channels, is a task that might well appall the greatest of our time. How little then are so many teachers, thrust into the profession by the hazard of circumstance, fitted for this education of the will in others!

In recapitulation of the problem before us all, we have then to devise means for the Nourishment and Use of the *body, intellect, feelings, and will*. These, correctly solved, result in the functioning of man's faculties as follows: The

correct use of a well-developed Intellect results in Ability; the application of education to the Positive Feeling promotes Reliability; the nourishment and use of the Body creates Endurance, while the developed Will, actuating the other three sides of man's nature, results in Action. If the foundation has been laid correctly, if all the faculties have been developed to efficiency, the resulting Action fructifies in such deeds as reflect the will of omnipotence itself for the service of mankind.

No system of education then is worthy of the name that does not draw out the latent powers of the individual and increase his AREA.

Another month I will give you further thoughts on this great problem of education, but that you may correctly have before you the standard by which to test all attempts at its solution, I will close with the formula for the natural law governing education, and that is:

The education of the individual varies directly with his AREA.

The trouble with most youths is that they are not half committed to their career. They are too easily detached from their life work by discouragement or outside influence. A man never amounts to much until he has a life aim, until he burns all bridges behind him and commits himself, with absolutely no reservation, to his work. -

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

The Forces *that* Win Success

By GEORGE H. VAN ARNAM

An address recently delivered before the Chicago Executives Club by the President of the Van Arnham Manufacturing Company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Success in business is daily won, not by the idle dreamer, but by man's work, well done"

GOD said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth."

To show how man had fallen, we read in Jeremiah, v, 1:

"Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man."

Later, we read in Grecian history how Diogenes sought with a lantern at noontide in ancient Athens for a perfectly honest man, and sought in vain. In the market place he once cried aloud, "Hear me, O men," and when a crowd had gathered around him, he said scornfully, "I called for men, not pygmies."

There is a proverb among the people of Hindustan,

"One good man here is better far
Than up above ten angels are."

Some one said a whole lot in the following few words:

"Find your purpose and fling your whole life out to it. Try to be *somebody* with all your might."



GEORGE H. VAN ARNAM

It was years ago at a depot in a southern city that a young man of about twenty years of age was strolling up and down the platform, awaiting the arrival of a train. He was of that type known and classified today as a "new-thought" product. Self-assurance and aggressiveness showed themselves in his every movement. In a

word, he was thoroughly satisfied with himself in particular, and with the world in general.

Presently an elderly man, a gentleman of the old school, passed near where the young man was walking.

The latter at once recognized the distinguished looking ex-Senator, and stepped forward briskly to greet him. As he approached the older man, the young man thrust forward his hand in a confident sort of way, and said in an easy, unrestrained voice, "Why, Senator, how are you?"

The man addressed lifted his eyes and fastened them in a searching gaze upon the speaker's face. He mentally noted the familiar tone, the patronizing air, the half-burned cigarette in the side of the mouth, the hat perched jauntily upon the back of the head. But he did not respond to the greeting. Still smiling familiarly, the young man said, "Oh, I see you do not know me."

As quick as a flash, in a soft, even voice, the elderly man replied, "Why should I know you, sir?"

Completely taken aback, his self-assurance deserting him, the young man drew away in embarrassment and said, "Oh."

At first the enigmatical question, "Why should I know you?" reached only the pride of the young man, and aroused his indignation. He felt that he had been mortified and humiliated unnecessarily. But that night, and for many days thereafter, that question, spoken as it was in perfect politeness, recurred to the young man, and caused him to think. Over and over he asked himself:

"Why should any man of affairs know me? What have I ever done to focus the attention of a busy man on me? Just why should I have expected Senator Blank to know me?"

Instead of embittering him, the question of the elderly man so affected the young man that one day he made the following solemn compact with himself: "I will make myself worth knowing!"

And he has.

What a privilege indeed to be made in the image of God, and to be given dominion over all things! Certainly an inheritance worth being proud of

and worth striving for with all that it is possible to retain and to attain.

With such a heritage as this, why should any hesitate to grasp the good things that are possible of attainment? We point to the exceptions as examples of what can be done, and praise the one who had the zeal to rise above the easily satisfied ones, who are content to remain in darkness. While the many are amusing themselves, a few earnest ones turn aside and seize the prizes.

Lincoln voiced the true spirit of making good when he said, "I will study and get ready, and then maybe my chance will come."

Later Garfield expressed the same determination, when, as a young boy, being asked what he meant to be, he replied, "First of all I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

I think two examples will prove that purpose is the first requisite necessary, or rather the foundation upon which, in order to succeed, it is necessary to erect the structure.

Some years ago two young men were apprenticed to a carpenter, and were very busy all day. One spent his evenings in study; the other often importuned him to "throw away his old books and come out and have some fun," but he steadily declined, as the evenings were all too short for the study he desired. No one knew it but himself, yet he was really becoming master of his business in all its minutest details.

Before his time was out, there appeared in the papers an offer of two thousand dollars for the best plan for a state capitol. The offer naturally called out the best architectural talent in the section, and the studious young carpenter determined to send in his idea on the subject. It was done quite privately, as he did not

care to have any one joke him over his failure to win the prize. The practice would of itself be of good service in his business education. The plans were all sent in and laid before a committee, and the decision finally made. About a week after his venture had been sent forth, a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop and asked to see "an architect there named Washington Wilberforce."

"Haven't any architect here by that name," said the proprietor, "but I have an apprentice."

"Let me see him," said the other.

The young man came forward, and was informed that his plan was accepted and the two thousand dollars were his. He was also desired to take charge of the work.

The master builder was proud of the success of one of his boys, and cheerfully gave him his time and leave to go. He became one of the first architects in the country, and the boy who laughed at him for poring over his "old books" still plods on as a day laborer, barely able to provide food for his family.

Contrast with this a true story of how unearned wealth, without that purpose, can curse a young man. This story was published in one of our daily papers, as related by the young man's private secretary. I will relate only part.

"My employer," said the secretary, "is in his thirty-second year. He has an income of a million and a half dollars a year, from an industry founded by his late father, a hard-headed Irishman. The business is valued at forty-five million dollars. It is a close corporation, administered under the father's will by an executor, and in the sole interest of the heirs. It has been so arranged, under a trust agreement, that so long as there is a demand for this commodity, this business must go on, and it can never pass out of my employer's hands. So, as you see, his great income is absolutely assured.

"I remember when, eight years ago, just after his father's death, my employer came to New York. He was full of health and seemed ambitious to become prominent among men of affairs. He established an office, and devoted a certain amount of time daily to the study of the financial side of the business. He was young, handsome, and possessed a fascinating personality, and quite naturally made friends. It required only a few months to engulf him in a social whirl which caused him to forget his more serious ambitions. He took fashionable quarters in a smart Fifth Avenue hotel, and before the first year was out he came to the office only to get money."

He adds, "My young man has been going the pace now for seven full years. His riot has reduced him to a miserable moral and physical wreck. He is a confirmed drunkard, scarcely a night passing that he is not carried unconscious and babbling to his bed. He has spent, to my personal knowledge, more than one million dollars during the past year. He is utterly unhappy. His family and his friends have abandoned him as lost. It is clear that he will kill himself in excess. Even his club fellows fight shy of him because they fear that in his reckless abandon he will commit some act which will repeat the Thaw scandal. I believe my employer is insane, and I never pick up a newspaper without a sensation of fear that it may contain the report of some mad deed of his."

The Bible describes these types — the one as the wise man, who built upon a rock foundation; the other as the foolish man, who built his house upon the sand.

I don't know what man it was who expressed the thought, but it is a good one:

"Sow a thought, reap an act;
Sow an act, reap a habit;
Sow a habit, reap a character;
Sow a character, reap a life."

There are many men who have lived eminently successful lives who have not accumulated fortunes, but scarcely any have accomplished anything worthy of note who did not begin their career by saving. One of the greatest achievements toward getting a young man started right is to have him cultivate habits of thrift. The money he saves will be of value to him, but the temptations he will avoid will do infinitely more toward his upbuilding, and the lessons he learns will help to establish in him that purpose in life so necessary to success.

By thrift I don't mean the kind that will pinch every penny even at the expense of one's good name, or that will learn to care for money in a miserly way.

How much harder to form good habits than evil ones, yet how much happier we are after they are formed.

Conditions are changing in the business world. There was a time when you never saw a cigar store without seeing, standing in front, the typical sign, which was a block of wood, carved and painted to represent an Indian chief. To-day it seems almost too ridiculous to believe. Just imagine a wooden man being used to influence business! There was a time when the qualifications of a salesman consisted largely of his being a good entertainer over the hotel bar, dispensing liquor and vulgar stories. To-day the old wooden Indian has long been relegated to the cellar, and the old-time salesman died long ago.

I didn't intend to mention temperance as one of the forces, but it has come to be recognized in every line of business that there is no room for the "boozer."

A certain prosperous manufacturing company needed a new departmental manager. The salary was six thousand dollars a year. The officers of the company considered a great many candidates, and at last decided to offer the position to a clever young

man of unusual business ability. He seemed to be exactly the man for that particular place. The president and general manager invited the young man to lunch with them at a downtown club, ostensibly to talk over a less important business matter. They wanted to "look him over" just once more.

The man met them at the appointed hour, and the president, anxious to make the occasion a pleasant one, ordered an elaborate luncheon. The waiter was a long time in bringing the first course, and the guest began to appear ill at ease. He seemed absent-minded and uninterested in the conversation. He twisted about in his chair and tapped his fingers nervously upon the table. Finally, he turned toward the president and said, almost desperately, "Would you mind very much if I ordered a cocktail?" Then he flushed a little and offered a laughing apology for making the request.

The other men exchanged surprised and significant glances, but they called the waiter and ordered the cocktail. When it came, the guest drank it eagerly. In a few moments he had become another man—the man of keen vision and quick mind who could be so useful in their great business. There was no more preoccupation in his manner, no shifting about in his chair. He was alert, eager, clear headed.

But as the luncheon went on, neither the president nor the manager mentioned the real object of the interview. Each was thinking the matter over seriously, and neither could be sure of the other's secretly formed opinion. The situation became awkward. Finally, the president excused himself on the pretense of going into the library to speak to a friend who had just entered. But after speaking to his friend, he went straight to the desk and wrote a message on a telegraph blank. He gave the message to a uniformed attend-

ant, and went back to the dining room.

In a few minutes a page brought a telegram to the manager, who read it hurriedly, while the president finished telling their guest about a shooting trip in Maine. This is what the telegram said: "The job is too big for a boozier. We can't run our business by cocktail power."

A most essential qualification is truth. The man who keeps his word is like a great tree in a sandy plain; when you meet him you have peace and rest; you take a long breath; your faith in mankind rises several degrees; whatever his church is, you want to belong.

There are many troublesome things on earth; there are snakes that may poison you, dogs that may bite you, ditches into which you may fall, thorns to stick you, microbes to infect you, and skittish horses to run away with you, but of all dangerous, uncomfortable objects here below, the one that gives you the creeps the worst way is the man who may keep his word and may not.

The man who keeps his word rises above all race and prejudice; for a Chinese, Japanese, Fiji, negro, or wild Indian who can be depended upon to do what he says he will do is better than a white man with a million dollars and a university education, but who lies.

It was excellent advice Sir Edward Lytton gave to the students of Glasgow University, when he said:

"Learn to say 'No' with decision, 'Yes' with caution: 'No' with decision whenever it meets a temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when we know we can implicitly rely on him. I have frequently seen such a man preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge. He has been lifted at once into station and fortune merely because he has this reputation, — that when he says he

knows a thing, he knows it, and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it."

People had such colossal faith in Lincoln that they were willing to stake anything and everything on his honesty.

The very consciousness of his honesty of purpose gave him a tremendous power with court and jury, as is shown by the following story:

In a western town Lincoln was engaged to defend a stranger charged with murder. The murder was such a brutal one, and the circumstantial evidence so complete and convincing, that even Lincoln himself, after a most careful investigation, conceded that everything seemed to point to his client's guilt.

He had thought a great deal on the case, he told the men in the jury box, and that, while it seemed probable that his client was guilty, yet he was not sure. With those marvelously honest eyes of his he looked the jury straight in the face and said, "I am not sure. Are you?"

So great was the faith of the jury in Lincoln's honesty that they acquitted the defendant, and the real criminal was afterwards convicted and punished.

Closely associated with honesty and truth is the next step, promptness.

The motive that actuated the career of the Duke of Monte Cristo was one that we do not admire; his whole object in life seemed to be to revenge himself on those who had been false to him in his early life, and it was only on a few occasions that he stepped aside and repaid early kindnesses. For one thing, however, it appears to me he should be commended, and that is for his promptness. It is noted that he had an engagement, at one time, at twelve o'clock, and that while the clock was on the sixth stroke of twelve he opened the door and walked in.

The value of promptness is fully appreciated in business life. It is one

great element of success. Laggards do not bring things to pass.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work. He made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early in the morning. He instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done. About ten or eleven o'clock his master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said his master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is an account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing promptly. He very soon came to be the one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners.

Years ago I read an account of the early life of a man who afterward became one of Boston's most prominent merchants. He was at the time the head clerk in a Charlestown house and went over to Boston to buy a bale of cotton goods that had been ordered by an old customer, who must have it at one o'clock, when he was to leave town.

Not finding a truckman, he hired a man with a wheelbarrow to take it over. Finishing his other business, he was walking back, when he found his man halfway over the bridge, sitting on the wheelbarrow, quite overcome by the heat. It looked as though

the old customer would be disappointed for once by the firm with whom he had dealt so long; but the head clerk took another view of the case. Hastily caring for the man, he took the business in hand and, seizing the wheelbarrow, pushed ahead with might and main, disregarding dust and heat and his fine light summer suit, for there was only a half hour to spare. A merchant whom he knew came riding past, but the clerk did not drop his hat over his eyes, and pretend not to see him. He looked up frankly and cheerily, and the merchant called out, "What, Mr. Wilder, turned truckman?"

"Yes," said the young man, "these goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out, but I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good! Good!" said the other, and rode on.

He mentioned what he had seen to the employers of the young man, and said they might tell him, when he went into business for himself, that he could put down his name for thirty thousand dollars.

This was on account of the confidence his action inspired. The goods were delivered on time. He not only became a rich merchant, but all through his life men placed the same confidence in him that they did on the day he rolled the wheelbarrow to make good his promise.

I am going to put in one step that many might consider old-fashioned—out of place in this day—but I do not think so.

It is the fourth commandment—all of it: "Six days shalt thou work—the seventh day thou shalt not work."

The history of the whole of Europe was changed through the breaking of the second part of this commandment. The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday. It was brought on by Napoleon. So much hinged on time and circumstances—some writers claim that had it not been for the fog that developed, Napoleon would have won.

Note later battles, and you will see that Sunday battles were generally disastrous to the side that brought them on.

An old merchant in a large city, speaking on this subject, said, "It is about thirty years since I began business here, and I do not know a man who then came down to his store or had his office opened on Sunday who has not lost his property."

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday bade his clerks come the following day to unload a vessel which had just arrived. One of the clerks, who had strong convictions and the power to act upon them, refused to comply with the demand.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Girard, "if you cannot do as I wish, we can separate."

"I know that, sir," said the young man, "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I cannot work on Sunday."

"Very well, sir," said the proprietor, "go to the cashier's desk, and he will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia, looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a suitable person for cashier for a new bank about to be started. After reflection Mr. Girard named this young man.

"But I thought you discharged him?"

"I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday, and the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man to whom you can intrust your money."

Of late years the characteristic of thoroughness as a requisite for a full rounded manhood, has gained prominence as never before. The command to-day is to be expert in some line. Do something well. Seek to excel in your work, that you may elevate yourself to the higher position. We always hear of there being lots of room at the

top, but sometimes we do not learn the story of how the man attained that position.

In a recent number of the *American Magazine* is a very interesting story of the life of E. A. Thompson of Amherst, Massachusetts.

He is an old man, seventy-three years of age, and has recently been given a degree by Amherst College, although he had never matriculated. He is a mechanic of the type that never lets up until he has accomplished what he set out to do.

He had a small shop where he did repairing of all kinds, and his work was so finely done and so well performed that he had commissions from all parts of the country where something particularly painstaking was required.

One time at the college a delicate piece of mechanism which was thought very highly of, particularly because it came from Germany and therefore seemed to work more satisfactorily, became broken. It was carefully packed and sent to the New York agents, and it was presumed they would forward it to Germany for repairs. Not long after, one of the professors happened to stop at Mr. Thompson's shop to have some small repair work done, and was surprised to find his precious instrument on Mr. Thompson's table. He was informed later by the New York agents that they had sent it to E. A. Thompson, as he was the only man in America who could fix it.

Another time, a fine microscope belonging to one of the professors got out of order and was taken to "Uncle Eddie," as Mr. Thompson is called, for adjustment. When it came back it was not only repaired, but was better than ever before. Upon inquiry, the professor found that Uncle Eddie, after having made the small repairs asked for, had taken the trouble to examine the instrument, and finding a defective lens, had reground it. Regrinding lenses is one of the most dif-

ficult operations in mechanical practice, but it is only one of the many things that Mr. Thompson can do. He had fitted himself to do this long before the task appeared. Earlier in life he had become interested in this matter of perfect and imperfect lenses, and had taken the pains to study out all the "whys and wherefores," going to a factory where lenses were made to study the art of grinding them.

A friendship sprang up with the professors, and in his great zeal for study he took up one science after another, until Amherst College surprised him by voting him the degree of Master of Science.

Earlier in life, through the closing of a factory in which he had been employed, he had to seek work elsewhere. He applied day after day at a large factory which was world renowned for making fine tools and machinery. Finally he was told that if he wanted a job at seventy-five cents a week, as a "learner," he could have it. He replied, "That is just what I am—a 'learner.' I will take the place." After being there a few days he noticed one man who was tending nine automatic machines, but was having trouble with one of them. The next morning he came very early and took apart the machine that was causing trouble. When the workman arrived he was angry, but finally let him go ahead. At four o'clock he had the machine repaired and ready for work. By six o'clock the workman had accomplished as much on the one machine in the two hours as he had on the others all day.

They asked him to overhaul all of those machines. Later the firm asked him to go through the various departments. He then became superintendent of the whole plant. He gave this up to go back to his old home and open his own shop and pursue his studies.

The city of Lowell was built on the Merrimac River. Dams and canals were constructed to conserve the

water power. At that time there was no competent engineer for such work in America. A young Englishman named Francis came over and was employed. He looked over the work already done. He learned that, sixty years before, there had been a great flood in the valley. He went to the directors of the company, and said, "Gentlemen, you must rebuild Lowell, and the works."

"We can't do that," was the answer. "We have spent large sums, and must take a risk."

"Then, gentlemen," said Francis, "here is my resignation."

The directors considered, and rebuilt under Francis' direction. In a year a flood came, and the town and the works stood the test. Under the former conditions they would have been swept off the face of the earth.

Ambition is a most vital force, and with this must be coupled industry and determination. They must not be merely seasoned, but must be permeated with enthusiasm and energy, and just the right amount of confidence added.

We read, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say unto this mountain—Remove hence to yonder place—and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

In olden times that was thought to be figurative, but look at what our great railroads are doing every day. Remove mountains? Sure, that is easy to-day—but it takes the combined qualities just mentioned.

There are too many examples along this line appearing before us every day to need dwell long on the possibilities that are open in this direction. We have long enough read only one half the proverb; we must add the second half, and back it up with all that is in us:

"All things come to him who waits,
If he but get behind and force the fates."

We must set our mark high enough, reach out for it, push on toward it,

keep our mind fixed on it, and we are certain to accomplish success.

When we read of what others have done, with no advantages whatever except a dogged determination, we must realize that it is up to us to be what we will to be.

This story is from a recent number of the *Youth's Companion*:

"A young girl who lived in Mississippi asked her brother to give her the money to go to college. He told her he could not afford it, and tossing her a nickel, added, 'Unless you can go on that.'

"The plucky girl took the five-cent piece and bought some calico, from which she made a bonnet that she sold for twenty-five cents. With the money she bought more calico, and made more bonnets. After she had made several dollars in this way, she determined to raise potatoes. She did all the work in the field except the plowing. The venture was a success, and she had enough money to start at school. She did not stop work, however, and it is not surprising that a girl of so much determination was able to borrow enough money to supplement what she made.

"She was graduated with honor from the state college for women, attended a medical school, still earning all her expenses, got her degree, and is now a successful practicing physician in a large town in the South; and it all began with a nickel."

The story is told of how, when Grant was a youngster, the circus came to his town, and he went to his father and asked him for a ticket. The hard-headed tanner refused him, so Grant, doing the next best thing, crawled under the tent. The ringmaster had an ugly mule which no one could ride, and he offered a dollar to any boy who would ride the animal around the ring without being thrown off. Quite a number of boys tried, but without success.

Finally young Grant ventured out from under the seats where he was

viewing the show, and said to the ringmaster, "I would like to try that mule."

"All right," said the ringmaster, and Grant got on and rode nearly around the ring, but was finally thrown over the animal's head.

The boy got up, threw off his coat, and said, "Let me try that again."

This time he got on with his back to the head of the animal and clung with all his might to its tail, and in spite of all the animal could do, hung on and won the dollar.

Is it any wonder he hung on at Richmond and never gave up until he had won success?

Years ago, a young Jew, springing from a hated and persecuted race, pushed his way up without opportunities. He was scoffed, ridiculed, and hissed from the House of Commons, but merely replied, "The time will come when you will hear me."

The time did come, and the boy with no chance swayed the scepter of England for a quarter of a century. One of the most remarkable examples in history is Disraeli. Thus forcing his leadership upon that very party whose prejudices were deepest against his race, and which had an utter contempt for self-made men and interlopers.

Dickens said: "Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put my hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules."

I had no intention when I accepted your kind invitation to present a paper, to attempt to advise this distinguished and representative body of business men as to how to make a fortune, but it was my thought more particularly to blend into the material side of life the one essential thing so necessary to the happiness of man-

kind, and that one which can happen in our daily routine, of disseminating good. If I have succeeded in influencing any of my hearers in the least, I feel fully repaid for the effort.

The following story, which I cut from a New York paper some twenty years ago, impressed me that it is not so much a duty as a privilege to lend a hand to the making of a man, and that this should be our greatest ambition.

"At the funeral of the late Judge Wilson, of the well-known firm of Wilson & Wilson, of San Francisco, attorneys for the Fair estate, the mourners were startled by loud sobbing in an obscure corner of the church. It proceeded from a boy, ragged and alone.

"My pardner's gone! My pardner's gone!" he cried, then sobbed again. Many recognized in the child

a newsboy from whom they were accustomed to buy papers, and some eyes grew moist as he repeated his wail, 'My pardner's gone!'

"A bright little chap stepped lightly into Judge Wilson's office one morning and asked if he would advance him one dollar and go into partnership in selling papers. The judge consented on condition that the boy would render an accounting every day, handing over his half of the profits. This was faithfully done for several years, the judge depositing his share in a savings bank to the boy's credit, and doubling the amount at the end of each twelve months. This was the youth who sobbed at the funeral: 'My pardner's gone!' A few days after, the judge's executor informed him that he had a comfortable balance in the bank, and his career as a newsboy was ended.

"Judge Wilson made a man."

Books are never asleep. If investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble, if you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you.

Some people are like a million-dollar check on a ruined bank. They look big, they promise great things, but you can't cash them.

You can tell by the spirit a man puts into his task whether there is in him the capacity for growth, expansion, and enlargement.

Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.

—LINCOLN.

The Human Corporation

By SHELDON LEAVITT, M.D.

The Controlling Shareholders

This is the second of a series of articles which Dr. Leavitt is writing for The Business Philosopher, in which he likens the human body to a corporation, and describes the purpose, and advises as to the care of its parts

THE character and strength of an organization is determined by the ability, the purpose, and the spirit of those in control.

As a general thing the chief executive stands for the policy of the men who have the largest interests, and he dare not deviate much from the course that has been mapped out by them. Occasionally a chief presumes upon his cleverness and strength to *controvert* the purposes of those who have placed him in authority, and sometimes he succeeds; but in general his independence gets him nothing better than a request for his resignation.

While this is all true we should know that a wise executive has it within his power profoundly to influence, and very often largely to control, an organization's affairs. Moreover, within limits, a trusted head is allowed to carry out many of his own ideas as long as they do not thwart the purposes of those holding the control.

In the human organization — in yours and mine, my reader — *Heredity and Environment* are the *controlling shareholders*, and they dictate the general policy.

There are those who insist that heredity holds most of the stock, while others as stoutly proclaim that environment is the dominant authority; and as the stock may not all be in the names of the principals, the question is not easily

settled by reference to the records.

However, it is safe to assume that these two interests are strong partners in the human corporation and generally have things pretty much their own way. But petty jealousies are apt to arise, forbidding their working in absolute harmony. Heredity is conservative. It is a stickler for tradition, and is suspicious of all innovations. On the other hand, environment believes in changing with the times, so as to keep up to date. The contention sometimes waxes warm and a decision is reached only through the tactful manipulation of the chief executive, who, under the constitution, is invested with considerable power — but power which he may exercise only under restrictions. Heredity cannot be radically changed on short notice, or possibly not radically changed at all, for it is obstinately conservative. Environment is more pliable, and, by being persuaded to side with the president, often settles important questions. In this way the power of the out-of-date shareholder, set and obstinate though he be, can be neutralized.

For various reasons it is necessary for the chief executive to be wise, poised, free from strong emotional bias, forceful, patient, and persistent. Having these qualities well developed, he will be able, within rational limits, to control the policies of the concern and keep its efficiency well up to the standard.

So much for the commercial aspects of the organism, the essential features of which it is my aim to bring perspicuously to your attention.

The physical organism thus constituted is thrust into the midst of whirling activities, and up against a hard proposition, without its consent. The truth is we are here not only without our consent, but with an equipment not of our choosing. We have not been consulted at all in the matter. We are in the embarrassing position of bearing the defects and inefficiencies of certain of our progenitors, and many of us are set up in business, upon which we must depend for subsistence, with an insufficient capital. To add to our troubles, we bear in us the tendencies to run the business as did our fathers. Altogether, when looked at from one side, it is a fierce proposition.

At the same time there is plenty of room for a disclosure of sagacity and skill, and the conditions of our guarantees are such that we can be sure of all the backing necessary to carry us to success, provided we do disclose good qualities.

You, my reader, are the chief executive of your physical organization, and it is up to you to show the world how successfully you can run your physical business, and manage the controlling shareholders — Heredity and Environment.

Too many men, when they learn the character of these controlling interests in their individual cases, at once become discouraged, and, falling into indifference or fear, soon go to the wall. But these are weak characters. They lack the courage and energy of those who have in them the elements of success. Certain of those who have gone into physical bankruptcy could have been saved had they fallen into suitable hands or had taken the pains to study the rules of the game.

Mankind is truly in a peculiar position with regard to its physical in-

terests. We are all more or less handicapped by heredity. Very few come into the world without a string of tendencies attached to them, the trend of which is toward physical disorder, distress, and death. The proofs of this are not wanting in any of us. In ourselves we observe thoughts, feelings, mental quirks, and physical symptoms resembling those known to have characterized father, mother, or some one more remote in the ancestral line. "He is a chip of the old block," is a familiar comment made regarding us by those who know the family traits. We are much like our progenitors in form, movement, general structure, and disposition. When such character markings are favorable to health and strength of both mind and body we account ourselves fortunate; but, when they are not, we are too apt to regard ourselves as helpless.

The conscious self is the executive authority of the organism, and as such has prodigious control over it. It has the power to make a splendid success of the proposition for which it stands, despite the oldfogeyishness of the controlling shareholders. But, to do it, it must be capable of doing high-grade work,—a thing quite within its power.

This executive self must have a good acquaintance with the personnel of the company. He must know the relative strength of heredity, and its character; how its unfavorable features can be modified and its favorable ones utilized to the best advantage. The effect of environment on the peace and efficiency of the organism he cannot overlook, modifying it here and stimulating it there so as to insure a happy effect on the whole. He must understand the needs of the several functions in order to give them smooth expression, and must enforce among his subordinates (the organs and subconscious faculties) the strictest attention to details.

These things he cannot do unless

he has a realization of his power. *The average man has no conception of the authority possessed by him over his body, and accordingly submits without firing a gun.* The truth is that every man has in his hand a scepter of power. The body is his obedient subject when once he assumes the rôle of king. By the very energy of his will he can maintain a good balance among his functions and keep them in relative harmony. To most men this is mere hyperbole. It controverts all their teaching and training. Most of them are so under the power of habit that they are perfectly conscious of their servitude. Yet the power is there, awaiting use. They can reign if they will. One whose purposes are well formed and whose aims are worthy is accorded all the authority he needs to make him a successful master of self-expression.

The conscious self must be courageous and confident. No man is fitted to be in authority over potential forces who is not sure of himself and courageous enough to insist on obedience.

Heredity is not easily subdued, but, when rightly handled, not by drugs or serums, but by a rational psychotherapy, it can be robbed of its harmful tendencies. The ravages of the great white plague, consumption, will never be effectually restrained by treating the disease itself. I predict that no specific for it will ever be found. By means of prevention, in which psychotherapy occupies a chief place, the hereditary tendency is to be overcome and environment made to lend its aid to those peculiarly exposed to its ravages. When the medical profession learn well how to use the psychic knowledge already in the possession of a few, there will be good hope of stamping out this scourge and many others.

Let the conscious self exercise the control forces at his command in the same strong and positive way that

the business executive controls the means at his command, and he will find himself turning the tide of energy along the health channels of his organism in a way to insure health. Of course ignorant and blundering strenuousness will not bring good results either in business or health. By his injurious habits one can easily negative all the good which would otherwise accrue. The successful man is always the consistent man.

There is much for us all to learn regarding the health problem. Most men feel themselves practically helpless before the attacks made on their bodies by disease, and pin their faith to the inefficient doctor, whose patients usually get well, if they recover at all, in spite of the treatment administered rather than as the result of it. The truth probably is that our successful business head would not have been ill at all had he turned the force of his mind to the preservation of physical solvency with the same sagacity and energy that he turns it to the conduct of his business. Humanity is a victim of physical disintegration only when the mind loses its faith in the power of self and opens the floodgates of fear.

Nor is it a victim of environment. There is no denying the power of the things that surround us — political, social, economic, physical, and intellectual. At the same time one of the most desirable lessons for us to learn early in life is that (1) environment can be radically changed in many particulars; and (2) we can so alter our attitude toward it as to rob it of its harmful power.

Remember that nothing can be materially changed by us unless we set our minds resolutely to the task. It is the "I can and I will" spirit that does things. Lamenting our situation in life and weakly yielding to it will get us nothing worth while.

And now let me add that certain features of environment cannot be changed at all, and certain other fea-

tures cannot be changed to a large degree, without transgression of political, social, or economic usage, so that it is sometimes practically useless for us to bruise and exhaust ourselves by beating the bars of our cage.

After all, then, the larger part of our task consists in *adapting ourselves to the hard features of environment*, and thus neutralizing its ill effects.

It is by wise management, such as I have indicated, that consciousness is able safely, successfully, and effectually to maintain physical and mental health.

As to the cure of physical ailments when once they have arisen through ignorance or perversity, I shall merely add that they respond to the same kind of strong, confident handling which serves to prevent such conditions. But the mind of one who is ill

is usually so negative that the sufferer finds it well-nigh impossible to apply the principles of self-cure with good effect. For that reason it is necessary for the consciousness to submit itself to the coaching of one who recognizes the needs of the case, until a fresh positiveness has been developed. This means an application of physiological and psychological principles to a rectification of conditions by one who understands the work. *Reader, Heredity and Environment are the heaviest shareholders in your organization, and they are liable to hamper or prevent your success, unless you are wise enough to neutralize their biasing tendency.* Be a wise manager of affairs. Utilize the means at your command, for they are ample to insure a successful maintenance of health if you employ them, as you should, with a confident hand.

Your employer pays you in dollars, you pay yourself in valuable experience, in fine training, in splendid discipline, and in character building.

It calls for rare ability to go on day after day trying in every way to advance an employer's interest, working overtime, introducing progressive methods, when the employer never expresses his gratitude or praise, but thinks it's your duty to help him.

Some people miss opportunity when it knocks because they haven't push enough to get a door open.

People who do things in this world have poise. Poise is energy with hurry left out.

Keep sweet and charitable. To enjoy life is a great art; to make others enjoy theirs is a greater art.

Hurry and worry are twins. They go hand in hand and play havoc with the welfare of the human family.—O. S. M.

The Asset of Personality

By A. G. POTTER

*A clear, careful analysis of what
makes for strength in person-
ality and its value when acquired*

IN choosing this subject I do not claim any special qualifications for dealing with it.

I offer this paper solely with the desire to suggest some thoughts which may lead to the further development of those qualities which go to form a good personality.

The word personality has several meanings:

In theology it deals with the doctrine of the Trinity (one God—three persons); in law it deals with personal estate; in philosophy it has an ethical significance; in psychology it deals with the survival, after death, of the ego.

With none of these meanings shall we concern ourselves to-night. We shall use the word in its sense as meaning "that quality which distinguishes a *being* from an *animal* or a *thing*; and which distinguishes one person from another." In a word, distinction of character, individuality.

Heredity plants the seed of personality in all men at birth, and "to be well born is a great and good fortune."

Environment plays an important part in the development of character, and during the whole of our journey from the cradle to the grave our character is influenced by it.

Habit is the third power for good or evil, and, fortunately for us, the strongest, as herein lie the means whereby we may combat and overcome those evil traits which heredity and environment may have stamped upon our character.

Heredity, environment, and habit, then, are the three powers that shape

our ends, and habit (the strongest) is the one which King Will must govern, and upon which our destiny depends.

By personality we do not mean distinction of dress. Dress should bear relationship to the man and to his work, and may adorn but cannot make personality; in this sense "the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Good personality means something more than "a well-groomed man with a handsome face." The face is an index of character, and is largely a reflection of the inner self.

Intellectual personality will shine through the physical, for "the mind is the standard of the man."

The physical aspect, however, is the first aspect in which personality presents itself; as personality means "that outward appearance which we present to others." It is attractive or repulsive; weak or strong; cheering or depressing; good or bad, according to our character.

Some one has said that every man has three characters,—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what we are.

Education has for its object the formation of character. Character is habit long continued.

The term most opposite to "person" is "thing." When we kick a football we do not consider the significance of the act from the football's point of view. We assume that there is no such point of view.

A thing has no claims upon us, having no feeling or thoughts; for it there is no good or evil.

An animal we presume has no thought (or only the most rudimentary form of it); still, we do not call an animal a thing because events matter to an animal. It experiences pain and pleasure; so far, at least, good and evil exist in the experience of an animal, consequently our attitude toward an animal, and our treatment of it, are not the same as our attitude toward a thing.

We get beyond mere "thing-hood" when a thing not only exists but finds a value in the existence of itself or other things; but we have not yet reached personality, which implies *consciousness and thought*.

A thing has no consciousness; a brute is conscious only of and in the present; a person's consciousness surveys past, present, and future, and this brings us to the conception of a person as "the subject of rights and duties."

It is only as a subject of duties that we become a subject of rights. Duty can only be fulfilled in conduct, and conduct is possible only in its relation to others. Upon conduct depends personality.

The chief element in personality is purpose. Purpose cannot be directed toward the past; the value of purpose lies in its relation to the future.

The stronger our purpose, the more complete will be our personality—personality and performance are inseparable. Personality raises us from the level of the automaton to that of the individual. The work of an individual ceases to be monotonous when personality is stamped upon it. Thus drudgery is not in the work but in the drudge.

All are not equally fortunate in their birth, training, and calling, but there are compensations in life which go far to equalize matters. In reading the biographies of great men in every department of life one fact

stands out clear: greatness is not achieved upon the lines of superior advantages. Men have become great by persistent effort to overcome difficulties, by increasing their capacity for taking pains.

All this implies strong will power. The will is the central force of character, the distinguishing feature of man. It is the "tide of the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"—"the power that shapes our ends."

Not only must we decide *to do*—but *what to do, when to do, and how to do*.

Ruskin took for his guidance concerning the *when* and *how* to do, two words which were the keynote of his life. They were: "To-day," and "Thorough." If these words are our rule of conduct, efficiency will result, and our overseers will rust out through lack of occupation—for no supervision will be necessary.

On the other hand, he who never makes mistakes makes nothing. Those who never err are lacking in the essentials that make achievement possible. Enterprise and initiative are elements of success, and the very mistakes of the strong man are but stepping stones to further endeavor. "He who can bear to be told of his faults is well on the way to the highest excellence."

Personality is threefold in its nature: it concerns the realms of spirit, mind, and body.

In the cultivation of personality we by no means despise the body; it is the soil and substance through which the spiritual and intellectual live. For this reason physical culture is a base for the development of personality. The ancient Greeks, through whose devotion to the fine arts the world is so much richer to-day, were most assiduous "physical culturists." And the Japanese in our day are a marked instance of the desire to combine physical with mental culture.

Art and beauty are never far apart; nor is efficiency far removed from

physical perfection. As we become more critical in matters of taste, so shall we ever desire a higher standard of physical beauty. The first rudiment of beauty is health; and we might say the first wealth is health, which means "a sound mind in a sound body."

Personality, then, we have seen, is made up of three attributes, consciousness, reason, and will. Personality in the individual must always be regarded in its relationship to others.

All are members of a community.

The highest principle of the moral life is that expressed in social life, in helpfulness and service.

Let us call to mind the personality of the doctor, who visits us in sickness. How greatly we are influenced by it! Our confidence in him depends on the influence of his personality over us. He is magnetic or not according to this influence; his power to do us good is largely dependent upon it.

Think of the personality of the pastor. Our belief in his teachings and its influence over us depend largely upon our belief in the man. His influence will be nil if his personality repels instead of attracting us.

The personality of the lawyer is also a matter of importance to him and to his clients. Unless it inspired confidence we should not confide to him our private affairs.

Thus we see the magnetic power of personality, and its importance to us in our own sphere. The buyer is influenced by it to an extent which is seldom realized by him. In no other calling in life is it more valuable than in that of commercial traveling. It is essential to success; it secures for its owner favorable attention and interest, without which no order can result.

The salesman in the warehouse is influenced in his attitude toward his customer according to the personality of the man.

When "Mr. Grumpy Grumbler" comes along we do not rush forward

with extended hand to greet him. Rather do we feel inclined to retire out of sight, and let the other fellow serve him, reserving our energies and welcome for Mr. Nice Man, whose attractive personality not only draws us to him, but draws from us our most willing service, and also our best bargains.

Even the stern, inflexible laws governing counting-house matters are made to yield to the power of personality, and Mr. Straightforward is granted an extra 1¼ per cent or an extension of credit on the strength of his character, which has won our confidence.

Our overseers and principals are influenced by it; our efficiency is increased by it; confidence is placed in us; the best positions are open to us, and all work in harmony with us. This influence arises not from isolated deeds, but from what we are on the whole.

In some professions, as with the doctor, the pastor, the lawyer, "professional etiquette" looms so large as to stamp the man's profession upon him, rather than his personality. This tends to create a type of man for certain professions, and the same is true in some trades. Thus we get a type for the butcher, the publican, the shopwalker, and the commercial traveler (known by his pushfulness).

It is not desirable that a man's calling should be so stamped upon him; far better is it that individuality should shine through a man's work. Strong men infuse into their work a deal of their own spirit. All work that lives is thus vitalized. We see this exemplified in the musical compositions of Wagner and Beethoven; in the wonderful violin playing of Paganini; in the masterly piano-forte performances of Paderewski and Bachmann.

In the paintings of such great artists as Gainsborough and Romney, their personality is so strongly reflected that we speak of their pictures as "A Gainsborough" and "A Rom-

ney." This is the hall-mark of genius, and the highest expression of personality.

Success comes to those whose work is of such a quality that the market comes to them. It is a fine thing to make ourselves needed. The man who can be identified by his work is on the road to success. Amongst the millions of beings that make up the human race no two are precisely alike; each one has his own peculiar personality, different in some slight degree from every other.

That personality may alter in its character any careful observer can testify from his own experience and observation. We have noticed a weak personality grow stronger, and a strong personality grow weaker, or in other words, negative become positive and positive become negative.

Personality, like the body, is developed by the atmosphere in which it lives, and by the food upon which it feeds. Material conditions have much to do with its growth. Our food, our clothing, our occupation, our habits, all affect the spirits and vital energies, and these affect our personality. Hence the importance of favorable conditions of life.

The direct food of personality is to be found in the choices—mental, moral, and physical—that we make in our use of the things around us. "Man is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul."

Self-determination—will power—is part of our personal equipment, and great results follow strong determination.

Self-discipline, then, is necessary to progress. Progress is a law of things. Development is written large upon every department of life.

Individual progression, however, is our chief concern, and unless we are brought into harmony with our surroundings we shall get left behind in the battle of life.

The doctrine of "Get on or get out" is more apparent to-day than ever.

"The battle is to the strong," "the weakest go to the wall." The good positions in life are held by those best qualified to fill them. We must be able to do something, and to do it well. We must take a personal interest in our affairs, and by self-culture render ourselves more efficient of brain, tongue, and hand, so that we may be ready for a step forward when the opportunity occurs.

High efficiency is primarily an intellectual affair. Its mechanical form is always subordinate to its spring—in the intellect. It is the outgrowth of an established and habitual relationship between intellect and will, by means of which knowledge is made power. Knowledge is not power unless it is *made* so. Knowledge can be made power only by those possessing the knowledge. The habit of making knowledge power results in efficiency.

Personality is the hall-mark of the efficient man, and efficiency spells success. Success is a matter of law—not of luck. We cannot all become great men, but all can develop a strong personality, without which greatness is impossible.

A big business may be likened to a steamship bound for the port of Success. A large staff of men is required to operate this boat. The captain requires the assistance of hundreds of men who have singleness of aim and purpose, a desire to do the right thing at the right time, in the right way, in order that the ship shall sail steadily and surely on her course.

Men occasionally fall overboard, and these are they who are always requiring to be cautioned to "keep away from danger." They take more interest in passing craft and what is going on elsewhere, than in their own work on their own ship.

When they are picked up by other craft they usually declare that they were discharged because the captain or mate "had his knife in them." Truthfully, however, a man is seldom discharged from a successful concern

—he discharges himself. He is generally the one who delights in telling outsiders how badly he is treated, and in speaking slightly of his ship and of his captain and mates. When he is told to do a certain thing, he is the one who exclaims, "That isn't my work."

Such a one is standing on the greasy plank that inclines towards the sea, and if he slides overboard he himself is responsible for having tilted the plank.

Naught can save but loyalty and faith. We must not be content to be passengers, but *workers*, and help the ship along.

Virtue is an aid to success in its broadest sense, but the worth of the highest and best qualities is not to be measured by the wealth they bring us. The most successful men in life are not necessarily those who have gained the largest fortune; indeed, we may safely assert that those men whose lives have been best worth living, who have left the world better and richer than they found it, are *not* those who have "made their pile." I speak not in dispraise of ambition—quite the reverse—but let us learn to judge of the *relative value* of things, and strive most for that which is best worth having.

There is such a thing as the love of knowledge and virtue for their own sakes, and if we remember this it will help to reconcile us to the occasional sight of a man of parts occupying only a subordinate position in the commercial world. Work in moderation, well done, is in itself a source of happiness. Robert Louis Stevenson had experienced this when he said, "I *know* what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

A strong personality, we have seen, is magnetic. A notable instance of this is to be found in the person of Christ, of whom it is written, "He drew all men unto Him."

Another remarkable instance is that of Buddha, who lived 620 B. C.,

and who to-day influences the lives of four hundred and seventy millions of peoples.

At the age of seventeen Joan of Arc had personality developed to such a degree as to be able to draw six thousand men around her, and lead them to battle.

To come to more recent times, we can call to mind scores of men and women who won love and fame by this magnetic power. General Booth, by his strong personality, drew, to him and controlled thousands of willing workers throughout the civilized world.

Who has not witnessed in business the working of this influential force? When some matter is in dispute, a few well-chosen words, spoken in a tactful manner, with grace, acts as a charm; difficulties vanish as by magic; awkward situations become less acute; ill feeling is dispelled, and confidence restored. There is no withstanding the charm of a good personality—such a man is welcome everywhere. "Manners do not make the man, but manners reveal the man." It is not a question of calling, but of culture and character.

What then are these magical qualities which give us the "Open Sesame" to success? Their names are well known to us all, and we need not so much to be told of them as to be reminded that they are lying dormant in us, awaiting the call to development and use.

Lest through long neglect we have forgotten some of them, we may with advantage recall the following,—truthfulness, earnestness, cheerfulness, courage, courtesy, industry, generosity, sincerity. These and others await our call to useful service. *Service is the keynote of business, and of all usefulness in life*—but first and foremost let us remember this above all:

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Don't be Knowledge Hungry at Fifty

By ROSELLE DEAN

There is no finer companionship than that of good books, and he is indeed to be pitied who, having reached the twilight of life, cannot enjoy that pleasure

LIKE the girl who was "all dressed up and no place to go" is the business man who, on the point of retiring, has wealth, health — everything, but education. Though he has experience galore and has picked up a vast amount of knowledge from the world at large, he covets the poise and self-confidence of the scholar, the finesse of the cultured, and he would give half the immense fortune he has accumulated to be as well bred as his college neighbor. He can read books, but he don't understand; he can subscribe for "courses," and devour treatises on etiquette, but he will still feel superficial and not sure of his ground.

Necessity took the average man of prosperity from the schoolroom in the knickerbocker stage, and no doubt he followed its dictates quite cheerfully—but then he was only fourteen. At fifty it seems different. He realizes what advantages existed when he couldn't have them, and resents the absence of those he could now well afford to attain, for no one has ever conceived the idea that a school for "men in the fifties" would relieve a long-felt want.

What a wonderfully earnest student the man of fifty would be minus the distractions of the youth, who views education as a matter of course rather than as a future necessity, but consumed only with the desire to absorb the belated education.

"I have so little in common with my son and daughter," complained a wealthy man the other day. "De-

scending from the proverbial 'poor but honest' parentage I had to leave school for work when I was eleven years old. I learned a lot in business, of course, and have made a fortune, but my family are addicted to saying, 'Father is very quiet,' and father, to play safe, lives up to the appellation rather than cause disaster by ever becoming voluble. We attended a dinner the other evening at the home of some very intellectual people, and when the conversation took a literary turn I felt like flying to ambush. A young man at my left was not content to air his own fund of knowledge, but insisted on prodding me for opinions. I managed to evade him that time without openly displaying my ignorance, but he came back again stronger than before, and I was on the verge of collapse when my tactful wife came to the rescue and guided me over the rough situation. It did not lessen my discomfort, however, to see my son and daughter exchange terrified glances—and, well, I was mighty glad when that dinner was over. I'd like to be ready for that learned inquisitor the next time though, but where is a man of fifty going to go to obtain an education?"

This man's question, "Where is the man of fifty going to get an education?" bids fair to remain a problem unless some such uneducated millionaire as he takes the matter in his own hands and erects an Academy of Knowledge for the benefit of the waiting line of belated pupils bordering the fifty mark.

Winning His Way on Uncapitalized Nerve

By MONROE WOOLLEY

*The story of how success comes to that man who gets out and hustles for it with every ounce of energy he has in him.
The second part will be published in an early number.*

I LANDED in Parkerton with just ten dollars in my pocket. The weight of it did not weary me, for it was a bill. To me just then that lone bill meant a great deal. It supported a determination. Without it the determination would have remained,—for awhile anyway. I had resolved never again to go to work. From this it must not be inferred that I meant to become a hobo or that I was nursing a New Year resolution. My resolution was never to work for any one else as long as a remnant or a silken hair of that resourceful ten-spot remained.

I had just left a school where I learned how comparatively easy it is to make money; that it is easier to earn it than it is to counterfeit it. Always a thorough reader of all the popular publications, I somehow picked up the custom common to all classes of scanning the advertisements with as much interest, oftentimes more, as in perusing the reading matter. In this way I became acquainted with the exact nature of the business of many nationally advertised firms. My position as a postal clerk enabled me to check up the amount of business many of these firms did in my town. That started me to thinking. How national advertisers could pay what seemed to be stupendous sums for small advertising space was quickly answered when I noted the number of sales resulting from their advertisements from a single city, and that a small one. If one post office acted as a medium of exchange for this certain number of patrons, what would the total from

something like thirty-eight thousand post offices be? That was too gratifying, too colossal for a postal clerk to dwell long upon. Still, day in and day out for years, that very problem haunted me as laziness clings to the hookworm sufferer.

It was not the mail-order business that appealed to me so much as it was the efficacy of advertising. The merits of business publicity had just soaked into my system good and plentiful, when something happened. What occurred was not of sufficient importance for an extra edition of the town's lone daily or the lowering of the flag to half mast on the post-office building. I lost my job. With a recent change in postmasters came the hint that my place was wanted by one of the new postmaster's friends. That settled it. He must have it. At first I was loath to resign just to accommodate the boss. Beth Brown, to my mind the finest girl in existence, worked with me, a thing that made leaving a bitter blow. But when it could be discerned that sooner or later a means would be found justifying my discharge if I remained, I resigned one day after a wordy tilt with the new incumbent. That's how I happened to drop into Parkerton with ten dollars, some nerve, and an idea.

Parkerton was a larger town than my home town. That fact seemed to make it a better nesting place for my idea and my ten dollars. Part of my scheme was to get somewhere where I was not known, for familiarity breeds contempt. People somehow trust strangers in certain things more than they do townspeople whom

they have known all their lives. Although rents and living conditions were higher in Parkerton than in Charleston, these things did not deter me. Parkerton promised the most, and it was favored with my presence.

Instead of going to a hotel, after alighting from the train I lost no time looking for an office. Hotels had designs on my money. After a short search I found an upstairs office room to be had for five dollars monthly. That was like finding a chunk of radium. It was over a bank and was owned by the cashier. It occurred to me that it would be good policy, in view of my financial straits, to rent from a bank official. If for no other reason, Beth Brown would approve of my herding with bankers, for she wanted me to succeed. The owner confided to me that the room was worth much more money. If it was I didn't acknowledge it. A month's rent was paid in advance, and a receipt taken. The cashier surveyed me critically, and seemed satisfied with his new tenant. Never once did he inquire what my business might be. On leaving, he said if he could be of any assistance to me to call on him. That kindness buoyed me up considerably, but I did not abuse his good breeding by asking for a loan. It wasn't time to ask for help yet. As the owner started for the door he remarked casually that he was contemplating a thorough overhauling and remodeling of the building. Parkerton, or anybody in it, could give me no more cheerful news than that. It came like the approach of a life-saving crew to a sinking ship. I smelled a job, a beginning. We all have to begin, you know; some of us very humbly. I lost no time in declaring that building was part of my business as a contractor. I asked permission to submit figures that afternoon.

After sweeping out my office and cleaning the windows I started out in search of a secondhand store. There

was one just around the corner on a side street. I was neatly dressed and seemed to make a good impression on the dealer, who was told that I had just come to Parkerton and expected to go into business on a big scale. I mentioned the name of my landlord as though we were old college chums. Yet I never said so much in words. Business must have been bad, for the dealer seemed a nervous wreck for fear I would not buy. I picked out an assortment including a desk, a cot, two office chairs, a rug, a typewriter table, and an old re-built "blind" machine. The man was told he might send these things to my office. Payment would be made as soon as my bank account could be transferred to Parkerton. Of course that was bluff, but it worked. No doubt seventy-five-dollar sales were not made every hour or every day, even though they were not of a C. O. D. nature.

From the secondhand man's place I headed for a printer. The printer was to be my very good friend. Arriving at the door, it struck me suddenly that fabricating tales about phantom bank accounts savored much of a false-pretense offense. Something told me it wasn't good policy,—if I were to keep out of jail. A fate like that frightened me. Behind bars it would be impossible to make good my pledges to Miss Brown. This little mental debate on the ethics of honesty helped me a lot afterward. The very next minute it began to bear fruit. Ushered into the manager's office, I introduced myself as affably as possible, stating that I had just taken offices from Mr. Bowser in the Merchants' Bank building. I confided to the man my exact position, and graphically outlined how I hoped to succeed. I asked for ten dollars' worth of credit for printing, not neglecting to state that I had one contract in sight already, although I had been in town less than three hours. That must have sounded good to the printer. He said that apparently I

wasn't losing time. To this I replied that time was my chief asset, and that it would be sheer folly to waste it.

When I got back to my office the furniture was stacked up in the hallway by the door. Half an hour later it was in place, and "Henry Hains, Contractor and Broker" was ready for business. That was the caption at the head of my linen stationery. Immediately beneath it was the significant warning that "A business man appreciates a prompt reply." That single line created curiosity and interest wherever my letters showed up. The business world of Parkerton wondered who this fellow was that seemed to be in such a hurry about his correspondence, as well as about other things. Because of these eccentricities the town dubbed me "Hustling Hains,"—but that's getting ahead of the story.

I was too busy to stop for lunch that day. Besides, my capital would not permit of three meals a day. Two would suffice, and the rest would do my stomach good. I was anxious about that job of remodeling, so I began to figure on it without delay. It was to be my starting point. It is true that I contemplated going after entirely different things when I first looked at my room. But my decision when journeying to Parkerton had been to undertake anything and everything that there was a dollar or even a penny in. Many a fellow would never have thought to go after the remodeling job, for it is not every man that can see an opportunity to make money. It used to be that I could not. To that fault I attribute having to work in early life for some one else for a wage, often a small one. But the thing to do right now was to land the remodeling job. When it was finished, perhaps long before, other tasks would confront me.

Getting the keys from the landlord, I inspected the entire second and third floors of the old building, now

sadly out of repair and much poorer than its neighbors. That inspection told me why room rent was so cheap. On my floor there wasn't another occupant. There was a roomer or two on the third floor. To make the building profitable, any one could see that office tenants were a requisite. On either side stood high structures serving to throw the bank building into obscurity and to shut out light. The bank itself was heated by a base burner. The rooms upstairs had no heat. This was ridiculous in a town the size of Parkerton. Lack of light and heat was undoubtedly what kept desirable renters away. An owl could see that.

Full of hope, I went out in search of a hardware dealer handling heating apparatus. I got his quotation on a cheap but dependable heating system, informing him that I was acting as agent only for a client, and that I would expect a commission on the sale. He offered me seven per cent, but I held out for ten. This amount I knew was not excessive, for the contractor who installed a heating system in the old post office back home had told me what this same equipment cost him. In the end I was promised my commission, with the understanding that I was to turn as much future business as possible into the house quoting me.

My next visit was to a prominent lumber dealer, who gave prices on lumber and on some large windows. From there I returned to my office, which was also to be my sleeping quarters, for some time at least. I carefully outlined a scheme for altering the building upstairs to make it appeal to a good class of tenants. I figured that two carpenters could carry out my plans in twenty days. That, at three dollars each per man, would cost one hundred twenty dollars. My type of heating plant could be had for three hundred dollars, installed. The lumber and windows totaled up eighty-three dollars.

That same evening I went to the landlord and drew him a beautifully worded picture of what I could do with five hundred dollars toward the remodeling. At first he was inclined to doubt whether the work could be done for that, whether it could be so improved for that money that renters would be attracted. I grew desperate. My figure, of course, was under what my estimate totaled. I told the cashier that I did not want a commission or profit. Fearful of losing the job, I guaranteed to superintend all the work and to secure tenants. That was risky, but to gain one must risk. Out of pure generosity the owner offered me three months' rent free for my services, and I felt like a highly successful business man when I left with his consent to undertake the changes. So elated did I become that fifty cents of my five dollars were spent for a late supper. Before going to bed I gave thirty cents to a morning daily for a want ad. for a carpenter. It was in the fall, when work in building was beginning to drop off. At eleven I turned in on my humble cot. But it was not to sleep. Sleep seemed out of the question. My energetic brain wanted time at night to scheme and plan for the following day's work. For my first day I felt rather satisfied, rather optimistic.

The next morning was a busy one at the office of Henry Hains, Contractor and Broker. Before eight there was a crowd of a dozen men in the hall in answer to my little classified ad. They awakened me with their talking, for my wakefulness had made me sleep late. No doubt not one of them imagined that I used my office for a lodging.

Strange to say, the oldest man of the lot appealed to me as the best man to undertake my work. I hired him at three dollars a day, and he agreed to find a helper for two dollars and fifty cents a day. To begin with, there was a saving of ten dollars, provided the men could do the work

in the estimated twenty days. The old fellow was confident they could.

I went out for a fifteen-cent breakfast of coffee and rolls. Yesterday's good fortune continued on my trail. The man at the lunch counter was tinkering with a cheap watch when I went in. Casually he complained to me that it had annoyed him for a month. That incident brought us into a lengthy discussion of watches, in general. Suddenly I remembered that I had an extra good watch lying in my trunk. It had been acquired years before. It was a good make, but not so good as the one I wore. For the time being it would answer my purpose, and just now what I needed most was money, not watches. Taking off the watch I wore, it was offered to the waiter at half price. He took it, looking at me quizzically, as though I were bordering on bumdum. With the money I hastened to settle my printing bill. I wished to remain in the good graces of the printer, particularly as he held controlling stock in one of the town's leading dailies. In it I planned to advertise as soon as my prosperity or my nerve could make the venture possible. And I wanted to advertise by the page, not by the paragraph. That, you know, takes money,—generally ready money.

To be brief, my remodeling contract panned out far more profitable to me and the landlord than either of us ever anticipated. The carpenters finished their work in seventeen working days. This gave me an added profit, besides my commission on the heating plant. By rearranging windows, hallways, and partitions I got daylight well scattered throughout the upper floors, in addition to heat for each room. Long before the job was done the landlord was so well pleased that he consented to put in a toilet room and washroom on each floor. On this I made an extra commission from the plumbers. The fact is, the profit seemed to roll in from all quarters, much as breakers come tumbling on

to the beach. Upon settling with the secondhand man I was able to trade in the waste windows and lumber taken out for ten dollars on account. If any sources of income were overlooked it was because they were too minute to see. Better still, the cash was quick in coming in. In twenty days a little hustling and foresight netted me more than two months' postal pay. The undertaking required no exceptional ability. Had the landlord the initiative, he might have accomplished the same results, but not at any great financial saving.

The alterations were hardly complete before I found a tenant for two of the rooms. At the café where I took my evening meal I met a young physician. He also was a stranger in town, and we became good friends. After hearing of my exploit and how I used my offices,—for I now occupied two rooms,—he thought the scheme so fine that he wanted to undertake it. While the doctor never confided to me as much, it could be surmised that he landed in town with little more than a grip of clothing and a diploma. The largest room on the second floor he rented as an office, using a smaller room adjoining as a lodging. In two months I had all the desirable office rooms rented, and was myself occupying the unrentable ones as ware-rooms. Henry Hains was spreading himself—judiciously. Mr. Bowser, the owner, turned the renting over to me on a commission basis, which netted me enough monthly to meet my modest personal expenses.

I was not in Parkerton long before I laid plans to build up a retail business, and to do it upstairs in my present location. The doctor said it wouldn't work, but I didn't listen. My Sunday trolley excursions, the only pleasure I allowed myself, disclosed that Parkerton was surrounded by a rich farming community. Poultry, bees, and fruit seemed to lead among the small farmers; grain and live stock with the larger ones. By

scanning the papers it was noted that no one in town was specializing in poultry, orchard, apiary supplies, or stock foods. The farmers had to depend upon the stale, musty, and limited stocks carried as a sort of side line by the grocers, or were compelled to do their buying out of town. An obliging postal clerk told me that much of the business was going away from town. That knowledge was enough.

I proceeded at once to get agencies for all the best orchard, poultry, stock, and bee-keepers' supplies. I put in fresh stocks of the finest foods, and samples of the latest machinery and tools. My spare time was devoted to reading up on poultry, fruit growing, live-stock raising, and bee-keeping. After awhile I could talk chickens, bees, fruit, or stock with a government expert. Hampered for funds after laying in my stock, the friendship of the printer came in handy. I did not annoy Mr. Bowser, feeling the time was not yet ripe for his assistance. Through the printer's prestige in the publishing field I made contracts on credit for a half-page space in all the papers. My poultry-food house had sent me some cuts picturing a contented old hen sitting on a nest. About her in bold-faced type was the assertion, "There's no lice on me." This cut took up nearly all the available space, there being scarcely room to give my address and to herald myself as an expert in poultry matters. One publisher, who showed aversion to giving me credit, said in so many words that I was a fool. It was his candid opinion that I wouldn't sell enough poultry foods or supplies to pay for my advertising. That, of course, was not consoling. Some people would have been scared out; but I was not running my business on other people's opinions. Contrarily, I was backing it with my own judgment and nerve, all I had! Though outsiders might think differently, there were no more lice on

Henry Hains than there were on the old hen. Furthermore, I was willing to take a chance, for chances win prizes. If I lost there would be but two mourners,—myself and the little girl waiting for emancipation from Charleston's post office.

In proper season I went after the fruit growers in town and country. Spraying of trees was a new thing then. Its merits, however, were apparent to every one. The lead line in my half-page space said, "Let us spray." That phrase was at once a winner. Every urchin in town was shortly bellowing, "Let us spray." Church deacons, exhorting their brethren to pray in meetin', had to use care to keep from confusing the popular saying with "Let us pray." It came to pass that I sold spray pumps and spray liquids to every farmer and townsman having fruit trees. It wasn't long before people were asking each other who this man Hains was. That was a plane I was struggling to reach. My name became a household word. In time I took up feed for canary birds and other pets, and later made a specialty of selling birds and animals. At times my storerooms seemed to be a veritable menagerie. It was not a business that I loved, but it was a business that brought me money. If a man had a sick dog he came to Hains for a remedy, and "expert advice." If he wanted a pedigreed bull terrier he sent the order to me. If the widow's cow was ill, she came dutifully to me, too. Once a young dude came in and solemnly announced that his mother wanted a blooded Angora cat. That was the limit. But, could I get it for him? To be sure,—that or anything else, from a phonograph needle to an aeroplane,—only aeroplanes weren't on the market then. Shortly after that my books showed a profit derived from the sale of cats.

One day a plasterer came in and asked to see some spray pumps. He

was wondering if they would not do to dampen the walls and ceilings of buildings for the finishing coat. Here was an idea. I told him I thought they would. He said that the custom of the trade was to dampen the walls by hand with a brush, a laborious and untidy process. He bought a machine with the understanding that if it would not work he could bring it back. He promised to let me know what success he had. In a day or so he was back, full of enthusiasm. He said the sprayer was just the thing, much quicker and more effective than the old hand method. From then on I advertised sprayers for plasterers as well as for fruit growers. It paid immensely as a side issue.

The time arrived for a live-stock association in Parkerton. Parkerton, which had grown slowly from a country town into a little city, was ripe for many things. I set about forming an organization. The papers helped me out by printing anything that I wrote for them on the subject. This gave me a lot of inexpensive publicity. With the time opportune, a meeting of the leading live-stock men, mostly poultry dealers, was called. I was elected secretary of the association after declining the presidency. Immediately a state live-stock show was planned. The state and many counties were induced to help out with money and fine exhibits.

There being no salary attached to my position as secretary, and as most of the work fell upon my shoulders, the directors permitted me to get up a suitable program, and to make out of it what money I could. Advertising was secured from all over the state. Leading Parkerton firms were induced to take big advertising space and to donate appropriate prizes for the exhibits. I took the biggest space in the exhibit building for displaying stock foods and machinery, setting an example by paying a stiff price for the privilege. The story of the success of the first show might be interesting,

but let it suffice to say that Parkerton hasn't forgotten it to this day. Directly and indirectly I made something like two thousand dollars clear for about ten weeks' work in promoting it. Besides, the value of the publicity that accrued to my own business could not be estimated in cash.

On the last day of the show the publisher who had formerly doubted the wisdom of my advertising ideas came to me to offer an apology. "I thought you were crazy when you went in for a half page to advertise a lice-killer," he confided. "But it seems there was method in your madness. You have been a help to every paper in this city through your hustling, and I want you to know about it. Before you came it took a fire sale or some such disaster to sell a half page to our merchants. The business part of this town has had its eyes opened. Parkerton needed to be stirred up, and the dose you have given it has been wonderfully effective."

This glowing eulogy did not turn my head, if it did make me blush and feel good. Another goal I was seeking to reach seemed to be coming my way. I hinted to the publisher that a live-wire secretary for the city's commercial club could do much to bring Parkerton out of her constitutional inertia. In a write-up he gave me in the Sunday edition in connection with the stock show he suggested a reorganization of the commercial club, and urged my appointment as secretary. This very thing followed shortly afterward. Being in a position to do so, I now proceeded to put Parkerton on the map. The merchants backed me with liberal donations for missionary work. There was an element of old settlers who were satisfied with things as they had been for thirty or forty years before. It was comparatively hopeless to try to convert them to the new order. Therefore, my object was to import new blood, business blood. In two years the population was increased by nearly fifteen

hundred people who came with the establishment of new industries.

In the meantime my own business seemed to grow by leaps and bounds. People said I was the luckiest man they had ever known. When people begin to say that about you it is certain that you have arrived at an important station on life's highway. But the people were wrong. Too many credit luck for success in certain fields of endeavor. Success, like genius, comes from hard work. With hard work and originality *any* one can get results. There are few, if any, exceptions to the rule.

Daily I seemed to yearn more for a partner, not so much some one to share my business responsibilities and rewards, but a wife. For years I had looked forward to the time when I could undertake a livelihood for two. After all, it was the cheery little girl who worked across from me at the money-order desk who fired me to loftier things than sorting out mail. In short, Beth Brown made me what I was. It was her stimulating letters that kept me everlastingly on the job, sometimes for sixteen hours daily, and that pulled me through when the road seemed dark and impassable. It was a smiling, encouraging face framed in a postal window that kept me grinding away, when others slept, with never a moment's rest. With a few thousands to my credit in the bank I felt myself qualified for matrimony. Beth did, too, when I wrote her about it. But then love is out of place in a business narrative.

I was doomed to disappointment just when the plum of my ambitions seemed to be ready for plucking. Strange as it may seem, reverses come after signal victories as well as at any other time. We never become immune from mistakes. My first business disaster loomed up menacingly at the very time I was on the point of journeying back home to be married. If luck had hitherto played any part in my success, as people

averred, it certainly was capable of involving me in a ruinous way quicker than it lifted me from poverty to a pinnacle of profit and prestige.

When the city of Parkerton advertised for bids for repaving its principal business streets I scented a possibility of making the biggest sum my books had yet shown from any one or all of my ventures. My bids, if accepted, would give me what a few years since would have seemed a fortune. As greedy as the remainder of humanity, I wanted still more. A few additional thousands on deposit to my credit would make my little partner's eyes shine dazzlingly when I should show her my bank balance.

But the outcome of my first real contract was wholly different from what I had expected. Within thirty days I lost practically every dollar I had earned.

IT was a clerical error that lost me my first big sum of money in contracting. My experience might have frightened less stubborn men away from the business. Parkerton had advertised for bids for paving a part of the business district. I submitted a bid to do the work according to specifications for a little more than \$80,000. This was my biggest venture, and if the deal could be put through as figured upon, my profit would be enormous. Profits from contracts for public work, if the bidder makes no mistakes in figuring, are always enormous. But let us not get too far away from that clerical error, or the story may lag. For that there could be no excuse, for there was plenty of excitement back of that little error.

Getting the award for an eighty-thousand-dollar job sort o' turned my head. Precaution was thrown to the wind, and I have since learned that there are many obstacles to overcome in contract work besides capturing the work itself. Fact is, the fun just commences with the award. After

being verbally informed by the city officials that my bids would be accepted, I lost no time in ordering tools and equipment to begin work promptly. All the things that prompted me to this rash act need not be repeated here. In the first place I wanted to make a good showing in a big undertaking. It would be a feather in my cap. Also, I had a burning desire to impress Parkerton with my importance, and to let my competitors know that I had the cash to back my bid. For these and other reasons my expenditures for machinery were over-elaborate. Of course I expected to get other contracts and would thus have future use for every bit of equipment I could buy. An order was placed in Chicago for two complete steam rock-crushing plants, fifty wheeled scrapers, an assortment of hand scrapers, picks, shovels, modern automatic cement mixers, besides a lot of other smaller apparatus. I sent a draft for seven thousand dollars in full payment to take advantage of a liberal cash discount,—another foolish trick,—foolhardy because by so doing I was left with scarcely anything save my credit for completing the work. Somehow a fellow has an inclination to plunge when he gets a bulky bank balance and is suddenly relieved of keeping tab on small things. I was permitting the small things to take care of themselves while I looked after big things such as landing profitable contracts reaching into the thousands. That old adage that pennies make dollars entirely escaped me for the time, but I remembered later that by taking care of little things the big things need no attention.

My equipment arrived in record time. Evidently the manufacturers did not get a cash order of the size of mine every day. I thought its magnitude had turned their heads, too. Vain thought. Anyway it seemed that way from the manner in which they rushed my order to me. The in-

voices and bills of lading arrived in Parkerton the day I left for home to be married. I happened to take with me a copy of the city ordinance passed to provided for the paving, having decided to submit it to a lawyer at home who had been a life-long friend of my father. This precaution was something like putting in a burglar alarm after the burglar has paid his visit. To my utter dismay the old lawyer found that instead of providing for paving that the papers called for "parking" the district. Of course I knew this to be purely an error, and the matter did not much worry me then, although the attorney insisted that the legislation was invalid. Whether or not it was did not bother me much for the next few days, for that night I was married.

I awakened from a blissful honeymoon with a rude start. After we had installed ourselves in a cozy establishment in Parkerton I went around to see the city officials about the clerical error. To my surprise the mistake had not been discovered. For awhile the officials considered the matter a huge joke. Learning that my equipment was on the way, everybody about the city hall agreed that the smokes were on me. The affair, however, proved not so funny after all, as subsequent events developed. The city attorney rendered a decision that "the council must pass a new resolution, again advertise for bids, and select the lowest bidder." That news staggered me. I thought it was the blow that killed Henry Hains. Competition had been very keen at the first opening of bids. Now I would be at a decided disadvantage, as my competitors knew my figures. Winter was approaching again, and I was well aware that several experienced contractors would greatly underbid my former figures rather than see their equipment stand idle for several months until spring.

Of course my margin of profit on the first bid was wide. It had to be

to permit me to make a profit and to pay for my gear. Regardless of this, I decided to cut my price by five thousand dollars. That was positively the best I could do. Even a reduction of that much would hurt me considerably, for I could not afford to neglect my other business and lose on this, too. The contract was of such magnitude and was so new to me that I realized much of my time should be spent superintending the work. My good wife stood nobly by me, and was eager to undertake the management of my other affairs. It was then that I kicked myself for not marrying sooner, for two heads—although one is a goat's head—are better than one. Had I a wife's interest and sympathetic advice perhaps I should have avoided blowing my all for expensive new equipment before beginning operations.

Another thing that worried me in connection with submitting a second bid was the knowledge that two of my competitors had plenty of serviceable equipment on hand. That would enable them to figure way down. They did not have to make an allowance for machinery outlay. Because of this I thought they would cut the price to a ruinous figure. Furthermore, should either one of them be awarded the job I could not, of course, hope to sell my equipment to them. I had contemplated some such movement as a last resort to get me out of my predicament. Still there was some hope. I was promised by the city officials that if my figures were at all reasonable, they would, under the circumstances, endeavor to find a pretext for awarding me the work, whether my second bid was lowest or not.

But just what was expected is the very thing that happened. Jenkins, an old timer at the business and a man who felt bitter toward a "butinski," as he openly termed me, underbid me by six thousand dollars. That settled me—for the time being. It could not settle me for all time; not as long as

I had life and a pair of legs to walk on. Losing that job did not cure me of being a "buttinski," as Mr. Jenkins later discovered.

This fizzle left me not exactly peniless, but somewhere uncomfortably nearer my basic ten-spot than I cared to descend. It is true that my stock-food business still remained, bringing in a modest, steady income to scare the wolf away. But with this I could not be long content. A fever possessed me to make big money, to do big work. There's real fun in big jobs, for they make big men. There's real money in them, too.

My wife, however, soon discerned that the loss of the contract worried me unduly. I could not sleep at night and my restlessness often awakened her. It had been a life-long custom of mine never to tell my troubles to other people. Each of us has our allotted share, and thrusting one's troubles on some one else is to me like cheating. In an effort to save my wife from worrying I had remained silent. Finally, however, I had to tell her the whole story, with its worst details. Instead of crying out over our sorry plight, as was expected, she amazed me by bursting into unrestrained laughter. For a few moments that annoyed me until I was half angry; there was little comedy in the situation for me. But she soon made me see the humor in the situation,—that it is quite natural to laugh at a fool.

After that we begun to hopefully plan together for other things. I used to think that I was full of original ideas,—that profitable schemes radiated from me like waves from a wireless. But I am a novice. Business opportunities come to my wife with the alacrity that they do to a Hebrew merchant, or the profusion with which they beset mail-order promoters. Then, as now, Mrs. Hains never got her ideas at a rummage sale.

Just about this time the kodak was coming into use about the country. Young and old America were developing a reckless frenzy for snapping everything in God's creation. Snapping turtles recognized a robust rival. In short, photography was lifted bodily from the old country "gallery" into the hands of the amateur. Already Beth had made herself quite an expert in exposing, developing, and printing. Manufacturers were advertising their cameras broadcast over the country. That made us determine to get some advantage out of this advertising, much as grocers nowadays find ready sales for breakfast foods through the publicity given by the makers. "Just think, too," enthusiastically added my wife, "every time you sell a camera you open up a channel for unlimited income, for every buyer must have kodak supplies right along, and many of them will come to us to have their printing done."

Hence a photo-supply store looked good to me "after the wreck" and following that seductive argument. Possibly a few weeks before I would not have considered the proposition at all. At that time I thought successful ventures could be evolved only in the head of one Hains. We all have weak spots; this was one of mine.

A ground-floor room was necessary for this business. In the course of time we found a suitable stand near my old quarters. Fortunately no one in Parkerton had secured the agency for the leading make of cameras, and we were able to get it without any trouble. I assumed full charge of my old business, putting my old-time vigor into it, while my wife managed the photo shop. I induced her to advertise liberally and judiciously from the start. Business was not at all brisk for the first week or two, but gradually it begun to grow. We offered prizes each week for the best photo taken by an amateur in the home, an undertaking that did much

to stimulate interest in photography. The prize-winning pictures were reproduced in our advertising, and the name of the winner given. In six months our developing and printing business grew to such proportions that I refused longer to permit my wife to bear the burden of the work. So we were compelled to hire a professional photographer. This paid well, for he was a good salesman as well as a competent workman. He drew new trade and increased the kodak sales by being able to coach amateurs in all branches of the art.

One of the dreams of my life was temporarily shattered when the paving contract slipped from my grasp. With the profits from that job we hoped to build a comfortable home at the edge of town. We had planned everything in detail, and the home was to have been started as soon as the first payment was made me on a percentage basis of the work done. Both of us had a natural aversion to living in the city, although Parkerton was not yet so large as to be beset with all the evils of a metropolis. We wanted plenty of room, nothing short of an acre, with a cozy home surrounded by flowers, vegetables, and chickens. Parkerton was now taking on a small tenement quarter following the influx of factory workers. For that condition I was blamed. Therefore, it was up to me to remove the objection of living close to the business section.

With the photo-supply business adding generously to our income and my own business lucrative, we decided to go ahead with a country home. It is true that we were compelled to reduce the magnitude of our dreams to a more modest scale. That was amusing, even instructive, where we expected it to be disheartening. Somehow people find in necessity that they can do without a whole host of things that at one time may have seemed indispensable. The trick lies in bringing the mind to realize it.

About the only thing that was indispensable to us was the country air and the rural exclusiveness. These things we tenaciously clung to.

We found a five-acre tract right at the city limits for sale at a bargain. The owner had become involved in a lawsuit that did not reflect credit upon his personal character, and he wished to leave the country for good. The tract was about five times as large as we wanted, but Beth urged that the city would be growing beyond it in a few years, when we could cut it up into town lots. I ridiculed her for paying too much attention to real-estate literature, yet nevertheless, this feature looked pretty good to me. Real estate and the livery business were two callings I had always shunned, although the former has since then been greatly dignified and the latter has been made more pleasant by the addition of automobiles.

We bought "the farm," as we came to call it, and went in debt for a house to grace it. Shortly after this, Mr. Britton, our manager in the store, made us an offer to buy the business. For nearly a year he had been running the place practically on his own initiative. He thus got to learn its real worth. He could not pay cash, but the amount he offered down was sufficient to pull us out on our home. As I never fancied making a wife a working woman outside the home, we accepted his offer, taking a mortgage for the balance due us. The books of the store showed a total net profit of twenty-three hundred dollars for the time we had it. It was started on something less than three hundred dollars, and was sold for eighteen hundred dollars. That I considered good business on the part of one little woman. Thus, when Beth was wont to torment me for wasting so many years in Uncle Sam's service, when I had the ability to do better for myself, I was inclined to say the same thing of her. Surely in a business way we were well mated. And in other

ways I am pretty certain there is no dissatisfaction on either side.

"The farm" proved a veritable mint to us. Now don't think for a single minute that Parkerton obligingly took a boom all for our benefit the very day we bought the place and grew right out to our front gate before it stopped. Parkerton was not quite that swift regardless of the incentive a bunch of hustling new-comers had given it. Miracles such as this happen only once in a great while. When they do they are called booms, a thing of hasty formation and, therefore, short-lived. If you are unable to see the zenith of a boom there is little chance that it will benefit you in any way. Perhaps you know that; maybe from experience.

My wife was very fond of popcorn. What this personal trait has to do with a business story may not be obvious on the surface. But it was this freak of appetite that made me see things, — that put me on my mettle again to take advantage of an opportunity that got in my way. During the long winter evenings, while enjoying our reading before the grate, she loved to get the popper and corn and start things popping over the glowing embers. Now and then she complained that the corn must be old; it would not pop to suit her. Her complaints continued now and then after trying corn bought at different stores. At last we decided to try growing some on our own place. She wrote to an uncle in Illinois and got some seed of a good variety. The following winter we popped the finest corn we had ever tasted. The kernels were large, and every single one burst forth white and crisp. This is how I became inoculated with a new scheme, my most cherished.

Suddenly while chewing as we chatted one blustery evening, it struck me that we might as well supply Parkerton with popcorn. Certainly we could easily undersell jobbers in far-away commercial centers. An

acre of our ground had already been improved. Shortly the remaining four all went into corn. Parkerton soil was ideal for the purpose. It wasn't long before every store in town was carrying our product to the exclusion of the imported article. The dealers, getting the cue from their pleased customers at Christmas time, were enthusiastic about its qualities. That martialed to my mind that no one in the entire country, so far as I knew or could learn, was specializing in popcorn. Before I went to bed that memorable night a definite plan was in its preliminary stages. It took time for its execution on an intelligent basis; then, before I could complete my arrangements, other matters required my attention, so that the new undertaking had to be shelved temporarily.

I was surprised one day to get a letter from the manufacturers who had sold me the contract equipment. This equipment I still had in store. At first the letter stirred up unpleasant recollections. It was opened with considerable speculation. It called attention to the fact that proposals for bids for some federal work on a large scale not a great way from Parkerton were being sent out by the United States government. A copy of the advertisement was inclosed, and the firm asked to be remembered with an order in event I was successful with a bid. Ever since my first escapade my wife had urged strongly against undertaking such work.

But in a minute I was saturated with a yearning to jump into the game again. I telegraphed for copies of the proposal that very afternoon. I hadn't finished with Mr. Jenkins yet, and decided that if he became a bidder that I would give him a run for his money. I tried in several ways to find out if he was aware of the coming work, but was unsuccessful. As a detective no ranker failure ever lived. That didn't discourage me; I was ready to compete with all comers.

The work consisted of a great amount of plain excavation as well as some costly building. I did not rush into this project with my eyes shut. There was danger of getting bumped in doing that. On the other hand, I was so persistent in my researches, in my figuring, and planning that my wife soon caught the spirit and entered into the game with me at night. I had no more idea than a pointer pup what the excavation was worth. That was one of the stumbling blocks to face. Somehow the authorities consulted in books could not, to my own satisfaction, be made a basis for calculations in this particular job, which I had been in person.

At last we decided to take a trip home to consult an old retired contractor who had done much similar work in railroad building. He knew me well and gave me a whole day of his time in going over the plans and specifications. He found that much of the dirt could be moved for eleven cents a yard, while some of it would cost as high as thirteen and twenty cents. These are not the real figures, but they will serve the purposes of this story. If the real figures were given they might not be credited.

I confided to the old gentleman that I wanted the job more to prove my prowess along this line than for anything else,—just to show old man Jenkins that after all I was something other than an ordinary “butinski”,—and to prove to the city hall joshers in Parkerton that I wasn’t buying expensive equipment for the amusement of my friends or as a philanthropist trying to please a lot of manufacturers. This one job accomplished I expected to devote my time to other pursuits, something that would take me away from the smell of stock-food and the stains of spraying liquids. Another bee was buzzing busily in my bonnet.

My adviser thought that a bid of thirty-five cents a yard would be a safe figure from what information he

could get from the specifications and my own personal account of the work to be done as viewed after my trip of inspection. The building involved I had long before discussed from every conceivable angle with uninterested master builders, and I had what was judged a safe estimate upon that part of the job.

Returning home I decided to make my price on the excavation thirty-three cents straight through, instead of thirty-five, which latter figure seemed robbery. I proved on paper at least that there was ample profit at that figure, and I did not want to be underbid. The day of the opening dawned, and I went to Cincinnati. Had an outsider witnessed my leave-taking he might justly have surmised that I was going to a lottery drawing, and that I held the winning ticket. Beth was so excited over the opening that she wanted to go along, but some one in authority had to remain behind to look after the business and “the farm.” She, too, had acquired the “gambling” fever while figuring over our estimates with me night after night.

To my great astonishment Jenkins was not present, nor did he submit a bid. I afterwards learned that no one in Parkerton knew of the projected work. So far, it seemed that the money squandered on equipment might yet return.

My wife met me at the door on my return home. She seemed perturbed when I did not break the news at once. From that I knew my facial expression did not belie me. But when a feeling of disappointment swept over her pretty face, silence was no longer amusing to me. She brightened quickly, and then jumped with joy when told that we had landed the job,—a whale of a job compared to that “paving-parking” fiasco. I did not forget to caution her that the time to do the joy-jumping was after the inspectors had accepted the job on behalf of the government, and

the money was safely in the bank to our credit. At that she jokingly reminded me that we couldn't fail in this because she had personally aided in the preparation of the bids. Furthermore, she was there to eliminate any rash acts on my part in getting started.

It was she that outlined our preparatory work. Fall was setting in, the time when contractors usually store their "rig," and lay up for the winter. We guessed that Jenkins would have nothing in view for many months, and rumor had told me long since that his paving job, through much ill luck, had lost him money. For that, I was sorry for his sake, for he was not a bad man at heart. This news was also borne out by the fact that he had taken many little odd jobs of contracting during the summer, a class of work he never before stooped to. With Jenkins' equipment and my own the job could be completed without additional outlay for machinery.

On a Saturday I went out to see my former rival. I found him suffering with rheumatism and not at all optimistic for the future. He did not appear envious when I told him what success was mine. On the other hand he calmly asked me a lot of technical questions about the work. He cautioned me to be very sure my figures were right. That made me soften to him. "I wish you had kept your paving contract here," he regretfully remarked. "I not only lost money on that job, but I haven't had a bit of luck since." He did not answer me for some little time after he was informed that I wanted to sub-let my excavating to him. At first he doubted his ability physically to do the work. At his age he did not like to go out in winter. As much through sheer, absolute need as through sympathy, I offered to superintend the excavating when he could not be on the job, provided he would undertake the work and put his organization and equipment into it with me.

But try as I might he would not name me a price per yard. He seemed first to want to know what my own price was,—that was the contracting curiosity in him. I did not want to lie; neither did I want to tell the old veteran my price. That was my business. I argued that if anything went wrong I could pull out by using my profit on the buildings. At last I insisted that he name me a price, and if it was within my own we could close a deal. It did not look well for a youngster like me to dictate prices to an old-stager. But that hit the mark. Reluctantly, he said he would undertake it for seventeen cents a yard for the entire job. I had all I could do to conceal my surprise,—my delight. To my anxious query as to whether he would sign a contract with me at that figure he said he would. Early Monday morning the papers, duly signed and sworn to, were in my hands. I had driven a bargain with the best contractor in that locality.

The story of this venture is short. It is also much sweeter than the paving project. My friend, Mr. Bowser, the bank cashier, gladly went security for me on the faithful performance of the work. For something like eight months I averaged a daily profit of nearly thirty dollars from the excavating alone. Besides I realized a snug sum from the buildings. And Jenkins did not lose money on the deal at that. He afterwards confided to me that he had moved that dirt cheaper than he had ever moved any before. This sounded strange when every authority, even my competitors in bidding, calculated that there would be much blasting and water to contend with. But this in reality proved not the case. From what I could get from Jenkins the cost did not average him eleven cents a yard all the way through. Fortune stood with us both in every detail. What pleased me most was the fact that while engaged upon the job Jenkins had an opportunity to bid on

similar work in another state. He asked me if I intended to bid. Informed in the negative, he wanted to know if I would sell him my equipment, provided he was successful in getting the new job. If he had only known it I might have made him a present of it. At any rate, he was glad to have an option on it at half price. Later he took it all. I had now had my turn at contracting, proving conclusively that I could make good at it. Now I was ready to tackle another proposition, something entirely new, but promising and less risky.

My policy has been to get into unoccupied fields. Browsing over virgin pastures beats feeding in crowded confines. From this it should not be inferred that competition scared me. Quite the reverse. I have found that the way to meet competition is to be different from your competitors in your methods. The public soon tires of dishes served in the same old way. The fellow that concocts new mixtures to tease traders is like the poultry raiser who deceived his hens with a varied diet. Such a man gets the eggs. Finding new fields unscratched by any one is nothing more than an advanced form of being *different*. To this policy I attribute much of my success in making money rapidly. People are naturally attracted to a man with novel ideas, just as they are to stories with exciting plots.

Parkerton folk were quite sure that I was going into real estate when I sold my business downtown to a newcomer and invested in a lot more acreage close to our farm. When I took options on such pieces of land as could not then be bought, Parkerton was quite sure of its guess. But real estate then, as before, was far from my ambition. The experiments I had been making for some time to scientifically produce a larger and better grade of popcorn, just as men breed blooded live stock to better the strain, should have foretold that I intended

specializing in something other than common dirt. The wholesale way in which I commenced to acquire land suitable for grain growing should have heralded that I longed to become the country's popcorn king.

To make a long story short, my improvement methods brought startling results. In the end I grew a grade of corn the kernels of which were nearly as large as those of common Indian corn. The grain was clear, shiny white, and as hard and solid as rock. When popped, each grain blossomed into a snowy mass as large as a marble and as light as cotton. It was sweet, crisp, and nourishing—it was prize popcorn. In season every foot of ground I owned or could rent was planted with the seed of my creation.

From the first harvest five thousand bushels were garnered. Parkerton seriously doubted its ability to consume that much popcorn. This amused me greatly, but it did not induce me to divulge my plans. They could be learned as they leaked out. Fish are caught by the mouth rather than by the tail. People found me not given to surplus articulation. Parkerton opened its eyes when the first carload of corn was shipped out at a price per bushel that made common corn seem as cheap as junk. Parkerton was somewhat astounded when, at the end of six months, nearly all of the crop had gone out over the rails.

Most of my orders came from leading jobbers in the large commercial centers, but I myself made big shipments to all parts of the United States. Some shipments went to Australia, China, Europe, and South America. It took much time, labor, and forethought to work up these markets. But in the end those letterheads stating that "a business man appreciates a prompt reply," with a generous sample of the corn, always brought orders and steady customers. Soon the sailing was simple.

I bought all the land in the vicinity that was for sale. I did not haggle over prices either, for there was no better soil anywhere than right here. How glad I was that I hit upon the truth first! In a short space of time I had more than four hundred acres under cultivation in the care of fifty personally trained hired hands. That feature I played up in my beautifully illustrated circular matter. I liked the work fine, for it put me in the open air for the greater part of the day and called for no long absences from home.

The secret of my success in the growing was the direct result of painstaking investigation. I knew nothing at all on the subject to begin with. Inquiry disclosed at the outset that few, if any, farmers in the entire country devoted any serious attention to the product. Those who raised it did so only for their own use, or at best to supply a small local demand. Nobody had ever thought to improve the species, or that the commercial world was looking for a specialist in this line. I guaranteed every shipment, and sooner than send out anything inferior I used it for fuel or fed it to my hogs. This reputation for honesty eventually crowded out all my small competitors. My coronation as popcorn king naturally ensued.

My multiplication of the ten-spot I started out on the sea of business with seems to me not to be a complicated problem, although I had my ups and downs the same as every other business man. After all, I now never regret the years of toil I put in at a postal window, for it was my course in that school of nature study, full of mature reflection and contemplation, that so well fitted me to solve the riddles of risk and chance in the commercial caldron in after life.

One day not long since Mr. Bowser and his wife came out to spend Sunday with us. It was a sort of reunion in celebration of an extensive remodeling our home had undergone. This naturally brought to mind my first experience, in altering the old bank structure to meet progressive demands.

It was at lunch that my friend put a significant question to me: "There's one thing I've always wanted to ask you, Henry. How much did you have when you first rented that room of me at the bank?"

For a moment my face reddened perceptibly. But my composure quickly returned when my achievements flitted before me. "A ten-dollar bill," I replied unassumingly. Then, to make matters more impressive, I added with a wink, "In the land of the blind, you know, the one-eyed man is monarch."

*The world doesn't care what you're going to do,
It wants to know what you have done;
For the castles so fair that you build in the air
Are vague till the battle is won;
So it might be well to look back o'er the past,
At the things you had hoped to do—
At the close of each day, can you honestly say
That some of your dreams have come true?*

Out from the Chasm—Up to the Foothills

By JAMES McPHERSON SHOCKLEY

In presenting to the readers of *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* this article by James McPherson Shockley, it is not our purpose to intimate that it is ever necessary for any person to get down into the depths, to fall into the chasm, in order to find his way out.

His story is written in such a clear, straightforward manner, shorn of all sentimentality and excuses, that it cannot fail to carry its own lesson to us all—a lesson that we, on the outside, unconstrained by the hazard of circumstance, can learn to our advantage. Are we sure, for instance, that each one of us is employing his *time*—those golden moments so quickly fleeting and never to be recalled—to the highest possible advantage? If this article presented no other point of thought, it would have served its purpose in the fullest measure if it made us consider well the matter of our daily reading.

It is our opinion that no other one vice is so detrimental to the life of the individual and the nation as that of indiscriminate and unselective reading of the "popular" magazine and the "best-selling" fiction. Such books as Sator Resartus—such authors as Carlyle—are too often unknown among the so-called educated class in this country to-day. That which entertains and amuses is usually that which does not require any unusual cerebral activity. To grow, to think, to broaden our judgment and our understanding of humanity and of life problems, necessitate our getting in touch with minds greater than our own and, sequently, a concentrated study of new thoughts not easily comprehended at first glance.

We cannot feel great sorrow that Mr. Shockley is confined within stone walls for the years to come, even though he has so well demonstrated his ability to live outside them in a manner to reflect credit upon himself and benefit his generation in an even greater degree than he is now doing, since there he has found himself. Our keenest sympathy, however, goes out to the countless thousands of young and old who have made prison walls for themselves around their souls, through failure to harken to that "inner man within," and who with prodigal hand are scattering their opportunities as they dawdle down the primrose path of life leading to the "Slough of Despond," when, could they but only see it, they are ever missing the beauties of the heights reached only by the tortuous path of concentration, application, and purpose.

A word in passing is not amiss regarding what we are all rapidly learning of the advantages and possibilities of scientific penology. Mr. Shockley is a product of the enlightened policy of Warden Arthur Pratt—of re-formation rather than de-formation—in his model institution, the Utah State Prison. The other day the United States forces uncovered in the prison of San Juan de Ulloa, in the harbor of Vera Cruz, such horrible instances of man's crime against his fellow-man as are unnecessary of description here. Suffice it to say that with a similar condemnation and disgust as we now feel toward such an inhuman system of punishment as was here uncovered, another generation will look upon the penal system now in use in a very large proportion of the prisons of our so-called civilized countries. And among the commonwealths remembered as pioneers in the working out of this better order of things will be that of Utah, of Arizona, of Colorado, and more recently of Illinois; while even in New York the good work is already in progress.

NOT long ago there came into my hands a little book entitled *As a Man Thinketh*.

I opened the book about midway between the covers and there near the top of the right-hand page found

these words: "Let a man cease from his sinful thoughts, and all the world will soften towards him and be ready to help him; let him put away his weakly and sickly thoughts, and lo! opportunities will spring up on every

hand to aid his strong resolves." To me those words represent a truth. For I have experienced some of the changes incident to putting away weakly, sickly, and sinful thoughts, and harboring in their stead thoughts that are strong, pure, invigorating, and uplifting.

Now I have no story to tell concerning a sudden and miraculous transformation from the depths of iniquity to heights sublime. The fact is, in my travels I've chanced to meet many who were given to practices much farther removed from decency than were my own; and on the other hand, the "sunny summits of success" are as yet afar in the distance. In my time, however, I have been torrent-tossed far down in the darkness of the chasm — have been tossed, battered, bruised, and broken — and then cast upon a narrow ledge where the foothold was uncertain, where but the remotest glimmering of light penetrated, and where no man's voice bade me rise up in my remnant of strength and try to scale the cliff to the sunlit heights above.

In the year of 1904, just two months after my twenty-sixth birthday, I stood up a courtroom in Salt Lake City, Utah, and had the sentence of death passed upon me. I had slain my fellow-man — which act had come as a sequel to a brief session of travel along the borderland of crime.

For just three hundred and sixty-four days I occupied a condemned man's cell, and then a new trial was granted, which resulted in a sentence of imprisonment for life at hard labor.

For about three months following the time that I became a "lifer" my days were given over to grinding toil, and my nights — between troubled dreams — to cursing myself and all the world outside. But one night — the last night in the year of 1905, to be precise, something happened.

Since early morning of that December the thirty-first everything had gone wrong. I had been suffering from insomnia, which, in addition to the almost continuous mental strain, had brought me to a condition verging upon nervous prostration. It must have been about eleven o'clock when I dropped off to sleep. Of course I'd given no thought to the fact that a new year was to dawn soon, for what

difference could that make to one in my situation? How long I had lain upon the narrow bed before sleep came I cannot say; but suddenly I was wide awake — and with a feeling that something unusual was going on. I sat upright and listened. In the distance somewhere was a peculiar noise, and gradually the meaning of it dawned upon me — the people down in the city four miles away were celebrating the incoming year.

For a few minutes I lay thinking,



JAMES MCPHERSON SHOCKLEY

and in my mind's eye seeing the throngs of merry-makers who at that moment had, perhaps, not a care on earth. But the thought was not pleasing. I envied those free people—and I hated them. I knew that in my own case the pain and sorrow of 1905 were gone forever; but would

presence, was to me at once a rebuke and a solace.

For an instant the fear that I was becoming insane held me in its grasp. I began the test of trying to think connectedly, and found that I could do so; still, the feeling that a new and strange something was close by



VIEW OF UTAH STATE PRISON

not the coming year be but a continuation of what I had suffered in the past? Had not the judge said "for the rest of your natural life"? And that meant that I was to breathe and exist there until death from some cause should relieve me.

I arose and began to pace back and forth in the narrow confine, cursing and blaspheming under my breath, and wishing that I might be snuffed out of existence and relieved of that awful agony. But suddenly I stood stock still, while a peculiar feeling of mingled fear and shame swept over me. I felt there was some kind of being near at hand which, by its mere

held me in a state midway between fear and joy. Scarcely breathing, I sat upon the low bunk and remained motionless—and I doubted, feared, and wondered about the novel experience through which I was passing. Of just one thing I was certain: That other being close at hand was viewing my conduct of a moment before as foolish and useless, and in some way was causing me to see it in the same light. So immersed was I that for the moment I forgot all about my immediate surroundings, forgot about the condition of the people downtown as compared with my own—in truth, forgot all about self. And then, al-

most as suddenly as my flow of profanity had stopped a moment before, the truth of the situation dawned upon me. The being who had so suddenly made himself known was no other than the man within—my own better self!

Perhaps less than a minute passed between the time I was halted and the time of making that discovery. Then, too, I had scarce become convinced that the inner man had asserted himself in that unexpected manner when his power over me began to wane. Still, that influence could not be lost entirely. For hours I lay awake, thinking—but not cursing. I believed then that I'd discovered something unknown to other men—though for my liberty I could not then have described the phenomenon in an intelligent manner—and ere sleep again closed my eyes I had decided to try to find out more about that new principle of human life, if such it chanced to be.

With the coming of daylight, however, my faith in that "better man within" was rapidly fading. I reasoned with myself—or, rather, tried to reason—that we are all more or less superstitious, and that my experience of the previous night had been based upon superstition alone. Each time my thoughts reverted to the occurrence I dismissed it by allowing the theory of superstition to crowd it out; and so by the morning of January the second—when the daily prison task was resumed—the effect of that experience was, so far as I could tell, entirely lost.

Just before noon of that day I was engaged in what was to me the most irksome part of my task, when I suffered a slight injury of the hand. Before I could control myself I'd reached out with both hands and was in the act of jerking a piece of machinery from the table with intent to dash it to the floor—but up came that strange visitor of before, just in time to save me. His silent admonition stayed my

hand; and all during the rest of the day I felt cheerful and strong—in truth, for the first time in my life I felt like a real man.

Far into that night I lay pondering the strange happenings of the last forty-eight hours. In my ignorance I believed that no other person had ever met with any such experience; I believed that I had been singled out for some particular purpose; and I felt certain that whatever the purpose was it would have to do with my own good.

For three days and nights, I kept thinking over the matter, and was constantly expecting some new and perhaps stronger manifestation of that man within. Already I had begun to look upon him as having peculiar power over me, for I had decided that he must be in close touch with whatever power it is that rules men and things. And so I was not only trying to guard against any action that might offend him, but was hoping for another visitation that I might perhaps learn what was expected of me.

The more I thought of the matter, the more I analyzed self. The result of that analysis was this: I found that for years I'd been going about deceiving a very few of my fellow-men part of the time, and deceiving myself *all* of the time. I had been able to make certain classes of people believe that I was "a smart young fellow," when in truth I was ignorant, inefficient, and weak; I had ever been trying to get something for nothing; I had been trying to find a short cut to the goal, which short cut is not to be found in the universe; I had been trying to find happiness, but had looked for it in places where no happiness existed; and I had not only failed to get the things I wanted and in the way I desired to get them, but had, through a gradual wasting of energy and reasoning power, at length reached the place where a crash was inevitable.

Perhaps it is not always easy for us to step aside, as it were, and see ourselves as we really are. In case our careful inspection brings to light many defects, it is no doubt even harder for us to take up and persist in a course of procedure with a view to remedying those defects. In my own case one question arose again and again: Considering my situation, is it worth while? Not once, though, was I able to find any but an affirmative answer. And so at length I stood not only facing my condition, but facing it with a determination that I would *not* stop there and die in the chasm, but that I would make such a fight for rehabilitation as no man in an American prison had ever made before.

Up to that time light fiction had constituted the greater part of my reading, and even in that I had not read with a thorough understanding. I knew that to acquire worth-while knowledge one ought to read other books; but I had not the slightest idea what those books were to be.

I shall never forget the first day that I looked into the prison library and saw there books and books. A kind of fear seized me, and for a moment my old weak self argued, "You never could accomplish anything—never could encompass the thousandth part of what's here—for you've waited too long to begin." But then straightway that inner man responded: "Others have done it. Why not you? If you have an iota of manhood left, get busy—and win!"

From the library catalogue I secured a list of a great many works other than fiction with which I was already partially acquainted, and it happened that *Sartor Resartus* was the first book placed in my hands. At that time I was employed in the prison bakery, and had considerable time to myself. When I had returned to my cell I looked at the author's name, Thomas Carlyle—not being sure that I'd ever heard of him before—and

chanced to open the volume at the end of Chapter IX. I was wondering whether I'd be able to understand anything in the book, when my eye fell upon these words: "I too could say to myself: Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work."

I read those words over perhaps a half dozen times—and pondered them in a way that I'd never before pondered any matter. Though the meaning of the word "infinitesimal" was not clear to me, all the rest was—and I felt stronger and still more determined through having read those lines. Turning the leaf and glancing along down the next page, I found something else that called for several readings: "Why, there is not a man, or a thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of created animalcules, the spider itself, has a spinning-jenny, and warping-mill, and powerloom within its head: the stupidest of oysters has a papin's-digester, with stone-and-lime house to hold it in: every being that can live can do something: this let him *do*. Tools? Hast thou not a brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of light; and three fingers to hold a pen withal? Never since Aaron's rod went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working tool: greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by pens. Awake, arise! Speak forth what is in thee—what God has given thee, what the devil shall not take away."

For long I sat thinking over those last twenty words. I knew that I had at that time but little in me, but closely connected with that was the knowledge that gave me joy—I had great

possibilities; for the devil had left sufficient upon which to build *much*. I would arise and use such glimmerings of light as chanced to come to me; I would build and build until I too had something in me; I would then produce with all my might—I would speak forth!

From that very day I began to put off the old man, and to put on the new man; and from that very day—long before I'd read the little book spoken of at the beginning of this article—I began to reap the benefits that spring from putting away weakly, sickly, and sinful thoughts. Before three months more had passed I had found that thinking men know all about such things as "that better man within," and that—though they call it by different names—men who do the things worth while must ever keep in close touch with that source of power. For my part I never stopped to consider which of the various names I should adopt, but of one thing I felt assured—and feel the same on this day: The Within is nothing more nor less than a divine spark from the great I AM "who quickeneth all things"—"who purgeth us, that we may bear much fruit."

Between the month of January, 1906, and the month of February, 1908, I simply forgot all about being in prison. Every day of that two years and a month I put in at least five hours in hard study. The farther I went, the greater became my desire for knowledge; in truth it had soon taken on the form of a burning desire. Almost from the day of awakening my physical health had begun to improve, and as I proceeded my memory and power of concentration became stronger and stronger. There was no "silent system" in the place, and oftentimes other prisoners would stand near my cell or walk back and forth along the corridors talking; but the noise was no more to me than the hum of machinery. That I had a "bug" on books was the

common report throughout the place, yet I observed that in a short time men were coming to me for advice on all kinds of matters. And thus I proceeded—delving into history, logic, psychology, ethics, law, and prose and poetry of all descriptions—and ever in the thought that I must at all hazards recover the lost ground that should have been mine; that I must recover that at least—and more if possible.

From time to time during those two years, I had practiced expressing my thoughts on paper; for was I not to produce some day—was I not to speak forth? The first opportunity for passing on to others through the medium of a printed page what had come to me during that season of research and thought came unexpectedly. Some unknown person in the outside world sent me a copy of a little publication called *The Prison Evangel*, and in it I found an editor's note saying that any person who felt that he or she had a message concerning prisoners that ought to be made public was invited to send it to him. I had just that kind of message. Unlike this, it did not concern myself in particular; but again like unto this, it was prepared and sent forth in the hope that it might in some measure add to the good.

The very next issue of *The Prison Evangel* contained my article. Two of the local newspapers reproduced it, and there was editorial comment in some three or four different western papers concerning it. Too, from various sources I began to receive messages of cheer—letters, papers, and books. In my time of effort I had forgotten to curse outside people and to hate them, but had gradually come to think of them as the greatest manifestation of the living God—had gradually come to love them. And I felt that those messages were but the working out of that natural law whereby if a man gives to the world the best that is in

him, the best in due measure will be returned to him by that same world. Truly, if a man ceases from his sinful thoughts, "all the world will soften towards him and be ready to help him."

Within four months from the day that my first article appeared I had

ing upward so far as my prison duties were concerned. When in the month of February, 1910, I stepped into what is called the best job behind these walls, my hopes took a sudden rise, and I began to lay tentative plans for getting that "darling of my heart" shipshape and ready for the printer.



ANOTHER VIEW OF UTAH STATE PRISON

finished what I then chose to call a book manuscript. To go a bit further into detail, I thought of it as a novel; for in it there were characters of my own creation. Great indeed was the joy of writing and rewriting those three hundred pages, and well might it be so — for sorrow and anxiety were yet in store for me.

For a full year and a half — until early in 1910 — that bulky manuscript lay upon the shelf in my little "bungalow"; that is, it lay there during the time that I was not engaged in fondling it and day-dreaming over it. In the meantime a rather lengthy Easter poem(?) and a short article contributed to an eastern religious periodical represented my output. I had not been idle, however, and had been gradually work-

It must be understood that as yet I'd received nothing for any of my work that had appeared in print, that along with the advantages of the clerkship to which I'd been promoted there came the disadvantage of not being able to pick up a few pennies by writing letters, *et cetera*, for my fellow prisoners, and that I then had less than one dollar to my credit in the front office. The problem of getting a typewriter, then, loomed before me almost like the rock of Gibraltar. Of course I might have appealed to certain friends on the outside for assistance, but that course was not to my liking. Those friends had in no way been responsible for my downfall, hence they ought not to be called upon to help me. It was clearly up to me to work out my own salvation —

by my own efforts alone I must stand or fall.

At length, one day, the officer under whom I was working suggested that I get busy in my spare moments and write a few short stories. "If you can write a story as well as you can tell one," said he, "I know it will sell. You think it over—that's the way to get the typewriter, and the only way."

Within ten minutes I'd decided to act upon his suggestion. The only mystery to me was, why I hadn't before thought of that easy way out of the difficulty.

By July of that year I had written six short stories, and had in my little trunk under my bed twelve rejection slips and two brief letters from editors—but no acceptances. The enthusiasm of my boss had cooled by that time. "The short story business is a failure," he averred. "I *know* that your stories are better than any I've ever seen in print—it must be that the editors just ain't got any sense about what makes a good story."

Though I couldn't fully indorse that opinion, I did feel that my stories were falling short because of their being in script rather than in type. For hours that night I lay awake, trying to figure out some way by which I might rent a machine, and just as I heard the cell-house guard telephoning his midnight "All right" to the guard out in one of the wall towers, a new idea came to me with a flash—and I had the problem solved: I would quit using tobacco, save up the monthly allowance of fifty cents for four months, add that to the dollar that two guards had paid me for drawing up a contract, rent a typewriter for a month, and then work as I'd never worked before.

To leave off smoking in prison—particularly when one has smoked for years—is no easy task. Scores of times I would dream of smoking, and each time would awake—and

with joy at knowing it was a dream rather than reality. At length, though, all craving for the weed was gone; and on a certain day I found that I had sufficient money with which to rent a machine for a period of one month.

My greatest hope was based upon that book manuscript. Still, I was anxious to get my short stories whipped into shape so as to regain the boss's faith in me—which had grown weaker as time passed—and so I turned to with all my might. For nine months I ground out stories and submitted them to editors, only to have the stories return along with those exasperating rejection slips. With the arrival of the type-writer I had made arrangements for writing letters for other prisoners and filling out application blanks for them when they sought some form of executive clemency, and so I was able to pay the rent on the machine and keep myself supplied with postage stamps, paper, and ribbons. On one occasion, however, my ribbon was dried out so that it became necessary to go over every line twice. Again, I ran out of paper once; and in order to secure the money for buying another supply I sold my feather pillow—private property—and used the straw affair furnished by the state. The report went forth throughout the place that I was no longer "buggy" on books, but that story-writing was my hobby. The boss and a fellow-prisoner with whom I was closely associated had both given me up as a hopeless monomaniac, but still I kept on—I was determined to sell one short story if it took ten years to do it.

In August, 1911, I let up on the short stories and began to type the large manuscript. When it was finished I lost no time in selecting a book publisher who, I felt, would be only too glad to get hold of any such work. Some two weeks from the day that the manuscript was mailed to him, that publisher wrote me a letter

which hurt more than all preceding disappointments put together. He wrote that he'd read the story through, and was much disappointed to find that there were scenes and descriptions in it which proved conclusively that I was familiar with the works of a certain well-known author (naming the man), and that the manuscript was being returned to me by express that day.

To have the product of so many hours' toil rejected was bad enough; but to be accused, by implication at least, of trying to copy from some other person was almost unendurable. The truth was, I'd never even seen one of that author's books up to that day, though I'd read many advertisements concerning them. For a week or so I merely moped about with a dry, dead, aching pain in my head and chest, and then took sick and was confined to my bed for several days. In the meantime the man who owned the typewriter took it away—I had failed to pay the rent.

Even before I was able to resume my duties I sent word to the librarian asking if he would include some of the books of that well-known author in the next list submitted to the authorities, which he did; and so as soon as the consignment of new books arrived I eagerly sought one in the hope of finding out what cause, if any, had led my publisher to think I'd tried to imitate Mr. Well-known. Before I'd read two chapters I could see through it all: That author's story was laid in the very same section of the country as was mine—my own native hills in the southern states—and therefore some of our scenes were much alike. This discovery acted as a kind of balm for my grief at an accusation so unjust. The thought that my work was even in a remote measure like the other man's was a source of joy; and so I took hope anew.

Three weeks had passed before I had sufficient postage for sending out

a story. When I did get hold of that amount, however, I lost no time in mailing what I thought was the best in the lot—that time to a western magazine. And lo! Ten days later when the manuscript returned there came with it a letter written by the editor himself. I read that letter a dozen times or more. My story had much interest. He only regretted that it was a little bit too long. Then, too, there was, if anything, a surplus of moralizing. Now if I was willing to cut the manuscript down to about four thousand words, and insert more action as against description by myself, they might see fit to accept it.

Would I be willing to make the changes he suggested? Would a drowning man grab at a straw! I hastened to the other fellow who worked in that same office and explained that the turning point had come. The result of our conference was that two days later another machine was sitting upon my little table, and I was busily engaged in revising the story. And within twelve days more I experienced the unspeakable joy of receiving my first check!

When the story came out, all cut and slashed so that I scarcely recognized it, I began to get my first inkling that there's such a thing as technique in story-building. Though I didn't like the thing after seeing it in print, and told scarcely any of my friends about it, I was determined to write more short stories—and better than the first.

Along about that time I learned that there are such persons as literary agents, and within two weeks had some half dozen of my stories in the hands of one of them. Generally speaking, my agent was the right kind. At any rate, a letter came in December saying that one of the stories had been sold for fifty dollars. The agent went on to say that the editor was interested in my work and wished to know if I could write "a vital story" like unto one in such-and-

such a magazine (naming the publication) for November.

It took me just six days to write what I hoped would be classed by that editor as a "vital story." From beginning to end I worked in what some might term a spirit of prayerfulness. The fact is, I kept in close communication with the Man Within. Expressed in words, this was my thought and appeal: "Now that you have helped me thus far up out of the darkness, will you guide me in doing *this* well, so that it may help others the same as us? If you'll only help me now, I'll promise that from here on I'll put forth a supreme effort to do good." Now such may sound rather erratic to some, but with me it was a proper course of procedure, the best that I knew — and is the same yet. Be that as it may, when the editor received that story he straightway drew a check for it for a hundred dollars — and he wrote me one of the finest letters I have ever read.

Since the day that editor's letter arrived I have gradually become imbued with a broader and stronger faith — faith in mankind, faith in the power of the Within, faith in the gospel of love, faith in the gospel of labor and service, and, above all else, a strong faith in the gospel of hope. Along the way there have been other stories; there have been a few articles; there have been miscellaneous editorials and some verse; and — in that I've lately taken up the study of advertising methods — a beginning has been made in advertising copy. I have learned for a truth that there

is no greater joy known than that arising from the knowledge that one may create; that one may help to carry forward the business of life; that one may help, even in a small way, to add to the ever-increasing Good. And though the monetary gain has as yet been small, in other directions there has been gain invaluable. I have found friends by the scores — weighed in the balance and *not* found wanting — all over these United States. No week passes but that cheering messages reach me from the great outside world, and each message only strengthens my determination not to look backward, but ahead. Yes, I have found real friends everywhere — and I have *found myself!*

Truly, it has been a long, hard climb from the darkness of the chasm to the lower foothills upon which I now stand. Ofttimes there has been a temporary wavering and a touch of the old-time weakness and fear, and even now the path lies rough and rugged before me; but I am striving ever to keep my eyes turned toward the summits above. With patience and hope I shall continue to struggle onward toward those sunlit summits; and some day I shall stand upon them, thankful in the knowledge that I have fought a good fight and won, —

For down the countless ages long,
E'en to this time of stress and strife,
The Law unchangeable has been:
With Love and Hope his guiding stars,
The toiling man doth ever win
His heart's desire; doth reach the goal —
Doth find the joys of life — full life.

Jacob could toil seven long years for Rachel and endure all sorts of hardships without grumbling or feeling drudgery in his work, because he had a motive.

Starting in *the* Practice of Law

By JUDGE J. W. DONOVAN

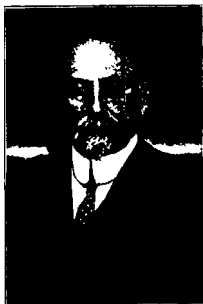
Like many young men of other professions the young lawyer finds it a hard row to hoe. Here is some advice from years of experience at the bar

HOW will a young man grow into business without too much waiting for clients? Let us assume that he has graduated from a law school or from close study with a firm of experienced lawyers, and has failed to find an opening — or even desk room. It may be he has not the form, address, or personality that attracts attention, and that he looks little like a lawyer.

Let him join with one or more lawyers and open an office, but beware of overcharging,—and especially of shabby surroundings. Let the place to do business be attractive. Let the acquaintance be as broad as convenient. Be assertive enough to command attention, combative enough to enforce attention, and able enough to do the smaller work with alertness, and the larger cases will soon follow.

Criminal law practice will do as "kindling wood"—but cannot be relied on to make a profitable income; therefore, get rid of it as soon as you can, as you would of all smaller practice, by increasing your charges, and tell clients you are too busy to handle

little cases that require many adjournments and consume so much time,—that you are working in bankruptcy or insurance indemnity law, or corporation matters.



JUDGE J. W. DONOVAN

Any attorney can soon get out of a line of poor paying practice by increasing his charges, and any lawyer can double his income by giving written opinions, taking more time to investigate matters, and showing his clients the importance of going directly to the scene of action. Making two to five trips to distant states every year is an educator, and a broadener, as well as a money earner.

About three to five good settlements well charged for, will form the nucleus

of a good start in business law practice—which is, after all, the cream of the city law business. To gain a business practice requires one to make it a distinct specialty and he becomes almost a business doctor.

The usual method of gaining such a practice is to bring it about by connection with a large firm of lawyers, or by securing regular yearly retainers, which last-named method is fast

coming into vogue with corporations, whether of stores, factories, or stock companies.

In our city of Detroit, where so many millions are made in mobile works, each company has its special counsel, ranging all the way from

younger lawyers to expensive advocates. But say what we may, it is a matter of common knowledge that lawyers, like doctors, always struggle hard with many obstacles before they gain a foothold, but once known as competent, a beaten path is early made to their offices.

Chinese Legend of Life

A very wealthy Chinaman riding on a beautiful horse in their hilly country came across an old woman beating an old man over the shoulder with a rattan. Drawing rein on his horse the gentleman politely touched his hat, saying:

"My good woman, why do you beat that old man?"

"Old man!" replied the woman. "He is not an old man. He is my grandson, only one hundred and fifty-four years old. I am five hundred years old."

The rider leaped from his horse, knelt on one knee, and said:

"Tell me, I pray you, on what have you lived to attain such an age and retain such beauty?"

"Ah, sir, that is my secret," said the woman,

"Then tell me, I pray you, or sell me your secret."

"I will not sell it to you, but for your politeness I will give it to you."

"Oh, give it quickly," urged the gentleman.

"But wait a bit," said the woman, "until you learn the secret of my medicine."

Take it five days, and the body will be light. Take it ten days, and the spirit will be free and buoyant. Take it twenty days, and the eyes and voice will be clear, and life will be joyous. Take it continually, and you will live until your enemies are all dead, and reach a good old age in happiness as I have."

"What is the secret?" urged the man impatiently.

"Exercise in the open air, sir, good daily exercise."

—JUDGE J. W. DONOVAN

Some Summer-Time Thoughts

By W. H. TENNYSON

A warning to take thought of the morrow that can well be considered by us all during the heated time of irresponsibility

DURING the summer each one of us has an opportunity to look over his records, to take stock of his achievements, to "put his house in order," and to plan for the future. What is the situation?

"If you and I to-day,
Should stop and lay
Our life work down, and let our hands fall
where they will —
Fall down to lie quite still —
And if some other hand should come,
and stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind
Beginning where we stopped; if it should
come to keep
Our life work going — seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctively made yours or mine,
What would you find?"

Every day hundreds, yes, thousands of men and women throughout the world are called upon to lay their life work down. Every day some stop in their life endeavors, and their hands drop and lie quite still.

Every one of us knows deep in the heart that our work in this world may end at any moment—that there is no such thing as human certainty. We know, too, that if our work should suddenly end it would not be finished. Work is never finished. Some one following us would come, "beginning where we stopped."

He or she would attempt to pick up the loose threads which we had dropped, in an effort to keep our life work going—in an attempt to carry on the "good design distinctively made yours or mine."

If you and I should stop to-day "and lay our life work down"—what would be found?

You have not reached the goal that you aim at. You have not yet accom-

plished the great task of your life that you have set for yourself. You are still on the way; but perhaps your journey may end any day.

What would be found? Have you made provision for the unknown future? Is your "house in order"? Have you guarded against the element of adverse chance? If not, don't delay.

Justice to your wife, to your children, to your business, to society, makes provision for the future necessary.

As recently suggested by a writer in *The Independent*, "The present high cost of living may be, after all, a blessing in disguise, for it may teach us that simplicity of life may bring us more real comfort than elaborateness. The more goods we have and the more machinery of life with which we surround ourselves, the greater are our responsibilities. One does not need a great house, with expensive furnishings and much plumbing; ornate gardens, a long club list, and many servants in order to be comfortable. All these things mean wear and tear on the nervous system of the owner. Life at the best these days is complicated enough, and, as a man prospers, why should he buy for himself more trouble in relation to his daily routine? Why should a man with a comfortable little home envy the man with a mansion?"

"As a man prospers, instead of spending his surplus in motor cars and Louis XVI drawing rooms and superfluous bath-rooms, let him strive to improve the class of securities he has invested in. Let him purchase luxuries in the shape of carefully selected investments whose income may

yield a smaller annual return than speculative ones, but which will be safe.

"If the present high cost of living could make only a few people realize that . . . the luxury of financial stability, the regard of friends, the love of family, and the art of properly spending one's leisure hours are the only true values, it might be something of a blessing after all."

As a man prospers, let him revise his list of investments. Let him take out additional protection for his home, his wife, his children, his business, in the shape of old-line life insurance. An adequate life insurance policy will assure "the luxury of financial stability, the regard of friends, and the love of family."

Let him put aside money in some form of stable investment—building and loan stock possibly, or endowment insurance,—something demanding systematic deposits. Let him have a definite plan. As stated in an ad-

vertising booklet which recently came to my attention,

"Fixed charges are seldom burdensome; it is the spasmodic, irregular and unusual outlay that is felt with a sense of deprivation. Even the haphazard deposit of money in a savings bank costs effort of the will. But a definite plan of expenditure that is thought out and arranged for in advance, as the disposal of a part of one's income in a beneficial way, is no more repellent or irksome than the payment of money for food, clothing, or shelter."

The American people are naturally extravagant, in many cases even profligate. And what good does such waste do us? What is accomplished?

Let conservation have a place in our personal affairs. Let us look to the future, and aim to make the foundations of our endeavors financially sound.

Let us cultivate the art of properly spending our leisure hours, and let us give Love a large place in our lives. These are guide posts along the path to Happiness.

We believe that "He who serves best, profits most," and that no business corporation can survive or prosper that does not have as its motto "Service to the buying public." We believe in the brotherhood of man throughout, and that fraternal spirit and co-operation is the life of all organization; that what profits one profits all, and that the permanent success of any organization is the sum total of the success of every unit making up the organization. We believe in the elimination of all waste, in man-power, in efficiency, in time, in material, in effort and in money. We believe in the power of the highest function of man—the Will—and that "He who Wills can do anything he Determines to do." We Will, and a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together will bring us abundant measure of Success as a Company and as individuals.—BELLEVUE PIANO CO.

Self-Reliance Marks *the* Winner

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

It not only marks the winner but it makes the winner—it is the quality that follows the fullest development of all the faculties

ONE of the worst faults of the average man is that, if he does possess commanding talents in some particular direction, he often does not think it worth while to make the most of what he has.

Yet many a man has proved himself a great leader who did not seem to be so naturally—who showed at first very little evidence of self-reliance.

We never know what resources or possibilities of strength are ours until we put our powers to the test.

Self-reliance has ever been the best substitute for friends, influence, capital, a pedigree, or assistance. It has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, carried through more enterprises, perfected more inventions, than any other human quality.

Every normal person is capable of independence and self-reliance, yet comparatively few people ever develop their ability to stand alone. It is so much easier to lean, to trail, to follow somebody else, to let others do the thinking and the planning and the work.

What is there so paralyzing to strenuous endeavor, so fatal to self-exertion, to self-help, as to be helped, as to feel that there is no necessity for exertion because somebody else has done everything for us!

The man who tries to give his children a start in the world so that they will not have to struggle as hard as he had to, is unconsciously bringing disaster upon them. What he calls giving them a start in the world will probably give them a setback. Young people need all the motive power they can get. They are naturally leaners, imi-

tators, copiers, and it is easy for them to develop into echoes, imitations. They will not walk alone while you furnish crutches; they will lean upon you just as long as you will let them.

It is self-help, not pulls or influence; self-reliance, not leaning, that develops stamina and strength.

"He who sits on the cushion of advantage goes to sleep."

It is the man who strips himself of every prop, who throws away his crutches, burns his bridges behind him, and depends upon himself, that wins. Self-reliance is the key that opens the door to achievement. Self-reliance is the unfold of power.

It does not take a great amount of skill, a long experience in seamanship, to steer a ship in a calm. It is when the ocean is lashed into fury by the tempest; it is when the ship is plowing through the trough of the sea which threatens to engulf it; when everybody else is terrified; when there is a panic on board among the passengers and when the crew is in mutiny, that the captain's seamanship is tested.

It is only when the brain is tested to its utmost, when every bit of ingenuity and sagacity a young man possesses must come to the rescue of a possible failure, that he will develop his greatest strength. It takes months and years of effort to stretch small capital over a large business without disaster.

It is when money is scarce and business dull, and living high, that the real man is making his greatest progress. Where there is no struggle; there is no growth, no character.

The moment you give up trying to get help from others, and become independent and self-reliant, you will start on the road to success. The moment you throw overboard all help outside of yourself, you will develop strength you never before realized you possessed.

Outside help may seem to you a blessing at times; but it is usually a curse because of its crippling power. People who give you money are not your best friends. Your friends are those who urge you, who force you to depend upon yourself, to help yourself.

There are plenty of people older than you are, with only one leg or one arm, who manage to earn a living, while you who are healthy and physically able to work are looking to others for assistance.

No able-bodied person can feel that he is quite a man while he is dependent. When one has a trade, a profession, or some kind of occupation which makes him absolutely independent, he feels a sense of added power,

resourcefulness, completeness, which nothing else can give. Responsibility discovers ability.

One reason why so many people carry such little weight in the world is because they are afraid to do things or to have convictions of their own. They do not dare to do their own thinking. They must trim a little here and a little there so as not to antagonize. They put out feelers to see how you stand and whether you agree with them before they dare assert what they think, and then their opinion is merely a modification of your own.

There is something in human nature which loves the genuine, the true, the man who has an opinion of his own and dares to assert it, who has a creed and dares to live it, who has convictions and dares to stand by them.

We only feel contempt for the man who does not dare to show himself, to express his opinion until he knows ours, for fear he may run counter to them or offend us.

The man who treats his employees with the same consideration, kindness and tenderness as he would his own children; the man who regards his employees as a great family, and who feels the same interest in their welfare, is the one who gets the most out of them. Kindness and sympathy are like honesty, the best possible policy.

Instead of holding open the door for those who are trying to pass up to a higher position, many of us shut the door in their faces.

It would pay most of us to be cranks on thoroughness for a few weeks, not toward others, but toward ourselves. There is hope for the man who stands off and looks at his own work and asks himself, "Isn't there a better way? Surely I have not exhausted the possibilities of this thing. How can it be improved?"

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

The Fine Art of Perseverance

By GEORGE W. GRUPP

*Keep your mind on your purpose and keep
on plugging and you will surely win out*

ALL of us know that it is possible to hook fish with a bent pin, but such fish are only minnows. Fish worthy of an angler's skill are caught only with a proper hook. And if you are out to catch your ideal, don't use a pin; use your hook of perseverance.

In order to persevere you must be optimistic, loyal, and honest in your cause. You must court, dream, think, and live it. Aim high, but stick to your aim and hustle every minute.

The real live men of the day are making good because they persevere. They are everlastingly at it. Do likewise if you wish to be considered alive.

Which side of the ledger are you on, the debit or credit side, when it comes to persevering in your work? If you do not know, just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And do you know, some people show perseverance in economy, by doing shopping on the time of their transfer? Now why is it not just as easy to persevere in your work? There is nothing you cannot achieve if you will only try, and be everlastingly at it.

The secret of your success depends upon your ability to do hard work. Acquire the habit of go-to-it-ive-ness, stick-to-it-ive-ness, and concentration of energy. Never mind what others say or do; the thing for you, is to go ahead and carry out your plan, but don't forget to keep smiling. Do your best, and never get off the job. Remember, it is not how hard and how much you work, but how well you work, that spells success.

Have you ever seen the wheels of a locomotive go buzzing around on a track which has been soaped making no progress? And did you ever see people who are all the time buzzing, yet make no headway? Don't be a buzzer; concentrate perseverance on your work.

To persevere, you must be willing, and if you are willing, you can; and then do it, but do it again. Begin *now*, and soon you will be spelling success.

They say a successful insurance man wears out the soles of his shoes instead of the seat of his trousers

Have you ever seen a successful man who sat down all day and did nothing? Suppose a bank cashier sat at his desk and did nothing. What would happen? He would lose his job and be classed a non-persevering, non-progressive individual. But you must give him credit for persistently holding down his chair, which is a new form of perseverance, better known as a disease. And to look at some people it certainly is contagious. Some have a greater attack than others. They take in everything like a lot of sponges and don't give up a thing until squeezed. They are contented with being glued to their chairs and with padlocks on their mouths.

Success is three fourths nerve and perseverance is four fourths nerve. Therefore, let us be up and doing. Don't be a crab. Don't tell people you never had a chance. Yesterday is ancient history and to-morrow may never come, but to-day is here. Start to-day and write this on your mental memo pad, "If I rest I rust."

One of the first questions people ask when they see an engine is, "What is the horse power?" Did you ever ask yourself, "What is my power, my power of perseverance?" You will be surprised at the amount you possess. But use it right; don't waste it by trying to show a blind man a photo or to tell a funny story to one who is deaf.

Feed your ability to persevere with "keep doing" and "always at it." Cultivate the power of initiative and the willingness to do something, as they are companion rails upon which you run your train of perseverance.

No man's world is larger than his knowledge, and no man's perseverance is larger than the effort he makes to persevere.

Mental laziness and the dislike for hard work are reasons why some people do not persevere. Their heads are larger than their hats, and if they might only realize that they are not the only turtles in the tank, they might change. Some scientist ought

to discover a serum which could be injected in their systems to give them the three qualities which a pocket knife possesses—backbone, snap, and temper.

How do you suppose the bee became the best builder, the mole the best plowman, the spider the best weaver, the nautilus the best sailor, the ant the best drayman, and the flea the best athlete, if they had not made a constant, persistent effort? And how do you expect to amount to much if you do not make an effort to persevere? Don't waste time; place your trolley on the wire, and start your car of perseverance.

No matter how small the beginning in your effort to persevere, always remember this, that the smallest leak can sink the largest ship. Begin now, and not wait to make hay until the sun shines to-morrow.

Always be persistent in your enterprises and business undertakings; keep continually, constantly, and always at what you undertake, never falling off.

Character, music, art, architecture, books, libraries—these are the real assets. The real assets of the people are the things that endure, that stand the test of time by growing richer and more valuable. What a tremendous unapproachable asset Europe has in the works of the great masters.

To a minister who offered to tell a little girl how to be good and go to heaven, she replied: "I don't want to be a good girl and go to heaven, I want to be a girl that's good 'nough to stay where I are."

To waste vitality is the worst kind of extravagance.

A few folk enjoy the fruit and the others slip down on the peelings.

The Need of Scientific Valuation

By H. F. STIMPSON, Consulting Engineer

A brief presentation of the extreme importance of a standard of valuation to be placed on all forms of energy, with some hints on the evils such a standard could be made to remedy

THE sum total of a statement of valuation is important only in so far as it represents the accurate summation of the items involved. Each item is only important in so far as it represents the correct multiplication of numbers of units by unit values. These are purely arithmetical processes and may be performed by any competent clerk. The number of units, per item, is important only in so far as it represents correct observation and notation. This, also, is an operation which is within the powers of a competent clerk to perform.

The most important factors, however, in such a statement, are the unit values. Scrutiny of these is not a matter of mere arithmetical routine, but a matter of determination which requires scientific ability of the highest order. Any error in such determination basically affects all of the subsequent computations and invalidates the total, together with all of the conclusions drawn therefrom.

Yet it is an actual though amazing fact, which reflects no credit upon our civilization, that up to the present time the determination of unit values has consisted and now consists of the arbitrary assignment, by "all sorts and conditions of men," of artificial qualities to service and the commodities which it produces, rather than the accurate measurement, by properly qualified scientists, of an essential property which is naturally resident within all service and commodities. As a result we have a constantly increasing turmoil in our commercial and industrial enterprises and a cor-

responding instability in the "securities" supposed to be based thereupon.

In the days of small communities, when all but a very few of the commodities which were consumed therein were of domestic production, an inflation of values was, obviously, extremely difficult. But in these days, when the production of such commodities is either retired behind factory walls or conducted at a great distance from where most of them are consumed, the opportunities for such inflation by the merchant, be he the salesman or the manufacturer, one of the middlemen, or the retailer, have enormously increased and are being correspondingly utilized.

The writer feels justified in stating, from many years' connection with large industries and several years' careful, dispassionate study of economics, that the *prime* causes of wage disputes are *not* to be found in the ranks of the workers themselves but in the *merchants who sell to the workers*.

It is a fact, moreover, and one not generally realized, that this constant inflation of values by the merchants not only injures the far outnumbering consumers by constantly decreasing their list of available commodities, but it is beginning to react upon the merchants themselves by narrowing the market for all sorts of merchandise in a cumulative manner that is far worse than any ordinary panic. It must not be forgotten that, according to our present system, the foundation of all business is the supplying of the necessities of life to the lowest

stratum of society. Every other business absolutely depends thereupon.

There is reason to believe, however, that a substitute for our present arbitrary methods of valuation is available if we will but shake ourselves free from the false precedents which we have suffered to grow up about us and take enough interest in our own welfare to reach out and grasp it. This is the accurate measurement of a common, essential property, naturally resident in all service and commodities above mentioned.

That such a property exists is known to every real engineer. Its name is energy.

Technical authorities on the subject all agree that all the types of energy of which we now have any knowledge come to us from the sun. Those latent in fuel, moving wind, and falling water are liberated and applied by means of machinery. That latent in food is liberated by means of the stomachs of animals and men and applied by means of their muscular and nervous systems.

Material, broadly speaking, is any portion of the substance of the earth, including vegetation, and may be considered, in this connection, as being inert.

By the application of one or more types of energy, which may be termed service, to material, the latter is grasped, transported, and transformed in such a manner as to fit it for the use of man, when it becomes a commodity.

While service is the vital element of a commodity, *all* service does not become a part of *any* commodity. This is seen in the case of the service of a singer, physician, or teacher.

If, however, we consider energy as the common property above referred to, it simplifies the comparison of the value of the direct service of the teacher with the commodity produced by the service of the weaver or the service of the merchant in handling such a commodity.

Exchanges of this or of similar character being, necessarily, parts of our daily lives, the urgent necessity of correct standards for their equitable accomplishment cannot be much longer ignored.

Proceeding upon the lines above suggested we shall find our problem comparatively simplified by being reduced to the comparison of different types of energy and, if they originate in a common center, the sun, it may not be unreasonable to infer that these differences are those of volume and intensity such as we already recognize in those forms of energy known as electric currents.

It would seem essential to the common interest, however, that the efforts toward the discovery of such a common denominator as has been suggested, and the units and method of using it, together with the subsequent duty of certifying to the resultant measurements, should be entrusted to a properly constituted branch of the federal government for exactly the same reasons that the duty of coining money is so entrusted.

The determination and certification of values would appear to be the logical complement to the coining of money.

We condemn any attempt at counterfeiting our coinage, and pursue the perpetrators thereof with the direst vengeance. But we merrily countenance a universal counterfeiting of values, or the prices supposedly representing such, and then bewail the results of our ignorance, because we fail to recognize the cause of our troubles.

Every manufacturer harassed by demands for more wages, and every consumer harassed by high prices of commodities, should, at once, urge upon his national representative the urgent necessity for immediate legislation authorizing the analytical and constructive action which is essential to the discovery and use of scientific methods of valuation.

Are You Growing *the* Fruit of Service?

By H. ELFERS

You are a human plant growing in the garden of civilization

JUST as Nature gives growth to plant life, so does Nature expect you to grow for humanity. Nature gives you ability, but doesn't tell you the exact spot you shall plant that ability. You have a choice where to plant yourself for humanity; to grow where you find opportunity will reap the most and largest returns for you.

Storm and sunshine are essential for the healthy growth of plant life. Some plants may do well in a hot-house, but you never will see a good, substantial oak raised in a hot-house. Are you a human hot-house plant, or are you raised in the open, and struggle through all the storms and sunshine alike?

You are growing in a hot-house environment when you are not struggling to win your own battle for existence. The wealth of your father's fortune is not the wealth that will make you a good human plant for growing civilization. The battle for human necessities is more strenuous than it ever has been, and to live your life on the soil of human necessities, is to live a battle that must keep you in close touch with humanity. The family that must make one dollar do the work of two has a problem you don't need to solve when you are well supplied with everyday necessities. It is when you are growing for humanity that you will assist such a family to get ready to travel on the road of abundance, and will do the things necessary to be done to increase its earning capacity.

Nature causes many blossoms to come forth, but it also drops many of them to the ground. How few of those remaining develop into fruit!

Nature expects you to be a blossom that will develop into good deeds for humanity. It is your own choice whether your effort shall be devoted to bring forth good deeds that humanity may grow into a better civilization, or to cause humanity to suffer because you fell into the environment that made your life reap bitter fruit.

With such an abundance of healthy, stimulating environments as we have in a large city to-day, it is far more disgraceful than it ever has been for you to let your life fall to the ground and never blossom into the fruit that Nature expected from you. You should thank Nature for the joy to live, and get busy for the good work you can do to show your full appreciation of living, and so pay your debt to humanity.

Who is it that brings all the good things to you that you can exchange for ready cash? It is he who has struggled his lifetime for humanity, to make it grow into a better civilization. You can bring something of notable worth to humanity that no other person can. Nature says you are a blossom that must develop and grow into greater worth. The possibilities that Nature has waiting for man are beginning to awaken as they never have before, and all for a growing civilization.

The human plant to-day gives itself too much to living like an animal. Animal life, as man lives it, hinders the healthy growth of civilization. Man has unreached heights yet to be attained for humanity, and Nature says you are the man to grow for humanity.

The Secret of Happiness

No matter who or what you are, your sole purpose in life is to prepare happiness for yourself. A man works with the selfish motive in view that he may make things more pleasant for himself. He marries because he thinks that it will insure him greater happiness.

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Like sheep we have all gone astray. We do not realize that happiness can never be found directly. There is no Utopia. Utopia means nowhere and there is no nowhere. Happiness comes only as a result of the right combinations of effort. Like some chemicals, it is composed of several ingredients. These ingredients are simple, I will give you the formula: five parts service of fellow-men, one part self-sacrifice, one part humility, one part thankfulness, one part usefulness, and one part piety. There is the formula. Compound it, do not steep it with any other reacting ingredient; and the result is happiness.—CARL W. PIERSON.



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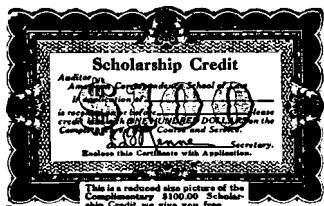
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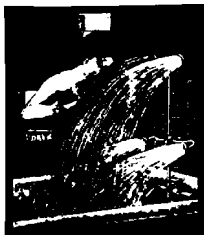
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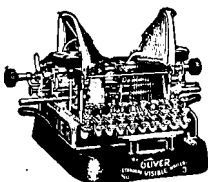
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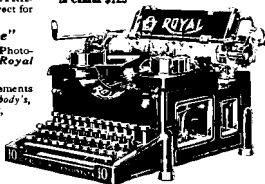
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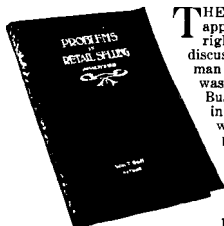
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Some Thoughts on the Retail World of Selling



THERE is one statement, which always appeals to me as specially germane to a right understanding, and a reasonable discussion, of the Laws of Success. The man who originally made the statement was the formulator of the Science of Business, and is recognized to-day, both in America and Europe, as one of the world's greatest living teachers and philosophers.

He said:—

"Everything in the universe is under law. There is no such thing as luck or chance. Nature's ways are exact, strain for strain, and blow for blow, with no allowance for

intention. Nature has no bad debts; keeps no profit and loss account; nor does she ever fail in compensation. She settles all her scores at the proper time. We cannot 'break' her laws, though we may violate them; and when we do, the penalty we must pay is exact and unescapable."

Considered openly and without prejudice, that constitutes, it seems to me, a *very great* saying.

It follows then, that success in life—desirable conditions that last and perpetually increase—may come to a man only through living in harmony with, and in conformity to, Fundamental Natural Law. The first step then, is to learn to *know* and *understand* natural and fundamental law. This, in order that we may "line-up," and keep in harmony.

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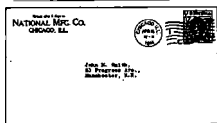
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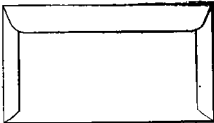
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SINCE the beginning of Envelope history man has used envelopes with only one sealing flap.

To carry a message and bring back an answer has always required TWO complete envelopes.

The Round Trip Envelope now upsets this accepted custom by giving each envelope TWO FLAPS, compelling the ONE envelope to do the work of TWO. It also does what no two separate envelopes can ever do, as you shall presently see.

The patent office records in Europe and America describe our invention as "An envelope with a single pocket and sealing flaps on either side." Please read again and fix clearly in your mind as this is all there is to our whole story.

Ridiculously simple, is it not? And to think this was not done ages ago. But it wasn't and even the name "Round Trip Envelope" had to be coined by this Company for the purpose.

Note here the simple illustrations of surface and sectional views of this ONE Envelope performing the work of TWO thru just an extra flap—above, as it goes to a customer, and below, as it again returns. Safety and surety, with identification and Postal records complete.

So much for what this two-flap envelope IS.

What it DOES is the agreeable surprise to organized business, with possibilities beyond all comprehension in one reading.

If you had a man in your office who daily destroyed your correspondence records how long would it take you to stop such a costly leak?

For any business using the mail, Envelopes carry records equally as valuable where orders and remittances are to be returned or receipted for; but the problem was to preserve these records whole out of your possession.

The solution comes to you in Round Trip Envelopes, because customers all like them for making business transactions easier. From the point of SAFETY the benefit is mutual.

Be Wise and Capitalize the Waste Products of the Commercial Waste-baskets

Round Trip Envelopes are primarily designed to utilize the waste products from the business waste-basket because the spent Envelopes carrying the first message possess the only complete, accurate post office record showing dates and hours of mailing and receipt by both parties together with identity of the original addressee. Mail customers unconsciously preserve and return you this valuable record because you make it easy and pleasant to do so.

Just ask any large mail order, or publishing house how much unidentified mail and remittances reach them. The answer we can assure you will be astounding.

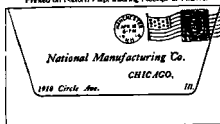
Write for Samples

You might mention a quantity and let us quote a price.

Round Trip Envelope Co.

PATENTED AND MANUFACTURED
NEW YORK CITY—KANSAS CITY, MO.
337 W. 26th ST. 1534 GRAND AVE.

FRONT OF ENVELOPE WITH RETURN ADDRESS
Printed on Return Flap, Insuring Receipt of Answer



FRONT VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED

SAME ENVELOPE AS ABOVE WITH SHORT FLAP
Used in Sending Letter Removed



BACK VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

By the Author of "Letters That Land Orders"

Advertising Media and Copy

Read this the letter in the fifth

Publishes Book That
Will Aid Advertisers

JOHN HORACE LYTLE

"While We Live Let's Advertise." These five words are the first that the eyes fall upon in opening the little book on advertising, which has just come from the pen of John Horace Lytle, advertising man for Better Roads and Africa, a magazine of national, yes, international reputation, which is published in Dayton.

WILL AID ADVERTISERS.

From first page to last the book is a bunch of "live-wire" pointers on advertising. In doing this work Mr. Lytle did not devote a considerable amount of time to working out that facts are forth. The truth of the matter is that the book is word-for-word a stenographic report of an extemporaneous address made by Mr. Lytle before the advertising class of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Lytle, who is looked upon as one of the leading advertising writers in the country, was called upon by Robert Sullivan, teacher of the class to address its members on "Magazine Advertising." He went into his subject thoroughly, giving his audience, in a concise but brief address, the benefit of his wide experience in the advertising field.

MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now, in book form, the address is handed to the public. Many of the points which Mr. Lytle brought out in his address are illustrated and these same illustrations are contained in the book. These give the reader an idea of the proper manner in which to illustrate their ads. This, according to Mr. Lytle, is one of the easiest ways to make an advertisement non-productive, and many persons have lost hundreds of dollars as a result of not using proper illustrations for their copy.

Considerable space is given to pointing out how to place advertising. This is a point which stumps many advertisers, but Mr. Lytle, brings out his points so cleverly that by following his remarks one could not really miss the mark at which he is aiming. Following is a point which he brings out:

MAGAZINES TO USE.

"It is hardly to be imagined that you would advertise poultry in a theater magazine, because the readers of theater magazines, we imagine, do not keep poultry, or if they do, they do not let themselves attend to their care; so that the ultimate consumer, the one you would want to reach with eggs for poultry food, would in this case most likely be the servant, and some publication that would reach him or her would be the one that you would want to use."

EXPERT ADVERTISING MAN.

Throughout the volume each point is illustrated in a like manner, and the book for this reason should prove to be a great help to many persons who are in doubt of points of this kind. The address was one of the

best heard by the advertising class during the term and proved of great help to them in mastering their study.

In addition to this book Mr. Lytle has written many articles for advertising magazines, principally Printers' Ink, to which he is a regular contributor.

EAGLES HELP IN
SEARCH FOR12 1/2
L

Ren.

Women's
the new
brokersMade of
ing, fast
for thisA. J. Wool
which new
Monday, JanNew Chatter
wide same
10c MondayNew English
etc. in navy
52 inches wide
11 10c Mondaysilk. Bicolor
in black and
finish; return
Monday

Boys'

48c for
for
coat and25c for
for
or fancy39c for
color
sleeve38c for
and
plain39c for
strip39c for
lowBy
JAMES
HORACE
LYTLEFrom the *Dayton
Journal*

HERE is a little book by a practical advertising man of wide experience that covers some inside information on how to choose your mediums for publicity and how to place different kinds of copy. Told in the form of an address, it contains a straightforward, heart to heart talk that should be heard by every man who has to deal with the problems of writing and placing advertising. Furnishes a fund of information for the smaller advertisers, and the largest publicity man will find hints of inestimable value to him. The book is 3 x 7 1/4 inches, cloth bound, eighty-three pages, printed on high-grade enamel paper, profusely illustrated in half-tone.

Price, \$1.00,
prepaidSheldon University
Press

Area, Illinois

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

Good Salesmen Wanted For Good Positions

Salesmen who want a position which gives them dignity influence, usefulness, and a fine income, now have an opportunity to engage in a work that brings them into touch with the best people in every community.

The work enables them to get acquainted with all the best people in towns and cities where lyceum courses are booked. They form acquaintances which welcome them back every year, and help swell the income.

Last year one representative cleared over \$5,000.00 in less than the first five months of the year.

Experienced men will find special profit, but we are also able to put new men into paying positions and them advance. And lest we forget—WOMEN REPRESENTATIVES find pleasant and profitable work in this field.

WRITE TODAY and tell us your age, experience, present work, and how much time, and what territory you can handle. If you have the ability to operate as **MANAGER OF A DISTRICT BRANCH**, we have an extra good opening. References exchanged. Address,

Arthur E. Gringle

Editor of THE LYCEUM WORLD, Indianapolis, Indiana

\$5,000.00 PER NIGHT IN LYCEUM WORK

No explorer before or since has approached the harvest that Henry M. Stanley reaped (say as writer in the *New York Sun*), and no men of letters, soldiers, or scholars, has had such a single lecture tour as Stanley's greatest. In something like ten big cities he received \$2,000 for his first appearance. For the first night in another group of cities he received \$1,000 and in still another group \$500. Travelling in a special car upon which he lived in most places, and accompanied by four or five guests, he ended the tour with \$64,000 clear of all expenses. For that first night in New York a charity paid Stanley's agent \$5,000.00 and the receipts from the lecture were \$14,765.

\$50,000 A YEAR

In lyceum work, men like Wm. J. Bryan earn much more—no much as \$5,000 a week. Many who can deliver a good lecture, or lecture-recital of some good author, or can sing or entertain, or have musical ability, earn hundreds of dollars a week.

PERHAPS YOU CAN DO IT

Mention this advertisement and write us when you send your subscription to

THE LYCEUM WORLD

Edited by **ARTHUR E. GRINGLE**

Department 2, Indianapolis, Indiana, well-known as a successful public lecturer, writer, author and contributor to leading periodicals.

THE LYCEUM WORLD is more and more being recognized as among the finest, brightest and best magazines of the country. A magazine of popular and public instruction and entertainment, suitable for every man, woman and child of intelligence and aspiration. It contains great lectures, original readings, platform instruction, hints on success in platform work, articles on subjects of vital, literary and public interest, notes on leading lecturers, musicians, readers, singers, preachers, etc. The regular subscription price is \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy. No free samples.

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

The Legally Trained Man LEADS



YOU Also Can Be A Leader!

IN business, in politics—before the Court and in private life—legal training gives **POWER, PRESTIGE, WEALTH.** Every move in business—every phase of politics and government—and thousands of transactions of our everyday life—demand a knowledge of law. Naturally, the legally trained man leads—for his expert knowledge puts him in a position to advise, to guide, to *direct*.

Today, to a greater extent than ever before—due to increasing governmental control—the legally trained man is in **DEMAND.** The Interstate Commerce Commission—Pure Food—Reasonable Rates—Employers' Liability—The Sherman Law—Tariff—these are a few of many cases where the law is taking a hand in business. The law tells you what to do and how to do it—how to keep out of trouble and avoid expensive lawsuits.

We **NOW** offer you a tremendous opportunity, an opportunity to secure a Scholarship in our big Law School—to become a leader of men—to learn law at home during your spare moments.

The Greatest Law School for Home Study in the World

Offers you this remarkable opportunity! Write at once! There is no better, no more thorough way to learn law than to study right at home. Abraham Lincoln, Thomas F. Ryan, John Wanamaker, Elbert H. Gary, and hundreds of our greatest men studied law—many of them **AT HOME.** President Woodrow Wilson and every member of his Cabinet, with but one exception, practiced at the Bar. Nine out of ten of the public offices, National, State and Municipal, are filled with legally trained men.

YOU can become a leader of men—**YOU** can improve your position in the political and social world—**YOU** can increase your earning power—if you become legally trained.

Statistics show that students studying law by correspondence are the most successful in passing Bar examinations. More than forty thousand students have enrolled in our big Law School. Our graduates are to

be found in every State of the Union, succeeding either as practicing attorneys or in business pursuits.

A Startling Scholarship Offer!

This startling offer is being made for a limited time to readers of this magazine. An offer so liberal, so unusual, that we can only give you the facts in direct letters! On this offer the world's most brilliant array of legal talent is at your command. We furnish you a Magnificent Law Library, masterful lessons and lectures. Our Consulting Service is at your disposal. We offer you a **FREE SCHOLARSHIP** entitling you to our Complete Three Year Course and Service at a tremendously low cost.

This Offer is Limited —Act Quickly!

We cannot afford to hold this offer open indefinitely. The offer is strictly limited. Clip the coupon—right now—before you turn the page. Mail it—get the facts at once. This puts you under no obligation—it costs you nothing—it simply gives you the opportunity to go over the facts and decide. Surely you will not refuse to investigate an opportunity of such vast importance to your success in life—an opportunity which will surely lead to a greater success than you can possibly win in any other way. Tear off the coupon and mail it right now.

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOL OF LAW,

Dept 3441 Manhattan Bldg., CHICAGO

Hurry! Mail this Coupon

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW,
Dept 3441 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without any obligation on my whatever, please send me full particulars of your magnificent Scholarship Offer. Also send me, free and prepaid, your School Catalogue which tells how I can become legally trained at home.

Name
Address
City State

We Guarantee to coach Free any graduate failing to pass the Bar examination. Our course covers all branches of American Law and includes the same studies as the leading Law Schools.

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

Here's a Corking Story For Business Building Men

I WAS sitting alone in the cafe, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still, I was comfortable. The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's, I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carefully, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill. Meanwhile, I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes, and the healthful, hopeful glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Bride bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips; "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man,—and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours. You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. I haven't any money with me to-night, but I,—well, this is my treat."

He called the waiter to him, and with an inimitable flourish, signed

his name on the back of the two checks, and waved him away. After that he was silent a moment while he looked into my eyes, smiling at the astonishment which I in vain strove to conceal.

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many?—seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until to-night? No. Was I refused just now? You have spoken for yourself. To-morrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success."

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have read a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; to-night I wouldn't change places with a millionaire. That sounds foolish, but it is true. The millionaire has spent his enthusiasm; mine is all at hand."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering if he had been drinking absinthe. "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

Certainly, I mean to tell it to the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to sleep. I was seriously meditating suicide. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that I had submitted. I had to choose quickly between death by suicide and death slowly by starvation. Then I read the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything

changed at once,—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those same old drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

"Can the story do for others what it has done for you? For example, would it be of assistance to me?" I asked.

"Help you? why not? Listen and I will tell it to you, although, really, you should read it. Still, I will tell it as best I can. It is like this: you see,—"

The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear. Within the recollection of the frequenters of that cafe Sturtevant had never before been called out by telephone. That, of itself, was substantial proof of a change in his circumstances.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is all remarkable, when all is said. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck,—thinking of the morgue and all that,—looking for you, in fact, with the idea that you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and, really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet, and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced an axiom, recalled to my mind the conversation

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

THIS UNUSUAL STORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 555

with Sturtevant in the café that stormy night, nearly a month before.

"It must be a remarkable story," I said incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?"

"He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody that has heard that story has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips, — friends of mine, — you don't know them. One's a real estate agent; the other a broker's clerk. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones, either."

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and posted on the elevated stations throughout New York. It certainly would do a lot of good, and it's as simple as A, B, C; like living on a farm. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled, — and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for a moment, and when I looked again, both had disappeared.

If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach. There was a "night owl" wagon in the neighborhood where I had frequently "stood up," the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accented him.

"I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think, will do for the present."

He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me.

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you and 'stand for' you, just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, isn't Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

He nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came here one night about a month ago, and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place in Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant — near Twenty-third Street. Come and see me."

He was out of the wagon, and the sliding door had been banged shut before I could stop him; so I ate

my ham and eggs in silence, and resolved that I would hear that story before I slept. In fact, I began to regard it with superstition. If it had made so many fortunes, surely it should be capable of making mine.

The certainty that the wonderful story — I began to regard it as magic — was in the air, possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down-town in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were trailing along behind me, yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the café in University place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned to me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the story, however. There were half a dozen around the table, and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspaper men.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked the doctor; "you should have waited a little longer. Sturtevant has been telling us a story; it is quite wonderful, really, I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that story again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why, yes. I believe that Currier has, somehow, failed to hear the magic story, although, as a matter of fact, I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. It was here, in this café, too, — at this very table. It seems incredible that a mere story can have such a tonic effect upon the success of so many persons who are engaged in such widely different occupations, but that is what it has done. There was Parsons, for example. He is a broker, you know, and had been on the wrong side of the market for a month. He had utterly lost his grip and was on the verge of failure. I happened to meet him at the time he was feeling the bluest, and, before we parted, something brought me around to the subject of the story, and I related it to him. It had the same effect upon him that it had on me, and has had upon everybody who has heard it."

From that the company entered upon a general discussion of theories. Now and then slight references were made to the story itself, and they were just sufficient to tantalize me, — the only one person who had not heard it.

At length, I left my chair, and, passing around the table, seized

Sturtevant by one arm, and drew him aside.

"If you have any consideration for an old friend who is really being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely.

"All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments. I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for three cents; and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely, — as if I had come in contact with some strong personality. There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over. I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without realizing that I was the same man who, only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here, — you remember."

We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the scritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide. It was manufactured, I have no doubt, by the author of the magic story."

I found the book without difficulty. It was quaint and strange. The phraseology was unusual and could have originated in no other brain than that of its author. ***

This remarkable story which wrought such wonderful changes in Sturtevant's life and the lives of others who have heard and lived it is published in book form, and will be mailed to any reader of this magazine on receipt of two dollars for a copy bound in sheepskin, or one dollar for a copy bound in cloth. With no understanding that I regret reading it, the book may be returned and we will refund your money.

Thousands of progressive men and women in all walks of life — merchants, manufacturers, bankers, farmers, executives, seamen, clerks, names on request — have attained the goal of Greater Success by applying the vital truths so simply and convincingly told in this powerful book of wisdom.

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
AREA, ILLINOIS

SAY "I SAW IT IN THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER"

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

You can reach business men in every part of the country through a little want ad in **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER**. Do you want to buy anything from merchandise to service, or sell anything? Then use the next issue. Forms close first of month preceding date of issue. Rate, 25 cents a line; seven words to the line.

CENSOR OF CORRESPONDENCE, CORRESPONDENT, Systematizer, Editorial Writer, Organizer desires suitable change. Advertising, New Business, or Editorial position desired. Minimum \$2,000 or equivalent. Address. Experienced Woman, care Business Philosopher.

LARGE TRACT OF GOOD VALLEY FARMING LAND just thrown open for free settlement, in Oregon. Over 100,000 acres in all. Good climate, rich soil, and does not require irrigation to raise finest crops of grain, fruit, and garden truck. For large map, full instructions and information, and a plat of several sections of exceptionally good claims, send \$2.40 to John Keefe, Eugene, Oregon; three years a U. S. surveyor and timberman. An opportunity to get a good fertile free homestead near town and market.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. SPLENDID income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-operative Realty Company, L-494 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL EFFICIENCY IS THAT QUALITY which makes men successful. Mead's Personal Efficiency Course gives complete instructions in efficiency as applied to persons. Write for Special Offer. J. A. BECKSTROM, 1104 Jessie Street, St. Paul, Minn.

FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK LOOKS BETTER THAN fifteen. If you have grit and selling ability become our salesman, handling a line of guaranteed office supplies, business helps and printing. Exclusive territory. Apply. National Office Supply Company, Elmhurst, Ill.

WANTED—INFORMATION, NEWS, NAMES, ETC. We have established markets. Spare time—no canvassing. Particulars for stamp. "NISCO"—DGE—Cincinnati.

HUSTLING MAN UNDER 30 YEARS WANTED IN each locality. To join this Society and introduce our NEW Memberships. Part or full time—\$50.00 to \$500.00 monthly. Experience not required. Address, The I-L-U 2040, Covington, Ky.

MAKE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WEEKLY—SPARE-time—from fascinating Mail Order business of your own. Card brings interesting particulars. Address: Western Supply House, 1533 B. P. Gravelly St., Vancouver, B. C.

BE A MERCHANDISE BROKER. EARN \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year. We teach you how to establish a successful merchandise brokerage business. Our system insures success. Can be conducted in any size town. No experience or capital needed. Little competition. Write for "Free Information" to-day. National Brokerage Company, Department B. P., Davenport, Ia.

37 REPLIES FROM A \$2.00 ADVERTISEMENT

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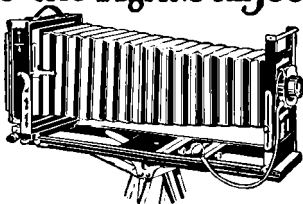
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THE CUNARD LINE

R. M. S. LUSITANIA

Mid-Ocean, Jan. 7th, 1914.

Dear John:-

Are you coming to Area this Summer?

Please let me know by return mail.

If you need to talk it over with Mary, I can wait--say a week--for your reply, but I must know soon.

"Willie" Holt is coming over from England, and one man is already billed from New Zealand.

Of course, several have reserved tents, from nearby points, like the United States and Canada.

I feel it in my bones that we are going to have a good time. It is like this:

In the Summer of 1910 we held the first session of the Summer School or Business Chautauqua.

Dad Whittier and his better seven-eighths, also Thad, who is his Son, and a few score more brave souls dared the dangers of pioneering with use.

As fine a bunch of men as ever faced Jack Frost came down from Canada.

We had about two lectures a day on Salesmanship, Advertising, and things like that, and then every evening we held a big pow-wow around the camp fire.

Even though we weren't very well equipped, we got along all right.

I have traveled some, as you know, but have never met a finer lot of people, or mixed with a happier lot than during that two weeks.

Although the service wasn't anything to brag about, I heard no complaints. Possibly the one rule of the grounds accounted for that. It was as follows:

Anyone who is guilty of putting on any style, will be ducked in the Lake, and anyone who kicks will be drawn and quartered, and buried at the cross-roads.

No one was guilty of either offense, as far as I was able to discover. We dressed in khaki suits mostly, and didn't fix up for dinner. We just tried to be natural-like, those two weeks, and it felt fine.

We did the same thing the next Summer --1911. Nearly all who were there the year before, came again, and so many had passed the good word along, that our tribe had multiplied considerably.

One man was there from Australia -- Mr. Hood -- and Beardwood came all the way from South Africa.

One day, I think there were some 200 people on the grounds, as regular Summer School visitors.

We certainly did have a fine time. We organized a "troupe" and played "Hiawatha". It was fine -- I didn't take part.

The night we played that (our tribe, I mean) some 2,000 people gathered on the banks of Lake Eara, and how they did cheer!

We played "Hiawatha" each year. Some say it was better in 1910 than in 1911. We are going to try to beat the best one, this year.

In the Fall of 1911, shortly after the Summer School was over, we went to England, as you know. Mrs. Sheldon, the children and myself, have been there, and in Germany, most of the time since.

This made it impossible to hold the Summer School during the Summers of 1912 and 1913, but now the good old "Lusitania" is eating miles, at about thirty knots an hour, and I shall soon be able to throw a kiss at the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, and tell her I have come home, to stay a spell.

One of the great joys in returning is the thought of the reconvening of the Summer gathering of our friends, at Area, the coming Summer.

I want you there, John. You will not disappoint me -- will you?

While I am writing this out in the middle of the Ocean, on Jan. 7th, it will not reach you until February, or thereabouts.

It will then be high time for you to decide when and where you are going to take your vacation this year.

Spend it with us, John. It won't cost you any more, nor as much as it would to go to some place where you would put on style, and it will do you a heap more good.

We have a good dining-room now -- fly-proof, and all that. Things will be in better shape to insure the comfort of the whole tribe, than ever before.

Come, be sure to bring Mary.

Yours sincerely,

A. T. Sheldon.

P. S. -- The reason you must let me know at once, or just as soon as you possibly can, is this: We must build a little White City (of tents) to take care of

those who are coming. I must know some time in advance how many to provide for. Take it all together, it's a big job, and we want to do it well.

To the Reader:

"John" is an imaginary man, whom I often talk to in my editorials and other writings.

I don't know why I call him "John," unless it is in memory of John Carruthers, a boyhood cousin-chum with whom I used to make maple-sugar, and hunt squirrels, and go to the country dances, and some more things like that.

The above letter is to you—yes, you—I mean you who are reading this—whether your name is John, or Bill, or William, or Henry, or Fred, or Zachariah, or Jane, for that matter.

Just read the letter again, substituting your own name; and remember, I want you to come.

We cannot hope to have all of our many thousand BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER readers present, but I hope to see them well represented at this, our next International Gathering of our Friends and Patrons.

We now have 700 acres of land and water at Area, Ill.

The Government of the State of Illinois has changed the name of the town from Rockefeller to Area, and just recently, as you probably already know, the United States Government has changed the name of the Post Office from Rockefeller to Area.

Come, one and all, and journey to the land of Area, the coming Summer.

That 700 acres will accommodate a lot of tents, and they tell me there are a great many tents for sale in Chicago.

Let us know long enough in advance, and we will have one ready for everyone who wants to come.

If everybody knew what a good time there is in store for those who come, I think we would have the woods full of tents, and we have nearly 200 acres of woods.

A. F. SHELDON.

Write at once for our booklet, giving full particulars as to terms, etc.

Address all communications to

C. E. KIMBALL

Area, Ill., U. S. A.



This Boy is "Kim."
He Will Make You Glad You Kum—
Sort o' Make You Feel at Hum.
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Agriculture is a Science

The Farm is the Greatest Factory in the World

Under scientific management it yields greater profits than any other industry.

A single grain of corn, by practical, scientific methods, will return 1000 for 1. A single pound of onion seed will produce sixty thousand pounds of choicest onions. A single grain of the wonderful Kaffir corn properly handled will return over 2,000 for 1.

Men give you for the use of a dollar, six cents per year. Nature gives us for one dollar's worth of seed as high as one and two thousand per cent. per year. What other industry gives such returns?

Agriculture is the most important industry in the world, and yet it is the last to adopt scientific management.

Corporation Farming affords the greatest opportunity for scientific methods and strictest economies. **THE CARLSBAD PLANTATION AND ORCHARDS COMPANY**, Corporation farmers, are bringing to a state of the highest productivity two thousand acres of the finest fruit and farm lands in the famous Pecos Valley of New Mexico. We are making low-priced lands pay good dividends on a valuation of

\$1000.00 Per Acre

by adopting exact scientific methods instead of the usual guess-work methods and applying business principles and experiences to every branch of our farming.

We are located in Eddy County, just south of Carlsbad, within stones throw of shipping point on Santa Fe Railroad. We own our own irrigation system, and there is no better or more ample water supply than ours in existence.

Our climate is mild; our soil the finest and never freezes, giving us a farm working season the year round, with a nine-month growing season. Already our land is worth \$200 per acre, and we will soon have it worth

\$1000.00 Per Acre

the price of mature orchards in the same locality.

How would you like to share with us these increased profits, as well as the profits our corporation is certain to make through scientifically working this magnificent farm. We will give you an opportunity as we are selling some of our 7% Preferred Stock to use the proceeds in putting the entire 2,000 acres under intensive cultivation at once. The stock is selling at par with one share of Common as a bonus with each share of Preferred. We only have 20,000 shares for sale. Its an investment certain to pay big dividends. Our managers are the largest investors, and in working to make the corporation pay the largest possible profits for themselves they are at the same time making as large profits for you.

THIS IS NOT A SPECULATION. It is actual scientific farming in a big way; the safest possible investment with the largest legitimate profits.

We can give you the highest character of references.

SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY

CARLSBAD PLANTATION & ORCHARDS CO.,

415 Colorado Bldg., Denver Colo.

Gentlemen:—Send me further particulars regarding your Pecos Valley farm proposition.

Name..... Address.....

King Edward Hotel

Toronto, Canada

Feb. 4th, 1914.

Dear John:-

"Kim" did some tall hustling and got that letter of mine about the Summer School in the February issue.

So you received it even before promised.

I got my copy of the February Business Philosopher here in Toronto today, February 4th. I presume you will have yours now in a day or two and I am waiting with interest your reply.

We don't see how we could possibly accept any excuse you could conjure up for staying away. You simply must come and bring Mary.

I arrived here in Toronto last Friday. Am having a big time. Doc Reed came over to the hotel the other night and nearly cured me of a cold which has been hanging around a few days. You remember Reed, don't you?

You surely do if you were there at the 1911 Session.

He is one of the Bergey crowd who came all the way from Toronto by automobile.

They were a sorry looking bunch when they rolled into camp, but they made it all right. Bergey the genial, he who made that classic entitled "pickle my bones" famous at the last session, will be there, I think.

He and Ruth Marshall have made a big deal, the preliminary negotiations of which were entered into I believe in that same 1911 Summer School. Have formed a life partnership I believe. They invited me out to their flat last night. I took along the cello, Bergey tuned up his violin. Ruth played the piano and we proceeded to make life miserable for the other flat dwellers. We played "Annie Laurie" and "Old Black Joe" and "Darling I am Growing Old", and "The Old Oaken Bucket" and several more strictly up to date tunes.

You remember what the wise man of E. A. said about music? He said: "I admire classical music, the other kind I enjoy."

We played the other kind and enjoyed it whether our neighbors did or not.

Today I had a double dose of lunches. The directors of the Business Science Club lunched at 12:00 and were good enough to make it a half hour earlier than their usual 12:30 that I might be with them and still make the Rotary luncheon about one.

Each is a fine body of men and I am badly mistaken if both are not well represented at Area next summer.

You remember Jim Baird of Winnipeg don't you? Well, Jim got wind of it some way that there was likely to be something doing at Area in the glad old summer time and he blew himself for a night letter as follows:

"A. F. Sheldon, Area, Illinois.
Struthers expects you here in two weeks. The old guard in ecstasies to learn you are coming. We all want to talk with you about several matters. If you are going to have a Summer School this year, will help get the Winnipeg bunch together."

Now what do you know about that?

Struthers, to whom Jim refers is our manager at Winnipeg. Jim, you know, went into the real estate business. I suppose he has got rich like Helm did and don't mind the expense of these long telegrams.

That Winnipeg crowd will be on hand with a special car or two or three and that cup they won--the one Bergey put up!

Big Injin Shokair of Chicago was greatly chagrined that the Red Men of the Far North should have won the athletic laurels and taken the cup to Winnipeg. He made the rest of the Chicago boys swear several solemn oaths that they would keep the cup in the U.S. next time.

Watch out Winnipeg! I know the metal you are made of, but there are deep designs on that cup the coming year.

Today, after the Rotary Club luncheon, Brother Pease "sold" me on going over to the Mendelssohn Choir recital. This was their last warm up before the big doings tonight. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra is here helping the local people out, though I couldn't see how they needed much help.

I told Pease I had a lot of letters to dictate but he is such a good salesman that he persuaded me that if music interferes with your business quit the business, and I went. Glad I did. This Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto is some choir, I do tell you John--250 strong. Pease, President of Toronto Rotary, is one of the 250. He says they have been invited to Dresden, Germany, by the Dresden Orchestra, also to Berlin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London and goodness knows where else but, that enough. They are going, too, and that is going some isn't it?

The only bar was a little matter of \$25,000, so a few of the boys took a day off and got 10 business men who have more money than they need, to put their names on the dotted line for \$2,500 each and $\$2,500 \times 10 = \$25,000$ --and there you are.

Looks easy don't it. But before any old choir can do stunts like that it must pay the price of being worth while.

Pease bought me a \$2.50 seat and then insisted on paying the cab hire from the hall to the American Club, where the boys have put me up. But before doing so introduced me to that Master Conductor man, Dr. A. S. Voght, who certainly does know how to wield the wand.

I invited him to Area next summer, I don't know as he will come, but he seemed to sit up and take notice some when I told him about A R E A and especially when I told him about our family going to music school over in Dresden with a respectable percentage of the Dresden Orchestra as teachers.

You see, John? I took a six-weeks' vacation over there a year ago last summer and worked in 2 lessons a week, and some times more, on the cello with Prof. Stenz.

Mrs. Sheldon studied the pianoforte with Field. Rachel and Helen studied the harp with Frau Bauer, while

Frederick tackled the violin with one of the first Violinists of said Dresden Orchestra.

Three of the four teachers were stars in the Dresden Orchestra. Of course Stock knows them, and when I mentioned this, sort of innocent and unassuming like, he really did sit up and look me over.

He even said he would like to come to Area.

I told him if he did we would let him beat the baton for our family orchestra.

If he don't come this year, I'll bet he will before we get through. We are going to have some big doings at Area before we get through with it.

But this letter is ridiculously long already. Besides its getting late and I must go to bed.

After the concert was over I dropped into the King Edward Hotel and had a chat with Hal. Fisher of London. No not London, Canada, London, England. Fisher is over here getting up a big international business convention for London and he is selling space to beat the band. He says he is coming back to the big Advertising Convention here in June and is going to try to stay a month and come to our July Session of the Summer School.

He thinks we will have a good delegation from London.

Hal is a great booster. He is the main motor in the machinery of the advertising world of London.

After a chat with him I came on over to the Club and took my pen in hand to pen you a few lines.

I don't know what time it is, but its some time the next morning and with all the stunts Boyd has arranged for me tomorrow, or rather later today, I must now ring off.

I am traveling so much you better keep in touch with "Kim" about the Summer School. "Kim" must be there all the time on account of having recently received an important appointment from me under my official seal. I have made him "Keeper of the Hens."

Having just returned from England he applied for the appointment of Keeper of the Hounds. I told him I could not afford a pack of hounds but would make him "Keeper of the Hens."

He seems fairly well satisfied.

Yours Areaetically,

A. G. Sheldon

This is Not to John Only

I am speaking to a convention.

A convention was recently called.

It consisted of the readers of The Business Philosopher and their friends. It was held in the hall of my imagination. Some say it's a big hall. I am glad it is.

Spencer was a pretty good authority in matters pertaining to the mind and he said that the imaginative faculty is the greatest of intellectual qualities.

So when people who think they are knocking refer to me as a man of great imagination, I refer them to Spencer, and then lapse into silence.

But about that convention.

Every reader of The Business Philosopher was there. This alone made a big convention, running into the many thousands.

Each reader has many friends. Each had invited as many as he conveniently could.

As a rule the friends of the readers of The Business Philosopher have confidence in the word and judgment of said readers. As a result, the total number of the readers of The Business Philosopher was multiplied several fold.

When the convention was called to order, a sea of faces greeted me such as I have never seen before.

Over 150,000 people were present. Yes, more than one hundred and fifty thousand people were there.

And this is what I said.

Here and there and yonder, as we jog along the turn-pike of time, we meet a pessimist who tells us the world is all wrong - that it is growing worse instead of better.

This is not true.

The world is growing better. This betterment is an effect, and every effect has its cause.

The cause of this particular effect is the fact that the world is growing wiser.

Wisdom is the cure of ignorance, and this means it is also the cure of crime.

When men learn to think deeply enough and accurately enough they will not do wrong.

This is true simply because to do wrong is to violate natural law, and no one can violate natural law without paying the penalty.

The law of self-preservation is one of the two basic laws of human nature, and as soon as one sees the law clearly and believes in it he will not violate the natural law which, obeyed, tends to preserve himself.

No one except the intentional suicide would do that.

There are intentional suicides but it takes a strong motive to impel that intent and the number of unintentional suicides greatly outnumber the intentional.

A mighty force is at work in the world commercial.

Might is giving way to right. Ethics is coming into its own. Commerce is evolving to a professional plane.

This is all an effect.

The cause is a gradual dawning in the composite cosmic sense of the fact that service is cause and reward is effect.

Men want reward; so do women. So do children.

All human beings want reward.

The lower animals enjoy it.

They may not know they want it but they do.

Today we shall not enter into the psychology of sim-

ple consciousness, the life of the brute creation.

All who are here today desire reward, pay, recognition.

The same is true of all human beings, everywhere.

The trouble in commerce has been that the vast majority has had its eye on the effect desired.

But few have seen with clarity of vision the cause of reward.

From July 20 to August 1, and again from August 17 to August 29, two conventions are to be held.

Each convention will last two weeks or about that.

I want you to come.

All who are here today I want to see at one or the other of the two-week conventions.

I say I want that. '

I did not say I expect it.

Some of you are far, far away. Some of you have definite engagements for the periods named. Some cannot come.

I want all of you there, but I EXPECT many of you.

These two gatherings are to be dedicated to the solution of the better-service idea.

All this discussing of the efficiency idea boiled down in final analysis to the question of service-rendering power.

Salesmanship is service.

Business Building is service.

Man Building, man reading commercial logic, psychology, expression, system, costs, all these and all else that refers to business efficiency, come back finally to the question of service.

I shall lecture or teach for two weeks each session on the various phases of this great theme.

I shall be ably assisted by others.

We can do a whole lot in two weeks time, with our minds centered upon this theme.

We can have a whole lot of fun while doing it.

One of the greatest elements in service rendering power is physical fitness.

We shall devote a whole lot of time to the building up of the physical man, and the opportunities for doing this at Area are simply great.

But we shall all get together for an hour or two each day, possibly more than that, besides at the camp-fire time in the evening, and then we shall delve as deeply as we can into the service problem.

I shall give the esoteric or inner truths of the Area philosophy, or at least some of them, as well as the exoteric.

I shall talk right out in meeting and say things I could not say in print without being misunderstood.

For this and many other reasons I want you to come.

Another reason is this:

Our convention, this year's session of the Summer School, will really mark the beginning of the Commercial University. I may not call it by just that name but that is what the private school for young men will amount to.

Come and help dedicate it.

It will mark an epoch in education if the All Wise spares my life and gives unto me power to so bring my life into harmony with His laws that I am able with the help of men and women like you here assembled to carry out my plans.

Come and let us reason together upon this great theme.

I honestly believe that the result of our deliberations at Area this coming summer will be felt in the lives of generations yet to be.

You already know from "Kim" the terms.

How many here will come?

The vote was very large.

Not unanimous but very large, and I hope that you, reader, you who are reading this right now, were among the number who found it possible to come.

If for any reason you are not even yet acquainted with the terms, but feel you would like to be with us, write to C. E. Kimball, Manager Sheldon Summer School, Area, Illinois, and he will tell you all about it

Yours Areaetically,



The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

The Magazine of
PRACTICAL BUSINESS BUILDING

Arthur Frederick Sheldon
Editor

February
1914



Price
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Joe's Raise in Pay
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In the Game of Life be a Good Sport
By ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

Sheldon University Press



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IF you are not progressing as fast as you desire, if you are bewildered by business problems that seem to defy solution, then you are as the man whose eyes are blindfolded. *You are mentally blind.*

You need to *see*, to *understand* the masterful, success-winning powers within you — the energies that *must be developed and put into action* before those big, desirable business achievements *are yours*. And, right now, while you stand on the threshold of a new year, let

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The Sheldon Course is the application of fundamental and scientific laws to *your own personality*. It will develop, systematize and co-ordinate your powers—make you 100% efficient, capable of solving every business problem, of achieving the highest results from your business. It will teach you how to obtain *efficiency plus* from the men under you — to increase profits, to cut down costs, to eliminate waste. That is why it's called the *Science of Business Building, of Salesmanship and of Man Building*.

During spare hours, your evenings at home, going to and from your office, Sheldon will teach you the *science* to which 60,000 men, in all walks of life, are indebted for their mental and financial advancement.

Sheldon Book Sent FREE

The coupon, or a postal or letter, will bring you the Sheldon Book. From the vital facts set forth you can judge for yourself the merits of the Sheldon Course. Send for book and full information today.



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Feb. 20. 1914
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BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

The Magazine of
PRACTICAL BUSINESS BUILDING

Arthur Frederick Sheldon
Editor

MARCH · 1914

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By WILLIAM R. MOSS

Masterfulness and Physical Vigor

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Sheldon University Press



Jumped Over His Head!

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